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THE GREAT LESSON OF THE ELECTIONS

BY THE EDITOR

THE eleventh day of the eleventh month of the year 1918 marked the ending of the Great War. The eleventh month of the present year signalized the beginning of true peace. Six years of turbulence intervened. The period seemed long, dreary and at times hopeless, but we may well believe that History will pronounce its duration as brief as could have been anticipated with reason. It was inevitable that so terrific a cataclysm should leave in its wake a vast number of problems such as had never before been encountered by so many peoples of the earth. There were no lessons to be drawn from the past; there had never been a like happening; there were no precedents; there was not visible so much as a rock upon which to build.

The remaking of the political world, the reëstablishment of the economic world, the readjustment of the financial world, the reorganization of the industrial world and, more vital than these combined, the regeneration of the spiritual world, all found their sole hope and reliance in the inert imagination of exhausted mankind. Four years and three months the clash of arms continued. Six years almost to a day were required to establish peace. Where human ingenuity failed, the divine agency Time has triumphed. For it is peace, beyond the shadow of a doubt, with all attendant blessings. Prosperity is at the door, goodwill is on the way, happiness gleams through the clouds, the world over.

Conservatism, commonsense, coöperation—these are the chief

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attributes of the Nordic race, and these have resumed their sway. Whole peoples had grown weary of the bickerings of politics. Men again realized that they must work to live. Women, endowed with power, awoke to the need of safeguarding their possessions and of ensuring opportunity for their children. Illusions vanished. Realities appeared. Reason was recalled. Anglo-Saxons, by common impulse and with abrupt resolve, "swung to the right."

We have hardly yet begun to appreciate the true significance, or to measure the far-reaching effects, of the recent elections in England and America. The mere circumstance that they fell together was noteworthy. But the time of their taking place was more than coincidental; it was Providential. The effect of the results upon the world was increased immeasurably by the plain demonstration that the two great segments of the dominant race are seeing eye to eye and acting, not collusively but instinctively, in full accord.

Not only are the basic principles of stability and prudence, which were upheld so overwhelmingly by the electorate of both countries, identical; the parallel runs hardly less exactly with respect to personalities. Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Coolidge embody respectively, perhaps more strikingly than any other two living statesmen, the traditional qualities and characteristics of Old England and New England. The two most scholarly and somewhat supercilious leaders have passed definitely beyond recall—the Marquis Curzon into a dukedom and Senator Lodge, full of years and honors, into the Unknown. The two most versatile, tenacious and successful demagogues, Mr. Lloyd George and Mr. Bryan, await as dumbly as may be certain repudiation by their decimated and discredited parties. Labor, as a class, in England, has proved itself incapable of governing a nation and, in America, has failed miserably to make its defensive organization effective at the polls. Bolshevism of whatever kind or degree has been literally crushed to death by clear-thinking, self-respecting, obligation-recognizing Anglo-Saxons.

The mutual confidence engendered by the settlement of the great debt of England to America upon fair and honorable terms has found the fulfilment of highest hopes in the overwhelming

popular endorsement of the two faithful Governments, to whom must be accorded the credit and the honor of that great achievement. Never since the revolt of the colonies have the United States and Great Britain been so close in understanding and valuation of their common ideals, purposes and methods as they are today. In spirit and determination, not as allies, but as comrades, they are joined together to preserve the peace they have wrought, to hasten the prosperity in sight and to glorify the world with the contentment and happiness of all mankind.

That is the great lesson of the elections.

HENRY CABOT LODGE

AMERICAN STATESMAN AND SCHOLAR

THE death of Henry Cabot Lodge brings to a close an epoch in American history. So swiftly does time, "the suttler thief of youth," bear us on from one period to another, so lightly does it brush with its wings the boundaries which distinguish them, that we emerge from one and rush into the next before we are aware of it. Especially is this true of the years of doubt and darkness, when men are exchanging old ideas for new ones, and the face of the earth is blurred with the shadows of confusion. Only when the watchman to whom we have confided that which we value most cries no longer, and his lantern pales before the quickening dawn, do we realize that another day has begun.

Henry Cabot Lodge was born in Boston on May 12, 1850, a momentous year, while the country was waiting breathlessly to see if compromise between freedom and slavery could save the Union. Two months previously, Daniel Webster had astounded the North by his Seventh of March Speech; a few weeks afterward, Henry Clay gratified the South by his futile plan for conciliation. Lodge was descended on his mother's side of the family from "the excellent" George Cabot, President of the Hartford Convention. His father, John Ellerton Lodge, was one of those sturdy traders who built and manned their own clip-pers and sent them around the Horn to bring back the teas and

spices of China. Henry's heritage was the inestimable one of New England ruggedness and enterprise, and when he finally emerged from Harvard, in 1876, with degrees in art, law and philosophy, he could lay claim to two titles which are not without meaning yet, those of gentleman and scholar.

Meanwhile, during the years 1873-1876, while attaining his degree of Doctor of Philosophy, he had been co-editor with Henry Adams of *THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW*. The friendship which he formed with his colleague, who had been also his professor in history while he was an undergraduate, was to endure until Adams's death, in 1918, was to be supplemented later on by that of John Hay, the three forming together perhaps the most noteworthy combination of art, history, letters, philosophy and statesmanship which this country has ever seen, or is likely to see for many a long day to come.

The curious contrast between Adams and Lodge offers ample material for the biographers of each. Both bone of the bone and flesh of the flesh of New England ancestors, both historical scholars, with only twelve years' difference between them in age, they represented diametrically opposite types. Adams was somewhat of a mystic, frankly sceptical and in method distinctly Socratic. Lodge, on the other hand, tempered his intellectual curiosity with the shrewd common sense of a sire who knew an able seaman when he saw one, and his empirical mind forbade him to plumb for what no man had yet succeeded in fathoming.

Years afterward, Adams in his posthumous *Education* (of which Lodge wrote the preface) remarked, with a touch of his whimsical sarcasm, that, while he had been intimate with Lodge as his professor and as co-editor of the *REVIEW*, "since Lodge had suffered what Adams thought the misfortune of being not only a Senator but a Senator from Massachusetts—a singular social relation which Adams had known only as fatal to friends—a superstitious student, intimate with the laws of historical fatality, would rather have recognized him only as an enemy;" however, "apart from this accident he valued Lodge highly," and when they went exploring in mediæval Normandy he found that "in the thirteenth century, by an unusual chance, even a Senator became natural, simple, interested, cultivated, artistic—liberal".

Nothing could better illustrate the breadth of the gap which the intellectual sympathy of Lodge thus enabled him to span. Living, unlike Adams, wholeheartedly in a century which defied comparison, the range of his learning, the fertility of his imagination and the peculiar adaptability of his mind lent to him a viewpoint which reminds one of Gibbon. This understanding of the common factors of otherwise irreconcilable eras formed the temper of his mind, as it was later to cast the mould of his statesmanship. It explains why he saw, or endeavored to see, events of his own time in relation to those which had gone before and to those which would follow after. It accounts also for the fundamental divergence between his own viewpoint, on the one hand, and that of the modern "scholastic", on the other, whose creed was frankly one of resignation. Thus the appraisal,—

*Tantum ergo sacramentum
Veneremur cernui:
Et antiquum documentum
Novo cedat ritui,*

was none of his.

When he came to record history for himself, he held this "continuous theory" always before him. The function of the teacher and the writer, as he saw it, was not to demand of the scales an equilibrium so nice as to preclude a tendency in either direction: that was not history: only dead weights can arrive at the zero mark. On the contrary, a principle, a theory, a school of thought or mode of action, if once tested and proved adequate, were capable of infinite adjustment, could not be dismissed with a lethal gesture, for there was nothing new under the sun. Hence the didacticism of his style arose not from prejudice nor mere ignorance, but from a deep-seated conviction. It reflected not only his determination to extract knowledge from the past but, having assembled it, to wield it against problems of the present. In the light of this consciousness of the value and purpose of research, his summary of the character of Washington takes on new significance:

A penetrating vision which beheld the future of America when it was dim to other eyes, a great intellectual force, a will of iron, an unyielding grasp of facts, and an unequalled strength of patriotic purpose.

But he could turn aside from the science of history and revel with all the zest of Gladstone in the Classics. Homer and the Latin poets offered an enchanted realm for the natural impressionism of his mind. No one who has dipped into the well-springs of Western civilization can ever again wholly slake his thirst. Indeed, Castalia and her offspring, the Tiber, enter into the intellectual system and demand recurrent draughts.

An inherent sensitiveness to the value of words was trained and attuned early in Mr. Lodge's youth to a pitch of excellence seldom seen in any age. His essays, outside the realm of strictly historical subjects, are permeated with the precision, the elegance and the mellow smoothness which we associate with a Golden Age of expression. The same qualities characterized his speeches, more particularly those which in an earlier day men were wont to call orations. Undoubtedly the greatest literary triumph of his life was the address which he delivered at the dedication of the Widener Memorial Library at Harvard. The clarity of thought, the beauty of allusion, and above all the classic simplicity of expression, constitute a surpassing achievement, without serious rival in modern times.

These are some of the marks of an intellectual vigor which lifted him above the level of his fellow men. It is not the time nor is this the place to comment upon the phases of a public career of thirty-seven years of constant service which has just closed. Toward the end of his life he remarked:

It has always seemed to me that a man in public life stood more strongly if he stood on his own merits rather than on someone else's defects. I think I may say that I have done a great deal of difficult and responsible public work. On that public work and on that record I am content to stand.

He departs full of years and honor: a devoted patriot, a resourceful statesman, a versatile scholar and an honorable gentleman—in the truest sense of the word, a great American. He brought knowledge from the past; he lent vision for the future. And now, like the singer of *Lycidas*,

"Tomorrow to fresh woods and pastures new."

Vale!

THE NEW HOLY ALLIANCE

BY JOHN HUNTER SEDGWICK

AMERICANS have good reason to congratulate themselves that the Peace Protocol was signed at Geneva, blessed or cursed as they are with a national good nature and ingenuousness needing periodic jolts into a mood more practical. These reminders may be sharp, but they are always wholesome. It may be said with like force that the fundamental fact in American political existence is that all the countries of the New World are entities in process of growth. They are still to have much experience that is an old story with Europe. Without such experience, a country cannot develop and train its political eyesight as it ought. At this moment, there is a need of experience in the United States that will show not so much what must be its attitude toward the Old World, as what actually is the attitude of the Old World toward the United States.

The plane of experience is not continuous; it seems to disappear for years at a time and then sharply to appear. It works in stages and in the national political life of the United States these stages have been marked by an increasing emphasis. We are now come to one of these in what is known as the Peace Protocol, an instrument that will be interpreted variously enough and doubtless better than in this article; but none the less I shall call attention to certain parallels between the Peace Protocol and the Act of the Holy Alliance. In examining this side of the matter it could be wished that the legendary "student of politics" represented every inhabitant of the United States that could read and think.

[NOTE: The first thing for the writer of the above article to do, is to thank Mr. W. P. Cresson for his admirable monograph, *The Holy Alliance, the European Background of the Monroe Doctrine*. Mr. Cresson's work has put the writer under the greatest obligations. Published in 1922, it is a handbook for those who would see clear as 1924 draws to a close as well as for those Americans inclined to regard history as an academic pursuit.—AUTHOR.]

In 1804, the Emperor Alexander of Russia gave his unofficial representative, Nikolai Novosiltzov, the well known "Instructions", that were no less than an initiative memorandum for setting the world in order. Tsar and subject at that time were filled with a sincere desire to do away with the old rancid scheme of intrigue and war, a fact that must always be remembered if one would really and justly judge the origins of the Act of the Holy Alliance and its spiritual descendant, the Peace Protocol. It cannot be said that the Holy Alliance was a striking success in the sense that was intended, but it made a good deal of noise that to American statesmen of that day sounded remarkably like threats. At all events, read one of the passages in the Instructions, bearing in mind that in 1804 France was giving a good deal of trouble: "I now come," says Alexander, "to the language which, in my opinion, it will be necessary to hold with respect to France herself. After having imposed our will upon her, and after, through just, benevolent and liberal principles, having manifested our intentions (giving her confidence that she can count upon the promises made by our Alliance), we should declare that it is not upon France that we make war, but only upon a government as tyrannical toward France as toward the rest of Europe." The milk and honey of this passage need no italics of mine, which rather are supplied by the Peace Protocol. Years went by, the gorgeous and absorbing Napoleonic pageant continued to sweep through the world, and for a time the imposition of any Power's will on France was an impossibility. Then came 1813 and with it the Treaty of Chaumont consolidating the Continental Powers more or less until 1848. As to this grouping of the Powers, let us only note that the English Government showed a steady disinclination to bind itself for "concerted action"; that is, it preferred what is today so often called "isolation". It was in September, 1815, that Alexander, the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia signed the act that constituted the preamble to the Holy Alliance, formed, so said its signatories,—

To manifest before the whole universe their unshakeable determination to take as their sole guide, both in the administration of their respective States and in their political relations with other Governments, the precepts of religion, namely, the rules of Justice, Christian Charity and Peace.

These precepts, far from being applicable only to private life, should, on the contrary, govern the decisions of Princes, and direct them in all their negotiations, forming, as they must, the only means of giving permanence to human institutions, remedying the imperfections.

Sincere or not, the point is that such words were used in all their mellifluousness. Let us next advance a hundred and nine years for our eyes to rest upon certain sentences in the preamble to the Peace Protocol:

Animated by a firm desire to insure the maintenance of general peace and the security of nations whose existence, independence or territories may be threatened; [*sic*]

Recognizing the solidarity of the members of the international community;
Asserting that a war of aggression constitutes a violation of this solidarity and an international crime;

Desirous of facilitating the complete application of the system provided in the Covenant of the League of Nations for the pacific settlement of disputes between States and insuring the repression of international crimes. [*sic*]

Here is seen a certain family likeness. The impression is not lessened when we turn back again, this time to the language of Article I of the Act of 1815:

Conformably to the words of the Holy Scriptures, which command all men to consider each other as brethren, the three contracting Monarchs will remain united by the bonds of a true and indissoluble fraternity . . . In consequence, the sole principle in force as between the said Governments or as between their subjects, shall be that of doing each other reciprocal service, and of testifying by an unalterable good will the mutual affection with which they should be animated.

In the declaration signed at Troppau, November 13, 1820, a by-product of the Act of 1815, there occurs a passage that has a most familiar sound:

Any State forming part of the European Alliance which may change its interior government through revolutionary means, and which might thus become a menace to other States, will automatically cease to form a part of the Alliance, and will remain excluded from its councils until its situation gives every guarantee of order and stability.

Here is provision for the automatic discipline of a member State, but the sixteenth Article of the Peace Protocol is a great improvement on it. It looks after States that are not signatories, as witness these words:

The signatory States agree that in the event of a dispute between one or more of them and one or more States which have not signed the present protocol and are not members of the League of Nations, such non-member States shall be invited, on the conditions contemplated in Article XVII of the Covenant, to submit for the purpose of a pacific settlement to the obligations accepted by the State signatories of the present protocol.

If the State so invited, having refused to accept the said conditions and obligations, resorts to war against a signatory State, the provisions of Article XVI of the Covenant, as defined by the present protocol, shall be applicable against it.

International solicitude could go no further, but in 1820 it was not so far advanced. It may have been as a consequence that Castlereagh and the French Government dissociated themselves from the ingenious project. This parallel is only one of very many that run with startling regularity between the Holy Alliance and the Peace Protocol; in them we see the same motive and the same idea. Any State not entering the polyglot kingdom of heaven, is to kick itself into it, though the international politicians of 1820 and 1924 do not use such rude words.

How, under the preamble to the Peace Protocol, would an American define "nations whose existence, independence or territories may be threatened"? I fancy the definition would differ from that of Tokio or Rome. Of how many "international crimes" has the United States been guilty and what particular tendency to commit them does it manifest? There is excuse for asking these questions. The Peace Protocol answers them, or rather makes them unnecessary; for example, in the matter of "domestic issues", on which not a little light for Americans is shed by Articles 5, 10 and 16. The Super-State shall decide what is a domestic issue, if the Peace Protocol have any meaning. Too long to begin to quote in anything like proper length, the discussions at Geneva among the League representatives furnish reading for Americans that should dispel in their minds any doubt as to the promoter of this "domestic issue" debate. No more doubt can there be of the understanding by those at Geneva that "domestic issue" means immigration. If the Japanese pretended that a general question was meant, anybody that chooses can believe it. Not many Americans will so believe, save those whose conception of the perfect State is one regulated by "international administration".

As soon as the Act of 1815 was promulgated, the work of apology began, another parallel that readers will note. The English never cared for it, and cared still less when it soon became evident that the principal work of the Holy Alliance was to regulate the affairs of the New World through "mediating" between Ferdinand of Spain and the South American province-colonies rapidly shaking loose from Madrid. Whether from a love of constitutional liberty or with an eye to their commercial interests, the English had no use for a scheme that threatened to put customers becoming daily more important into the hands of a Power that would cripple their economic life. In the meantime, the philosopher Bergasse used these words in defense of the Act after discussing the revolutionary doctrines: "In the presence of such a possibility, it became a great and solemn necessity to proclaim as a guiding principle the sovereignty of the Divine Will—and the essential doctrine that nations as well as individuals must obey His laws if they desire to continue in a state of peace and prosperity." Place this near the paragraphs in the Peace Protocol and they recognize each other. This is the tone of the declarations made in behalf of the virtuous intentions of the Holy Alliance. It is the tone of the Peace Protocol, of which the arms conference proposal is a small part. The parallel between the two in methods of excuse is so close as to be ludicrous, and is only brought out the more clearly by De La Harpes's analysis of the later change in Alexander. The Tsar began, and it must be always put to his credit, with a desire to improve international morals; a most laudable and practical ambition on his part. Then he saw that union was necessary. Then he saw that union meant organization, and that organization meant rules. War and slaughter are wrong, hatred is wrong, spoliation likewise and territorial aggrandisement likewise. Above all, peace is to be ensued. Anybody that interferes with this work is an enemy of mankind, therefore, etc. The League of Nations wants peace, its most specific and irenic expression taking shape in the Peace Protocol. Peace can be disturbed by disputes as to domestic issues. Immigration has by the United States been termed a "domestic issue", but immigration relieves the economic troubles of certain other Powers and these economic troubles cause suffering which

in the eyes of an altruistic Europe removes the status of "domestic issue". Suffering must be relieved not only as a Christian duty, but as a deterrent to war. Therefore, etc. The sticky circle is now complete, and once more the Sermon on the Mount is used by General Staffs.

France as a whole, for the Châteaubriands and Polignacs did not then and do not now constitute France, was not at any time an enthusiastic supporter of the Holy Alliance. With the healthy blood of the Revolution in her veins and with a great working tradition of intellectual independence, it could not be otherwise. In England, the situation was still worse, for we find Canning using that word which causes the indignation of the Hon. John W. Davis: he announced that Great Britain would follow her policy of independent action and "resume her isolation". From which I gather that Great Britain very sensibly anticipated the United States by a little over a century.

The Act of the Holy Alliance required a little too much credulity. Like its grandchild, the Peace Protocol, it makes one think of what Lord Rosebery says of Shelburne, that his conduct was exemplary and needed constant explanation. The Peace Protocol will need no explanation if Americans come to heel and thankfully confess that immigration is not a domestic issue; but otherwise the European, Japanese and American promoters of that instrument will have a good deal to do. Here is an arrangement for an automatic alliance tentatively made by the representatives of the Great Britain that once was the champion of constitutional self-government and has great dominions tugging away from her; by Italy whose motto from Cavour to Mussolini has been that she "*fara da se*"; by that Greece whose secular and frantic effort it has been to be free, yet whose Ypsilanti was deserted by a Tsar that composed the Act of 1815; by that France, our friendly, lovely France whose eyes have the clearness of liberty. Will these Powers pretend that no alliance is aimed at the United States? Do they wish that our Republic shall be left to enjoy the self-respect that free governments must possess? Let Mr. Cresson describe the spirit of such proceedings as the arrangement at Geneva; speaking of the attempts made in America in 1817 to make the Holy Alliance popular, he thus writes,

The absurdity of being treated as "brothers" by the three most reactionary sovereigns of Europe would probably have deterred but few among the kindly majority of the Massachusetts Peace Society from expressing their sympathy for the Tsar's "peace league". The vague and impracticable language in which this manifesto was couched might appear ominous to diplomats, but misinformed public opinion could hardly foresee the true meaning and inner significance of a pact apparently so generous, or that the future policy of the Holy Alliance, as applied during Alexander's later reactionary "phase", was destined to become an unqualified support of "legitimist principles" abhorrent to American ideals.

The present situation differs, however, from that of 1817, for the Peace Protocol has been drawn in terms that leave no doubt as to its ominousness whether to diplomats or ordinary American citizens. America is to have no more domestic issues.

When Secretary Hughes touched on this, Mr. John W. Davis referred to the question as a "sterile issue". *The New York Times* in an editorial of October 10 echoed this phrase. It knows well enough that immigration is a domestic issue, but it said, "It has at once to be cast aside or forgotten as soon as anything definite is attempted in the way of international action". If the writer meant that to have immigration regulated by foreign Powers, the United States must no longer regard it as a domestic issue, I quite agree with him. Furthermore, Mr. Davis and, let us hope, *The Times*, knew that by "immigration" was meant the right of the United States or any other country to control the composition of its population. In the meantime, France has supplied the signatories to the Peace Protocol and Mr. Davis with material for a test case. The Republic, according to despatches of October 10, has decided to treat a domestic issue as distinctly her own, for she has concretely set about regulating immigration and with a good deal of minuteness. Compare with this an article in the Paris *L'Information* of May 15, signed by M. Herriot, apparently written before his election, in which he furnishes us with another parallel. After saying that world-shaking happenings may occur if Western States persist in exclusion, he asks specifically: "Were we wrong when we said that the decision of the United States was grave and that France, now mistress of Indo-China, would make a mistake if she did not interest herself in that decision?" This sounds remarkably like the

language used by Polética and Dashkov to the American State Department in Adams's day, and we see the "interest" of France as shown by her representatives at Geneva.

The cynic's view is the very last that can be taken in this discussion. The issue is too solemn, the threatening and insolent mood of the Old World far too clear. Therefore once more let us in the yellow *dossiers* of the past find a parallel to the present. We come to the year 1818, when Alexander's Foreign Office sent to the Powers a "confidential memoir". There is one sentence in it that we can read with some profit, although the rest is but a repetition of Alexander's main and familiar idea:

The wrongs under which all humanity groaned during the *revolutionary* struggle were the inevitable consequence of the errors of the past, viz., *individualism* and *partial or exclusive political combinations*.

This word "individualism" tells us a good deal. The immigration policy of the United States is not only a domestic issue, but one of the historic examples of national individualism. America is fundamentally a growing political entity with much of its experience yet to gain. It has not a homogeneous population often redundant. America for the time being must have its population clothes more or less ready made and more or less mechanically shaped. Its problem literally is of "a" population, not "the" population. There was but one way to approach this problem, a way that many sought to avoid for years, the way of individualism. If we must wear ready made clothes we should at least get them where we choose and as we choose and after a while make them for ourselves. This was a manifestation of the individualism, marked at some periods, quiescent at others, which has always irritated the Old World, an individualism that is no more than a sign of the nation's instinct that its methods of growth must be its own.

To remove this individualism, to substitute therefor the orders of a European directorate, is what today is in the hearts of the signatories of the Peace Protocol. They may assert that such is farthest from their thoughts, but their assertions are worth nothing, no more than those of such Americans as found and find neutrality of opinion more agreeable than conviction. The whole

tendency of a concerted European movement with relation to the United States must be towards coercion, now as well as a century ago, and for the reason that I state above. Europe, especially what we know today as Europe, is not opposed by any means to individualism when practiced by itself, but the individualism of the United States is another matter. The Old World has changed its tone somewhat, and while its phrasing is about as bland as that of 1815, though less unctuous, the content of what it says in the Peace Protocol is much more openly a threat. The more we look at it and the more we ponder on some of the beautiful sentiments for America emitted in the roaring days of the Great War, the dirtier business seems this same Peace Protocol.

Before I close a paper that should have been briefer, let us consider one or two things. The first shapes itself in the question raised by the Abbé De Pradt in 1819, whether the world as a whole would not profit by an America that developed itself without interference from Europe. An American today as the American of Monroe's day would say that his continent was an organism by itself that must grow in its own way to be of any real use to the rest of the world. Of course, there are plenty of Europeans who argue that the United States is too young and too prosperous to be enlightened, but we must forego the pleasure of Europe's example. There have been too many fine words in the past. In the Peace Protocol we have at least the satisfaction of beholding a degree of candor hitherto denied us by Europe. If Americans cannot now understand the attitude of Europe towards the United States, they will never do so; but we are none of us perfect, not even the Council and Assembly of the League of Nations. Therefore let us cast aside international personalities and entertain the idea that the United States as it is at present can do more and has done more for the Old World than as the stepchild of a suzerainty whose mere existence is the contradiction of its professions.

Next, and supposing that the Peace Protocol ever is ratified, will the adhesion of its members become more than nominal? It is ill work to suggest that Allies under such a golden banner should fall out; but can they possibly stand together in this attack on the United States of America? As Metternich at Aix-la-Chapelle prophesied that constitutional government had become the issue

of that day, so now in 1924 the survival, practice and defense of the American system is the issue. It has been the hope, the noble aspiration, of many American statesmen that such issue should be for all time settled. Would to God that for the world's sake as much had been vouchsafed! But now it seems that Europe would attempt to balk the fore-ordained, majestic development of a nation whose crime is that it breathes a freer air. You cannot separate immigration from the American system. Do so and that system is forever mutilated.

What part can a people saturated with the constitutional system, fiercely individual and proclaiming justice to be the keystone of its house, what part can the people of England play when this Peace Protocol is offered it for ratification? Will the French of today, whatever their ideas about the United States, proceed to treat immigration in Italy's favor as not a "domestic issue"? What will our neighbor, Mexico, have to say about a problem that looms upon her horizon? The New World can thank the Japanese for defining its situation and its policy. This, however, takes us too far away from the subject that I have tried a little to open. It is no more than that the Peace Protocol of 1924 is so closely joined in spirit with the Act of 1815, so clearly aims at the United States, and so plainly depends on the same sophistry and the same selfishness costumed as altruism, that Americans can learn and should learn from the Holy Alliance what the Peace Protocol may become. On November 19, 1823, Adams had an interview with the British Minister Addington of a very friendly and candid nature. This matter of European assemblages and their pretensions occupied him, as shown by words of his quoted by Mr. Cresson: "The very atmosphere of such an assembly must be considered by this Government as infected—and unfit for their plenipotentiary to breathe in." From the spirit of Adams a century ago, there has been no declension in the hearts of the American people.

JOHN HUNTER SEDGWICK.

FOREIGN EFFECTS OF AMERICAN INFLATION

BY SHEPARD MORGAN

THIS essay deals with something that does not exist, but is looked for. According to the usual conception of what manifests inflation, there is little or none of it now in America. Business in its output and exchange of goods is perhaps not far from where it ought to be, allowing for year-to-year growth; the volume of credit is large but on the whole its use is marked by self-restraint; our banks owe very little to the banks of issue, and the general level of commodity prices has varied little for three years. These are not marks of inflation but of its absence; and beneath our structure of credit is a mass of gold such as no nation ever accumulated before, the very fundamental of business confidence. But it is this volume of gold, capable as it is of immense expansion through the processes of banking machinery, that is expected to lead us into inflation. Observers in Europe watch day by day for the first sign that marks it, for if it comes they hope to find relief, partial or complete, for their own underlying financial problem.

This is the problem of how to get back to the gold standard. In spite of recent proposals which would substitute a currency managed by banking authorities for one indissolubly locked with gold, there seems to be every disposition in Europe to return to the gold standard as it used to be understood. The conditions, however, which a nation must impose upon itself in returning to the gold standard are heroic, and the measures involved are always unpalatable. A nation bringing its currency back to a level with gold must rid itself of such part of its credit and currency as is not readily interchangeable with gold at face value, which is deflation; or else it must cut down the amount of gold that the face value of its currency represents, which is devaluation. In both cases the result is to reestablish a free interchange between credit

and currency on the one hand and gold on the other. But the implications of deflation, real or supposed, are dull trade, falling prices, diminished production and unemployment; of devaluation, that all obligations payable in the national currency are scaled down to a fraction of their former nominal value. There is, however, another possible way out; instead of bringing the currency back to an even interchange with gold, the value of gold itself may fall until it reaches the level of the currency. It might appear that the latter is the more convenient process, for it implies standing still while conditions develop elsewhere. As matters stand, these developments can take place only in the United States.

So it is that the European press, particularly that of Great Britain, is observing current American finance with an interest not unmixed with hope. One reads, for instance, that our accumulation of gold, now nearly half the world's monetary stock, is likely to force inflation upon us whether we will or no, and that our inflation will bring with it a rise in the level of our commodity prices. That is another way of saying that the value of gold will fall, because at this time the price of commodities in America determines the value of gold, and the higher our prices rise, the lower the value of gold falls. Such a fall in the value of gold would tend immediately to benefit those nations, it is believed, whose currencies are only slightly depreciated in terms of gold and the dollar, such as Great Britain, Holland and Switzerland. The new inflation here, counterbalancing the old inflation there, would absolve them from undergoing further deflation. The dollar in falling to the level of the pound, the florin and the Swiss franc, would save the pound, the florin and the Swiss franc from coming up to the dollar. In this way the old parities would be restored, and with them would come a reversion to the gold standard. The time might then be appropriate for other countries, such perhaps as France and Italy, to reestablish their currencies on a gold basis by devaluation or otherwise, and the world's commerce could resume its accustomed courses.

It is a simple and attractive solution, deduced from old processes which formerly worked inexorably and with precision. It commends itself to Europe not only because it appears to min-

imize the problem of deflation, but because it is based upon tried principles which heretofore have worked to restore equilibrium between currencies. But before accepting it as the best or the inevitable solution, America should take account of the price to be paid, a price which Europe could hardly avoid sharing. And that involves a scrutiny of certain unique features of the present situation.

The first and perhaps the fundamental feature of the present situation that distinguishes it from the ordinary experience of the past is the very condition which the solution is expected to correct, namely that Europe is not on the gold basis. Of all the great commercial nations of the world, the United States alone permits the free export and import of gold and the free interchange of its currency with gold. This fact has suspended the operation of the old laws, which worked, briefly, as follows:

When the currencies of the nations were closely matched with gold, if the general level of commodity prices rose in a given country, that rise (together with other changes which may be overlooked here) was reflected in a fall of the foreign exchanges until they reached the point at which it became profitable to ship gold. Gold then began to flow away, going to countries where the level of prices in terms of gold was lower. The flow of gold worked in a double way: it reduced the basis for credit at home, thereby enforcing a contraction of credit and ultimately a reduction of commodity prices; and it increased the basis for credit abroad, thereby stimulating an expansion of credit and ultimately of prices. Thus was equilibrium restored.

But the world is not now in the state of nice adjustment which allows these laws to work with their old promptness and precision, because the conditions have altered at both ends. In Europe gold has ceased to have its former definitive relation to the volume of credit and currency. In place of gold, government promises have been used in greater or less degree as the basis of credit and currency, and their indefinite multiplication, and in turn the indefinite expansion of credit and currency, are limited only by legislative act or administrative regulation. Moreover, the existing gold stocks in many countries are closely protected, so that no matter to what extent inflation proceeds and prices

rise, the visible supplies of gold do not flow out except as governments determine. In short, inflation may proceed independently of the gold stock; in fact we have frequently seen the spectacle abroad of prices advancing and gold being exported at the same time. In America scarcely less has the action of the old laws been denied. During the last three years the inflowing gold has not resulted in increased prices but has put a larger and larger gold reserve behind our currency and banking deposits. Whether this procedure will continue indefinitely, however, is doubted abroad, and upon its discontinuance is based the expectation that inflation in America is probable and even inevitable.

It may be seen from this that the old two-way process is now interrupted, for the flow of gold to America has neither caused a fall of prices in the countries out of which it went nor has it caused a rise of prices in the country to which it came. And if the expectation is realized that America cannot continue to retain most of the new and much of the old gold of the world without inflation, only one part of the old two-way process will be revived, and that part will have to do the work of both before equilibrium will reestablish itself.

The suspension, however, of the old laws that worked effectively when the world was on a gold basis is only one of the unique features of the present situation. Others, from our standpoint at least equally important, have to do with conditions peculiar at this time to America. These are our unexampled stock of gold and our banking machinery highly efficient for erecting a structure of credit upon it. These two taken together make entirely possible an inflation of prices to a point about a third higher than the average levels reached in 1920, without involving any departure from the principles of the gold standard as we conceive it. This would be a gold inflation as distinguished from a paper inflation; but compared stage for stage the two types of inflation are indistinguishable in their effects upon business or the life of the people; one is as disturbing as the other.

The Federal Reserve Banks now possess more than three billions of gold, a full billion in excess of the amount held at the crest of credit expansion in 1920. No country, much less any bank of issue, ever before possessed more than a fraction of this

sum. Its size is an indication not only of the strength of our financial position, but of the extent to which our banking system might expand should demands be made upon it by individual borrowers. The processes of such an expansion are little understood, because we have in the Federal Reserve system a banking organization which, though it has been singularly tested, is still barely ten years old, a short span in banking history. It is not surprising that in this time there should have developed only a limited knowledge of the functions and operations of the Reserve system, particularly when it is recalled that the working of the Bank Act of 1844, which established the Bank of England in its present form, was not understood until Walter Bagehot interpreted it fifteen to thirty years later. At the risk of departing from the direct sequence, it may be well to refer briefly to those processes of expansion under the Reserve system which are intimately related to the stock of gold.

When gold is received in this country from abroad, the groundwork is laid for expansion in two stages, one of which is almost sure to happen, the other of which may happen. The primary stage, the one that is almost sure to happen, arises from the fact that new gold under our system tends to pass almost immediately into use as banking reserves; that is, into the Federal Reserve Banks. Gold as a commodity has a comparatively slight intrinsic value; it is more valuable as money, and is still more valuable, in the sense that it is more productively used, as banking reserve. Consequently, the receiver of gold from abroad is apt to obtain money for it as quickly as possible, and the bank which then obtains title to it is apt to deposit it immediately in the Federal Reserve Bank, where it adds to the depositing bank's reserve. The general rule, not only of banking but of law, is that the larger the reserve, the larger is the power to receive deposits; and that implies that the power to make loans is also enlarged, since a very large part of banking deposits arises from the making of loans. The legally required ratio of deposits to reserve is on the average about ten to one, and so it might be presumed that a bank which increases its reserve by a million dollars of new gold will proceed at once to increase its loans by ten million dollars. Through the rapid flow of credit between banks in the course

of modern business, something of the sort does happen in the aggregate; an addition to the reserve is very shortly followed by an addition to the loans and deposits of the banks, which run to an amount several times the amount of the new reserve.

The characteristic of primary expansion is that it tends to swell quickly and silently to its maximum week by week as new gold is received. This results from the fact that a bank, like other business concerns, is operated for profit, and the possession of excess reserves implies that a chance to make a profit is being lost. If commerce or agriculture requires credit, the bank lends to commerce or agriculture; if not, the bank with excess reserve is apt to buy bonds, notes or acceptances, or place money on loan in the stock market. Indeed, it is the part of good bank administration that a bank's funds be well employed all the time. Such expansion as this is not, from the standpoint of any one bank, expansion at all, for the obligations of law and banking are satisfied if the reserve is kept adequate and the character of loans and investments is kept sound. But from the standpoint of the country as a whole it is expansion to a marked degree, for all the banks are apt to be doing much the same thing at the same time. In the last three years primary expansion has largely accounted for an addition of at least five and perhaps six billions to the sum-total of bank credit in use in this country.

It should be observed that primary expansion does not involve any use whatever of the credit-making facilities of the Federal Reserve Banks. It is based entirely upon new gold received, and the Reserve Banks are left out of the process altogether except for their passive part as the sole legal depositaries for the reserves of member banks. In fact, the new gold deposited with them places the Reserve Banks in a stronger position than ever; and we have the spectacle of an active expansion proceeding side by side with a continuous strengthening of the fundamental banking position. This of course goes on until for one reason or another the loans of the Federal Reserve Banks begin to rise; is it at that point that the secondary stage of expansion begins. A dollar borrowed from the Reserve Bank is legally exactly the same to the member bank as a dollar of new gold deposited, and expansion is apt to proceed from it in exactly the same way.

The legal limit to secondary expansion comes when the deposits and notes of the Reserve Banks reach a sum approximating two and one-half times their gold and other reserves. That limit was approached in 1920. At present, however, the lending powers of the Reserve Banks are but little used, and yet their reserves are half as large again as they were in 1920. It is obvious that the credit-making power here held in storage is immense, and that large as the primary expansion already is, the further expansion that might be built upon the gold we now possess would not only bring us to a point far beyond the expansion of 1920, but beyond any expansion, other than one built upon the issue of paper money, that has overtaken any great nation in modern times.

These are new forces. Before the advent of the Federal Reserve system, indeed until the exigencies of war finance persuaded Congress to reduce the amount of reserves which banks were obliged by law to maintain, the import of new gold would not have carried with it a primary expansion of like degree. Also, we have in the Reserve system a mechanism which was aimed to provide elasticity, and in reality does provide it through the ample processes of secondary expansion. In short, we have now in America in the vast amount of our gold and in the highly efficient facilities for employing it, a new combination of conditions which, with the departure of Europe from the gold standard, profoundly alters the simple working of old principles. With these altered conditions in mind, it is now possible to test the proposition that inflation in America will restore the gold standard to Europe.

It will serve all present purposes to reduce the proposition set us from abroad simply to this, that inflation in America will restore the gold standard to England. Discussion may be thus restricted because the pound sterling, among the currencies of the former belligerents, is the one most nearly at parity with the dollar; and if inflation in America can be expected to restore the gold standard to Europe, it will assuredly restore the gold standard to England.

The proposition depends upon the effective working of the well-recognized principles that inflation is invariably accom-

panied by high and rising commodity prices, which are the main test and badge of inflation; and that a rise in commodity prices is ultimately reflected in a fall in the foreign exchanges.

The foreign exchanges offer a problem in relativity; there is nothing absolute about them. They picture a relation between the currency of one country and the currencies of other countries. The essential thing in currency is its command over goods, its power to purchase; and to the extent that free commercial intercourse obtains between nations, the fundamental force that determines the movements of the foreign exchanges is the relative purchasing powers of their different currencies. That in brief is the principle recognized over a century ago by David Ricardo and restated by Viscount Goschen fifty years later. It does not of course deny the existence of other and more transitory forces which may supplement or perhaps counteract the primary forces, as the wind and tides may disturb the even flow of ocean currents.

A change observed in the sterling rate quoted in the foreign exchange paragraphs in the newspapers, aside from such transitory but often very important influences as speculation, the supply of checks and bills and so on, implies that a change has taken place in the purchasing power of the pound as compared with the purchasing power of the dollar. A fall in the rate may indicate a fall in the purchasing power of the pound or a rise in the purchasing power of the dollar, or both; a rise in the rate the reverse. And if the rate remains constant, it may mean that the purchasing powers of the two currencies are remaining constant, or that both are rising or both falling in about the same degree. But whatever the rate, there are two factors that determine it, one in America and the other in England.

The proposition assumes that only one factor will function, the factor in America. Clearly, a decline in the purchasing power of the dollar without a corresponding decline in the purchasing power of the pound would go far to cut down the differences that obtain between the two currencies, and the exchange, which expresses the relation between them, would tend to revert in due time to the old parity of \$4.86. Thus would the problem be solved.

But the long record of comparative prices in America and England gives little ground for assuming that a material decline in the purchasing power of the dollar could in fact take place without carrying the pound along with it. The evidence is to the contrary. For at least a century and a quarter American and British prices have tended to move the same way; a rise or fall in one country has been very quickly reflected in the other. This close relationship of prices suggests without going further that a price advance in America would be duplicated in England. But there exists additional ground for the presumption in the present conditions of commerce between them.

America sells more goods to England than she buys from her. Also, America produces many things, including raw materials, which Britain must have. Some of them, like cotton, she can procure in adequate quantity nowhere else. Yet for the available supply of cotton the mills of Lancashire are in active competition with the mills of Fall River, New Bedford and Danville. The price which the American mills pay is a gold price, and so it is a gold price with which Lancashire has to compete and which Lancashire has to pay. Thus, in respect of certain very important products America has established a sellers' market that sets a price in gold which reappears in a British price enough higher than ours to comprise the equivalent amount of gold. And quite as she has established a sellers' market in some products, America has established a buyers' market in others. The power of America to buy and consume is so immense that her demand for such things as rubber, for example, is the preponderating factor in the world's balance of demand against supply. The price which America pays is a gold price, and if Britain buys the same products, the British price has to be enough higher than ours to comprise the equivalent amount of gold.

In a great range of other commodities in which America has established neither a sellers' market nor a buyers' market, her impress on British prices as a profitable customer or a great source of supply while not controlling is important. The prices of such commodities are the results of the interplay of forces in the world's market, in which the demand from America and the supply on hand in America are highly important but not dominating ele-

ments. The only available common base to which the prices of such commodities can be reduced, however, is gold, and American prices are gold prices. Consequently, American domestic prices for such commodities, except as they may be modified by such factors as the tariff, transportation costs, and so on, tend neither to rise much above nor fall much below the gold price set in the world's market. The reason for this is that gold has not ceased to be the world's international currency, and the price that obtains in the one country whose currency is freely interchanged with gold tends to be the basic price for the world.

It will be seen from the foregoing that inflation in America would directly and immediately affect prices in the British market for commodities over which America exercises the controlling influence either as buyer or seller. As to the prices of other commodities, inflation would tend to increase rather than diminish America's buying power, and so tend to cause a rise in the world price of goods she desired to buy; and on the other hand would be slow to cause a rise in the prices of those commodities of which America has a large exportable surplus, and for which the world market sets the price. In any case, American prices, remaining gold prices, would continue to be base prices, and a rise in them would be apt to be reflected in a rise of British prices also.

The extent to which British prices would rise would of course depend upon the amount of credit and currency which would be made available for British use. If British demands for credit attending an incipient rise of prices were rigidly kept within bounds, it is entirely possible that a prolonged rise of British prices would be checked. If, on the other hand, it should prove impossible or inexpedient to hold down British credit expansion, then rising American prices would be in pursuit of rising British prices; and the point at which one would overtake the other becomes entirely a matter of conjecture.

One cannot withhold respect for the skill with which the British credit system is administered. Yet the difficulties in the way of a rigid restriction of credit at this time are so immense that it might very well prove to be impossible. Detachment from the gold standard has had the important effect in England of substituting a human programme for the automatic restraints formerly pro-

vided by the ebb and flow of gold. Up to the present the report of the Cunliffe Committee, made effective by Treasury minute, has provided the programme, the essential part of which is that the maximum of the fiduciary issue of currency notes in one year shall be the maximum for the next. Thus far there have been progressive reductions year by year in the currency note issue quite in accordance with the Cunliffe Committee programme and perhaps ascribable to it.

But within a year, at a time when British prices were rising and an expansion of the note issue was taking place, impatience with the limitations imposed by this programme manifested itself in strangely diverse quarters. The Cambridge economists, representing expert theory, and the Federation of British Industries, representing practical business, alike demanded an inquiry looking to its revision. Scarcely did the Cunliffe Report avoid becoming a major political issue. There can be no doubt that if a renewed and active rise in prices should again develop in England, calling for currency and credit beyond the limitations of the Report, such opposition as that of last year would quickly grow, and would extend to the less informed but more numerous body of the people. It is very easy to confuse a rise in prices with advancing prosperity, and any effective restriction of credit at such times meets with vigorous opposition. Furthermore, courageous action at the Bank of England would probably not be sufficient of itself to check an aggressive expansion, for under prevailing conditions in England, Government policy, responsive to public opinion, is at least equally important with the practice of the Bank in determining the available supply not only of currency but of credit. The political aspects of such a situation may be left to speak for themselves.

Yet one other phase should be observed. If in fact the Bank of England and the British Treasury should act together to restrain the expansion of credit at a time when prices in terms of gold were rising, it is probable that the repressive effects upon industry and trade, though somewhat veiled, would incur opposition not very unlike what would develop if they undertook to bring about deflation at a time when prices in terms of gold were stationary. In other words, the effort of standing still while gold prices rose

might involve almost as much determination on the part of banking and financial authorities and almost as much hardship on the part of the nation as a whole, as to work down to gold prices while they remained stationary.

At this point it will be well to pause and consider the stage at which this discussion has arrived. It has been directed at the expectation abroad that our stock of gold will force inflation upon us, cause a rise in our price level and so equalize our prices with those of England; and that the equalization of prices thus brought about will tend to restore the pound to parity with the dollar and so promote the reestablishment of the gold standard throughout the commercial world. This necessarily presupposes that English prices and English credit will under these circumstances remain about at the level where they are now, or at least advance much more slowly than ours. But there is every reason to believe, judging both from the history of relative prices in England and America and from the influence of America in the markets of the world, that England could not avoid being caught more or less firmly in the meshes of our inflation. The materials for such a joint inflation are prepared and the automatic checks are either in suspense or wanting altogether; in America because our gold stock and our banking system provide the means for an immense further expansion of credit while continuing to adhere to the gold standard; in England because she is detached from the restrictions of the gold standard and is working instead according to a mutable programme.

We have now to consider the contingencies. No doubt the probable course, in case inflation develops in America, would lie somewhere between two extremes. At best, the degree of inflation required of America to bring the pound to parity would be somewhere around eight per cent., assuming that one could apply roughly the figure representing the present depreciation of the pound in terms of the dollar. At worst, the degree of inflation in America would reach the limits set by our gold stock or some other point at which the inflation collapsed from domestic causes. In probability, prices would advance in both countries but along converging lines, so that at last at some undeterminable point the exchange would reach parity; and the more remote that point, the

higher would be the rise of prices both here and in England, the larger the credit structure built upon our gold stock, and the more serious the effects upon our industry of the withdrawal of gold when the tide turned.

And what is true between America and England would hold directly or indirectly between America and the other commercial nations of the world. Just as the American gold price is the basic price to which the price levels of other countries tend to relate themselves when shorn of their inflationary ciphers, so the American gold price, even though rising would still tend to be the basic price for the world. Restraints of local law or custom, and the ordinary lag of retail prices behind wholesale prices, would no doubt retard a prompt adaptation of gold prices throughout the world to the rising American level; but the movement none the less would prevail, and would bring upon the world once more a general inflation such as occurred in 1920, and if carried to the extent permitted by our gold stock, the degree of inflation would be much greater.

There is no need to dwell upon the effects at home of such an inflation or of the deflation that would follow it when gold started to flow away from beneath the top-heavy structure of credit we then should be carrying. In the world at large, however, the rise and subsequent fall of American prices would shake the firm base which steady American prices in recent years have furnished for business transactions conducted in terms of gold. And the unsteadiness of the base would be felt not only in international transactions such as have recently been carried on in terms of American dollars, that is to say, in terms of gold, but would be translated into transactions conducted in other currencies, for into them would be injected a new and powerful stimulant to inflation. The progress toward stability which has been made of late in many foreign countries would be largely lost, and in some future time that loss would have to be recovered.

A very different picture presents itself if America is able to control the use to which she puts her gold and refrains from employing it for the extravagant creation of credit. Stability of prices in the United States for the last three years has given stability to the value of gold. If American prices continue stable, then the

value of gold will continue stable also, and in place of a shifting base, the currencies of the world will have a firm standard to which they can gradually attach themselves. There can be no doubt that the maintenance of such a standard is a consideration of vital importance during the period of reconstruction which is now proceeding in many parts of Europe. There are enough complexities already in the way of completing it without interjecting a new and upsetting factor. America can perform a work highly important in the restoration of the finances of the world by keeping the base firm.

This essay may conclude as it began: the world looks for us to build inflation upon our gold. But those abroad who conceive our inflation likely to benefit them with cost only to us, who imagine that our inflation will open an easy road for the return of depreciated currencies to gold, have reckoned up only one side of the account. If in truth we are to see a great inflation in America, even if at the end of it we find the exchanges reverting to parity, a distribution of costs will be inescapable. What the bill of costs accruing from our inflation would amount to cannot be foretold; but after examining the probabilities it is a rare optimist who would not conclude that Europe would lose by the process, and America's share in the costs be thrown away.

SHEPARD MORGAN.

THE CHILD LABOR AMENDMENT-I

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Congress has submitted to the States a joint resolution adopted by more than the requisite two-thirds majority, proposing a twentieth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States. The text of the proposed Amendment is as follows:

Section 1. The Congress shall have power to limit, regulate, and prohibit the labor of persons under eighteen years of age.

Section 2. The power of the several States is unimpaired by this article except that the operation of State laws shall be suspended to the extent necessary to give effect to legislation enacted by the Congress.

Before the reasons why this amendment is now before the States for action are discussed, its form and scope should perhaps be noted. It will be seen at once that, unlike the Prohibition and Suffrage Amendments, this proposed Amendment contains no prohibition and no regulation. It does not limit the authority of Congress to the occupations and the age and hour standards which would be written into a statute at this time. We do not know what changes a hundred years will bring. We do know that if we were to undertake to prophesy what these changes are to be, we would be sure to be wrong. It is, of course, for this reason that the powers granted through the Amendment should be general in scope and not limited to immediate needs. Under its power to regulate foreign and interstate commerce, Congress was first concerned with a commerce that moved on the stage coach, the pony express, the sailing vessel, and the rowboat. There are parts of the country in which all these are used today, but it is with the regulation of the railroad and the steamboat that Congress has been concerned in the last fifty years, and in the next fifty it may be the motor truck, the motor boat, and the air-

plane that will claim its attention. The general form in which the proposed Amendment is stated, then, gives to Congress the power to meet changing conditions by new regulations. Section 2 makes it clear that, whatever these changes may be, the co-operation of the United States with the States in the eradication of child labor is the object sought.

The proposed Amendment has a long history behind it. There is no subject on which opinions have changed more in the last hundred years than child labor, as a re-reading of Alexander Hamilton's Report on Manufactures shows. The first child labor laws were, it is true, passed during the period before the Civil War. But as they were not enforced, they were so many dead letters on the statute books. Fifty years ago only six States had established a minimum age for factory work. In four of these—Connecticut, Massachusetts, New Jersey, and Vermont—a ten-year age minimum had been adopted. Rhode Island had a twelve-year minimum for factories; Pennsylvania had a thirteen-year age minimum for textile mills, but employment in the mines at twelve years of age was authorized. The hours children might work were regulated in fourteen States as follows: California permitted no more than an eight-hour day for wards and apprentices—other children were not so protected; nine States or territories—Connecticut, Dakota Territory, Maine, Minnesota, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Ohio, Pennsylvania, and Vermont—had a ten-hour law; Massachusetts had a sixty-hour week for children; Rhode Island had an eleven-hour day for children under fifteen, and Georgia prohibited a longer day than sunrise to sunset for white persons under twenty-one years of age; Wisconsin's laws were so contradictory in terms that it is hard to say what they did prohibit. Only one State (Rhode Island) prohibited night work.

During the last fifty years the struggle to protect children by State action from industrial exploitation has been continuous. In the period from 1880 to 1916, when the first Federal law was passed, a new conception of the obligation of public protection of children was finding general recognition in this and other countries. While the ideal of equal opportunity for all children was accepted more rapidly in the United States than in other coun-

tries, it encountered many difficulties in actual realization. Effective barriers to the premature employment of children were erected in some States; in others the barriers were authorized in legislative enactment but were never set up because administrative machinery was not provided. In some States both law and enforcement were wholly inadequate, and in consequence a demand for Federal action developed.

In 1906 the first child labor bills were introduced in Congress. At that time Senator Beveridge of Indiana and Representative Herbert Parsons of New York sought by Federal legislation to "prevent the employment of children in factories and mines," and Senator Lodge of Massachusetts sponsored a measure designed to "prohibit the employment of children in the manufacture or production of articles intended for interstate commerce". Almost ten years later (September 1, 1916) the first Federal child labor law was adopted. Under its power to regulate interstate and foreign commerce, Congress sought in this measure to close the channels of interstate and foreign commerce to the products of child labor. On June 3, 1918, after the law had been in operation nine months and three days, the United States Supreme Court in a five to four decision held that the law was not a legitimate exercise of the power of Congress to regulate interstate commerce and was therefore unconstitutional.

Following this decision, Congress enacted on February 24, 1919, as a part of the revenue act of 1918, a provision for a tax of ten per cent. of the annual net profits of certain enumerated establishments which employed children in violation of the age and hour standards laid down in the act.

The child labor tax law became operative on April 25, 1919, and was in effect until May 15, 1922, when the United States Supreme Court in the case of *Bailey v. The Drexel Furniture Company* held that it was not a valid exercise of Congress's right to lay and collect taxes. Only one judge dissented from this opinion. It was, therefore, clearly established that either the policy of Federal assistance in eliminating child labor must be abandoned, or the Constitution must be amended so as to give to Congress the power which it was believed to have when these two acts were passed.

At the time that these laws were enacted, Congress believed it

had the authority through these general grants of power to reach the employment of children in any and all occupations and children of any age. The occupation, age, and hour standards which it set up represented, therefore, its conclusions as to the minimum Federal standard which should be established. In effect both these laws prohibited the employment of children under fourteen in mills, canneries, workshops, factories, and manufacturing establishments; established an eight-hour day, and prohibited night work for children between fourteen and sixteen employed in such establishments; and prohibited the employment of children under sixteen in mines and quarries.

During this period—1906 to 1916—the Federal Pure Food and Drug Act, the Harrison Anti-Narcotic Act, the White Slave Law, and a number of other less known measures providing for Federal assistance in solving “local” problems which had become national in scope, were passed by Congress. The child labor law presented, therefore, no new administrative problems, and, it was believed at the time, no new constitutional difficulties.

Although absolute uniformity in child labor legislation was not sought through the two Federal child labor laws, an increasing number of people had come to be concerned not only with what happened to the children of a single State but with what happened to all American children. The Census of 1910 showed 557,797 children between the ages of ten and sixteen years employed in non-agricultural pursuits. In 1880 there were 396,504 so employed. Thus in spite of all the effort to secure adequate State legislation during these thirty years, the number of children engaged in non-agricultural work in 1910 was considerably greater than in 1880, and the percentage in such employment of all the children of the given ages was only one per cent. less. In justice to the children and to the future of the United States, it was urged that all American children should be protected against premature employment, excessive hours, and hazardous occupations. The facts showed that a very considerable proportion of American children were not so protected. Through years of work with State legislatures, advocates of a Federal law had learned that manufacturers always appeared at the sessions and objected to further protection for the children of the State because it gave

what they considered unfair advantage to the industries of other States in which a lower value was placed on childhood. This argument may not always have been sincere, but it was accepted so frequently as a reason for postponing action even in States whose standards were low that Federal action seemed necessary in fairness to the children and to manufacturers in all the States.

Although the reasons for a Federal law and a Constitutional Amendment to make a Federal law possible are the same, there are a few people who have favored the use of the power if it already existed but who have questioned the wisdom of granting it to Congress. Moreover, it was seven years after President Wilson went in person to the Senate to urge the adoption of the first law and five years after the tax law was passed on his recommendation, that President Coolidge reported to Congress that an Amendment to the Constitution was necessary for the protection of children. Since many changes may have occurred during that period, a new examination of the reasons or necessity for national action is, perhaps, needed.

Two questions should be considered with reference to the Amendment: What facts are there from which its significance in terms of the welfare of children can be determined? Does it do violence to the American theory of government?

There are those who are raising the whole question of whether any kind of child labor law, State or national, is necessary or desirable. They are talking of the opportunities which come to children only if they go to work at eight years of age, of the right of the parent, or, more correctly, the employer plus the parent, to decide whether a child shall or shall not work at any age or hour or occupation. There are those who urge that the cost of widowhood and orphanage must be borne by little children. There are some few who seek to enlist followers under the black flag of a business morality that should long ago have been outlawed. They ask only, "Is child labor profitable?"

These questions and objections have been raised whenever child labor or compulsory school laws have been considered by any State legislature during the past seventy-five years. They are as pertinent in the discussion of a State law as of a national law. In this brief discussion the objections to child labor which are widely

known will not be restated. The question is not "Shall child labor be eliminated?" Nor is it a choice between the alternatives of State and Federal action. Under the terms of the proposed Amendment the question is whether we shall make it possible for the Federal Government to coöperate with the States in the eradication of child labor.

To decide whether there is need for national action we need to know the character and the effectiveness of our State child labor legislation, and in what numbers, in what parts of the country, and under what conditions, children are now employed.

First, as to the numbers of working children: The decennial census is our only source of information for the United States as a whole. For the purposes of this discussion it does not give an adequate picture for several reasons: (1) Working children under ten years of age were not enumerated. Their numbers, it is to be hoped, are not large, but the serious effects of their employment make even small numbers important. Investigations made by the Children's Bureau of work in canneries and of industrial home work indicate that in some sections the number of working children under ten years of age is not inconsiderable. These investigations were made by the Children's Bureau during the period from 1918 to 1920, but there is no evidence of improvement since that time. On the contrary, investigations made during the last year in New Jersey, New York, and Pennsylvania by the State departments of labor indicate widespread employment of very young children in tenement home work. (2) The census was taken in 1920 when the Federal law restricted the employment of children under fourteen in mills and factories, and of children under sixteen years in mines and quarries. The full effect of the Federal law is, therefore, imbedded in the census, and the reduction between 1910 and 1920 in the number of children gainfully employed in manufacturing and mining operations in certain States is largely due to the Federal law since held unconstitutional. (3) The census was taken in January, when many of the child employing industries are not so active as at other times. (4) It is altogether probable that most of those engaged in tenement home work were not counted by the enumerators as employed. Nevertheless, the census showed more than a million

(1,060,858) children between ten and sixteen years of age gainfully employed, and nearly half a million (413,549) employed in non-agricultural industries.

Although evidence of exploitation of children in certain kinds of agriculture is not lacking, it is generally believed that a better enforcement of school laws will reduce interference with school attendance, which is the most serious evil in rural child labor. As the employment of children in agriculture is usually on the home farm and is seasonal and out of doors, it is much less objectionable than employment in mines and factories. Moreover, many of the farm children merely help their fathers with the farm work just as the girls help their mothers with the housework. If not too arduous, such work is, of course, valuable to boys and girls for the training it gives and the sense of responsibility which it develops. Therefore those who have advocated the Amendment have been especially concerned with the child employed in non-agricultural occupations.

As to the number of children ten to sixteen years of age which the Census of 1920 reported as gainfully employed in non-agricultural pursuits, it was smaller than in 1910 but larger than in 1880. In 1920, it should be remembered, the Federal law was discouraging by a prohibitive tax the employment of children under fourteen in mills and factories, and the Federal eight-hour day made it more difficult and less profitable than formerly to employ them in mills which operated on a ten- or eleven-hour schedule. The census figures for 1920 show that the textile mills were then employing 54,649 child operatives; iron and steel mills, 12,904; clothing factories and sweatshops, 11,757; lumber mills and furniture factories, 10,585; shoe factories, 7,545; coal mines, 5,850. Child servants and waiters were reported to the number of 41,586. Messengers, bundle wrappers, and office boys and girls numbered 48,028; sales boys and sales girls in stores, 30,370; other child clerks, 22,521. Newsboys numbered 20,706, and there were 147,048 children between ten and sixteen in other miscellaneous occupations.

These children were not employed in any one section of the country. According to the 1920 census the proportion of the total child population ten to fifteen years of age, inclusive, "em-

ployed in gainful occupations," ranged from three per cent. in the three Pacific Coast States to seventeen per cent. in the East South Central States, comprising Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama, and Mississippi.

In Mississippi more than one-fourth of all the children ten to fifteen years of age were at work; in Alabama and in South Carolina, twenty-four per cent.; in Georgia, twenty-one per cent.; and in Arkansas, nineteen per cent. Of the New England States, Rhode Island had the largest proportion of children from ten to fifteen years of age, thirteen per cent., "employed in gainful occupations." Except in the South, no other State had so large a percentage of employed children as this.

What numbers are now employed and what is their geographical distribution it is not possible to say. At the time the second Federal child labor law was declared unconstitutional, we were suffering from a serious industrial depression during which several millions of men and women and thousands of children who had previously left school for work were unemployed. Reports as to the number of work permits granted in 1923 in some thirty-four cities indicate that this reduction in the number of employed children was only temporary. With the revival of industry, the children were re-employed in large numbers, so that the problem in some centers has increased rather than decreased.

Those who have read of Lord Shaftesbury's struggle for the child workers of England in the recently published biography by J. L. and Barbara Hammond, will remember that he encountered more opposition in his attempt to reduce the hours of work for the children who were legally employed than he did in raising the age at which their employment should receive legal sanction. This is true in the United States today, and explains much of the opposition which the amendment is meeting. After the minimum age of employment is fixed, there remains the equally important question of the conditions of work for those who are allowed to enter industry. There is not only the problem of preventing too great a strain during the adolescent period because of too long hours; there is also the problem of occupations which may be reasonably safe for men and women but are extremely hazardous for young persons. More progress has been made in writing fourteen years

into the statutes as a minimum age for employment, with all kinds of exemptions and exceptions to be sure, than in protecting adolescent boys and girls from the strain of the ten- or eleven-hour day. Since Congress indicated in the two Federal laws it enacted that it believes in the eight-hour day for factory children between fourteen and sixteen years of age, it is from the States in which children of fourteen and fifteen are still legally working long hours that opposition is to be expected.

A recent analysis of work accidents to minors in Wisconsin, Massachusetts, and New Jersey made by the Children's Bureau gives fresh evidence of the need for discrimination in deciding which occupations should be closed to all those who have not reached what we call "years of discretion". In this investigation facts concerning minors to whom compensation had been paid were obtained from the files of the State industrial commissions and accident boards. This meant that in Wisconsin records of accidents which had caused disability of more than seven days' duration were included, and in Massachusetts and New Jersey, records of those which had caused disability of more than ten days' duration. Within twelve months¹ in these three States there were 7,478 such accidents to minors under twenty-one years of age, 496 to children under sixteen, 2,039 to children of sixteen or seventeen, and 4,943 to minors of eighteen, nineteen, or twenty. Thirty-eight minors died from their injuries, and 920 were partly disabled for life.

An analysis of the causes of the accidents in the only State (Wisconsin) where comparative figures could be obtained, showed that nearly twice as many of the injuries to minors as to adults were due to machinery. Each of the States studied had attempted to protect its child workers by prohibiting the employment of children under sixteen years of age in certain occupations, chiefly in the operation of the more dangerous machines. Wisconsin and Massachusetts also prohibited some kinds of employment for children under eighteen years, but operation of many of the dangerous machines was permitted to children of sixteen and seventeen. The effect of the special protection accorded children of

¹ In Wisconsin and New Jersey the period covered was the year July 1, 1919, to June 30, 1920; in Massachusetts it was the year July 1, 1921, to June 30, 1922.

fourteen to sixteen years and the need for its extension to children up to eighteen are seen in the proportions of accidents due to machinery among the children of the different age groups.

In each of the three States a larger percentage of the accidents to children sixteen and seventeen years of age was due to power-working machinery than of the accidents either to children fourteen and fifteen (the protected group) or to those eighteen, nineteen, and twenty years old, in spite of the fact that a greater proportion of the minors of eighteen and over are employed in the more dangerous occupations.

Because they are too young to appreciate the risks involved either to themselves or to others, boys and girls will not observe as carefully as adults the precautions necessary for self-protection in industries in which there is danger of industrial poisoning or accidents due to power-working machinery. There are new industrial hazards each year, followed only too slowly by new safety devices, and no safety engineer has been able to give to persons under eighteen that appreciation of risk and steadiness of purpose which make daily caution possible. Practically all of the States have enacted some legislation looking toward protection against hazards of this sort, but in many of the laws there are serious and obvious omissions.

Whether, in the event the amendment is adopted, Congress will ever undertake to prohibit persons under eighteen from work involving exposure to poisonous gas or dangerous moving machinery, cannot be foretold. Congress has been slow to utilize its powers. It was not until more than ninety years after the adoption of the Constitution that it passed a general law regulating immigration; it did not make it possible to fix freight rates until even later; and the machinery through which the "Pittsburg Plus" decision became possible was not provided until more than 120 years had passed.

As to the present status of State legislation: It varies so in the occupations to which it extends, in the exemptions and exceptions which are made, in the age, hour, educational, and physical standards, that general statements with reference to the protection afforded children by State laws are impossible.

Using as a standard the laws which Congress attempted to set

up in 1916 and 1919, we find that only eighteen of the forty-eight States have as high or higher standards in the regulation of factory work. Nine States have no law prohibiting all children under fourteen from working in both factories and stores. Twenty-three States with a fourteen-year minimum age limit have weakened their laws by permitting exemptions under which children not yet fourteen may work. Thirty-five States allow children to go to work without a common-school education. Nineteen States do not make physical fitness for work a condition of employment. Eleven States allow children under sixteen to work from nine to eleven hours a day; one State does not regulate in any way daily hours of labor of children. Four States do not protect children under sixteen from night work. Exceptions and administrative loop holes further complicate the difficulty of making any general statements. The only conclusion that can be reached is that a few States have excellent laws which are well enforced, some have poor legislative standards poorly enforced, and there are States at every point between these two extremes.

To summarize: The number of young children employed is still very large. Their employment is not confined to any one section of the country nor to any one part of a single State. Although the States in the various parts of the country have enacted child labor laws, those laws have been uneven and inadequate, sometimes because of successful opposition to the enactment of a law, and sometimes because of successful opposition to the effective enforcement of the law.

During recent years through the medium of the "draft conventions" agreed to at the International Labor Conferences of the League of Nations, most of the civilized world has made international agreements with reference to minimum age, night work, hours of work, and certain hazardous occupations. The United States has, thus far, elected not to enter into any of these agreements. Are we also to say that in the face of a real national need we shall not have even a national standard? There are political objections. Someone suggests that the foundations of the Republic will be shattered if it is made possible for the nation to protect its children from industrial exploitation. Americans believe in local self-government. On the other hand, we have learned

from experience that there are some subjects which need national action. The list was a very short one in the Articles of Confederation. It was made longer in the Constitution, and has since been increased by amendment.

Our history accounts in large measure for our belief in local responsibility. In the field of social service—the care of the poor, the aged, the children, the helpless generally—the tradition of local control came not from our Federal form of government but by inheritance from England of the theory of parish responsibility for the poor of each parish. Although local responsibility in this field has behind it much sound political reasoning, it has frequently furnished the explanation of neglect and of shameful incompetence and inefficiency in the United States as well as in England.

The struggle for State coöperation with the local units in the care of the dependent and defective has been won in principle. We do not today hear people saying that the abandonment of a county insane asylum, a county jail, or a county poorhouse is a direct blow at the foundation principle of local responsibility in government. It was, however, exactly so denounced when Dorothea Dix began her agitation for State and National provision for the insane. Nowhere was this feeling of the importance of local government stronger than in Massachusetts, where Miss Dix began her work. But in the face of the facts which she presented, political theories had to give way, and Massachusetts took the first steps toward State care of the insane.

In recent years, although the movement for local control has decreased State authority in many fields, our State Governments have assumed increasing responsibility in the field of social welfare. In the last few years State administrative machinery has been greatly improved, so that these new responsibilities are being more successfully met. State provision for dependent children by institutional or family-home care, by payment of some part of the cost of mothers' pensions, by the licensing and supervision of private agencies, by standardization of probation service, by assistance in the organization of county welfare boards and coöperation with such boards—these are only a few of the many examples that might be cited. The tendency in education has been along

the same lines, and in the health field the States have been compelled to take the leadership.

A new and genuine appreciation of the importance of serving rural as well as urban communities has given added impetus to this whole movement for the assumption of leadership by the State. No one sees any other method by which county-wide work can be initiated and carried on in the less populous and less wealthy counties. Even with taxation involving a sacrifice entirely out of proportion to that borne by the richer communities, some counties find that the burden of adequate provision for the children's education, health, etc., is too heavy to bear.

When it comes to the function of the National Government, there are new complications. The old theory that matters of national interest should be the function of the Federal Government and those which are purely local should be locally settled, is still unquestionably the rule to follow. But what is national, what is State, and what is purely local, becomes a question of fact rather than of political theory or political tradition. Those who are opposed to the particular undertaking under discussion can always be counted upon to talk much about the fundamental political principles involved and very little about the end which is sought. But there are a few who favor the object sought, to whom the political changes seem so dangerous as to warrant opposition. Reference has already been made to the fact that there were those who prophesied the fall of the Republic when it was proposed that new types of work should be taken over by the State and when the authority of local government was to be in any degree curtailed, just as they do when a proposal to increase or develop national functions is made.

Although within the boundaries of the States local feeling has been as strong as State feeling, and geographic, economic, and social differences between different sections of the same State are as striking and as fundamental as the differences between any two States, this local community feeling has never been associated with a great struggle, and it finds expression in no familiar maxim which passes for thought and judgment.

Recently it has been found that some employers have managed to dodge behind State lines, escape the penalties of a child labor

law, and yet employ children. For example, an investigation of home work by children made in Jersey City last year disclosed the fact that more than a thousand children, the great majority of whom were under the age of fourteen, were doing sweat-shop work in their homes under dangerously insanitary conditions. It was brought out in the testimony given in connection with the State's investigation that a considerable amount of the tenement home work done by the New Jersey children was distributed from factories in neighboring States. Thus, New York manufacturers, who were sending their work to Jersey City to escape the New York regulations against tenement home work, were not subject to the penalties imposed by the New Jersey laws.

Geographical relationship and economic and social conditions have all greatly changed in recent years. The most remote State may be nearer Washington in means of communication and transportation than Buffalo was to Albany or Boston to Springfield at the time the Constitution was adopted. Economic lines of development everywhere cross the arbitrary boundaries of the State. The industrial district of which New York City is the center crosses the boundaries of four States; that of Chicago, three States; while in the industrial districts of St. Louis, Philadelphia, and many other cities, two States are included. The State in which a large and an increasing number of men and women sleep and vote is not the State in which they work. We have come to recognize that local transportation problems of these and many other cities cannot be settled in either a single city or a single State.

What about Federal coöperation with the State to control child labor? Is this a dangerous leap into the dark? Fortunately not. We know how Congress would act if given this power, because it has already twice acted in the belief that it had the power. We know what the problems of administration were and to what extent Federal and State coöperation was found possible. The cost of administration—less than \$150,000—is a matter of record, not of speculation. Resolutions adopted by the State officers charged with the enforcement of State laws at the conventions of the Association of Governmental Labor Officials in 1918, 1923, and 1924, indicate that these officials found that a

Federal law brought increased respect for State laws. The statute books show that State initiative was not paralyzed by Federal action; on the contrary, the progress made by States with lower standards and those with higher standards than the Federal law was greater during the time the Federal laws were in effect than either immediately before their enactment or since the second law was declared unconstitutional.

That the welfare of children is a matter of more than local concern no one would challenge, since the future citizenship of the Nation as well as of the individual State is always involved. States individually are unable to protect their children or their industries against unfair competition. Industrial districts, industrial opposition to better standards for working children, have recognized no State lines. Hence the conclusion of the President and Congress that children need the help of both State and Nation.

In most countries the sense of responsibility toward children has quickened since the War. In many countries which suffered more than we did, the losses have enhanced the importance of children. Individually and as a Nation we have made our concern what has been happening to the children of Germany, Russia, and Austria, as well as to those of Belgium and Japan. Americans cannot know that children anywhere are suffering and not help to relieve them. Here are American children, hundreds of thousands of them, not protected as our reason and our affection tell us they should be. The amendment raises the question whether we shall make national action for their relief possible.

GRACE ABBOTT.

THE CHILD LABOR AMENDMENT-II

BY DUNCAN U. FLETCHER

United States Senator from Florida

CONGRESS, by the required two-thirds vote, passed the Resolution reading as follows:

That the following article is proposed as an Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, which, when ratified by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the several States, shall be valid to all intents and purposes as a part of the Constitution:

“SECTION 1. The Congress shall have power to limit, regulate, and prohibit the labor of persons under eighteen years of age.

“SECTION 2. The power of the several States is unimpaired by this article, except that the operation of State laws shall be suspended to the extent necessary to give effect to legislation enacted by the Congress.”

If and when three-fourths of the States ratify this resolution, it will become a part of the Constitution. There is no limit of time within which it may be ratified. The members of the Legislature of each State will be bombarded by propaganda and by voluntary agencies in order that they may, one by one, be induced to take favorable action. The Constitution puts no time limit on the period during which a proposal to amend it remains unacted upon. In addition to the nineteen amendments already made a part of the original Constitution, four other proposals for amendment have been submitted by the Congress, but have never been acted upon by a sufficient number of States to secure their ratification. Two of these have now been before the States for nearly one hundred and thirty-five years—since the First Congress, September 15, 1789. The third was proposed more than one hundred and thirteen years ago and is still pending. The fourth was submitted the day Abraham Lincoln was to be first inaugurated President. It behooves the States opposed to this Amendment to reject it at the first session of the Legislature at which it is pos-

sible to consider it, and thus end the confusion and danger. If more than one-fourth refuse to ratify it by affirmative action, that fact ought to be certified promptly, in order that it may be proclaimed as rejected by the States.

It is the most audacious proposal to change our whole theory and system of Government ever suggested. I was surprised at the vote by which the resolution was adopted. I must believe that some members of Congress eased their consciences by the thought that while they would submit the matter to the States they did not believe the States would ratify this revolutionary enactment—because it means a complete surrender of most essential reserved powers of the States. In fact, if the States consent to the adoption, ratification and proclamation of this proposed Amendment, they might as well consent to another amendment abolishing all State Governments, for to continue the functioning of State Governments after the ratification of this proposed Twentieth Amendment would not be justified—the cost considered. The expenditure for administering State Governments would not be warranted. The jurisdiction over what would be left might as well be transferred to Federal authority, thus putting the States out of business. The fears of those who opposed the ratification of the original Constitution, as expressed in the Conventions to which the ratification was referred, would be realized!

The Constitution, as the fathers framed it, guaranteed to each of the States a Republican form of Government. The Tenth Amendment, proposed in 1789, provides that—

The powers not delegated to the United States by the Constitution, nor prohibited by it to the States, are reserved to the States respectively, or to the people.

Chief Justice Marshall held “that immense mass of legislation, which embraces everything within the territory of a State not surrendered to the General Government; . . . inspection laws, quarantine laws, health laws of every description, . . . are component parts of the mass”, and insisted they should not be encroached upon. And later he said, “The acknowledged power of a State to regulate its police, its domestic trade, and to govern its own citizens, . . . the power of regulating their own

purely internal affairs, whether of trading or police," must be conceded. He fully enunciated and sustained the principle of local self-government in local matters and the police powers of the States.

The Supreme Court has declared over and over again that the regulation of child labor and such matters are the province of the States; that, generally speaking, the police power is reserved to the States and there is no grant thereof to Congress in the Constitution. This Amendment proposes to give that power to Congress, without restrictions or limitations, as respects the labor of persons under eighteen years of age.

It is claimed Congress will not fully use this unlimited power and will be reasonable in its exercise. We may use the past in judging the future. Congress passed an Act on September 1, 1916, assuming a power it did not have, pretending to find warrant for it under the Commerce Clause of the Constitution which each member was sworn to support, and the Supreme Court said of it:

This act in a twofold sense is repugnant to the Constitution. It not only transcends the authority delegated to Congress over commerce, but also exerts a power as to a purely local matter to which the Federal authority does not extend. . . . If Congress can thus regulate matters intrusted to local authority by prohibition of the movement of commodities in interstate commerce, all freedom of commerce will be at an end, and the power of the States over local matters may be eliminated, and thus our system of government is practically destroyed.

Congress still persisted in trying to circumvent the Constitution and sought out the presumed power to tax on which to hang the legislation to regulate child labor, and passed the Act of February 24, 1919. When this Act came before the Supreme Court, by an almost unanimous opinion it was declared to deal "with subjects not intrusted to Congress, but left or committed by the supreme law of the land to the control of the States", and it was added that "to give such magic power to the word 'tax' would be to break down all constitutional limitation of the powers of Congress and completely wipe out the sovereignty of the States."

This Amendment is now proposed in order that Congress may have the power to do that very thing. They have tried twice

to do it when there was no Constitutional power. Now they ask to be given that power. It is inconceivable that the States will be guilty of the folly involved in attempting to grant such power.

If Congress will proceed repeatedly to enact legislation not authorized by the Constitution and in violation of the Constitution, in order to take over the control, direction and management of the social and domestic affairs within the exclusive jurisdiction of the States, what may it be supposed Congress will do when it shall be granted the unlimited and vast authority proposed by this Amendment? The new Nation which "our fathers brought forth on this continent, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal", we are asked to say shall not endure. "Freedom is the last best hope of the earth", we are now to learn is a mistaken doctrine. The man making those announcements went to work when he was seven years of age. His biographers tell us, "During his years in Indiana young Abraham grew strong and athletic and long before he was twenty he made a full hand at all kinds of heavy work".

It is proposed now to send out to the humble homes of Thomas and Nancy Lincolns, all over the country, and tell them how to rear and treat their children. We shall have agents of the Federal Government to direct what shall be the occupation, the recreation, the environment of their girls and boys. It is proposed to set up a guardianship over the children of those "plain folks" who have furnished the country Presidents, Congressmen, Governors, judges, ministers, teachers, and leaders in industry. We shall even intervene between parent and child, and advise the child to disobey the parent and flout the domestic authority. It will discredit the judgment of the parent with the child, displace the parent as guide and adviser. It will destroy the respect and lessen the affection which should obtain in the family relation. There is strong evidence that the only progress the world has made for over three thousand years has been along social lines, if we may include the uses of steam and electricity. It is proposed now to set that back to the beginning.

A large number of new jobs will be created. That feature

impresses a good many people. It will cost a large amount of money to enforce the laws Congress will enact. Who will pay the expenses? The philanthropic, benevolent, kind-hearted, self-appointed friends of the "persons" under eighteen years of age will contribute little revenue along with much advice and insistence for more powers, extension of the work, and unlimited control. Mr. Average Individual pays \$103.84 taxes a year. He would like to feel that this is not to be used to interfere with his family relations, his household affairs, and to oppress him. He has supposed that when any regulating was required it was an affair of his State. He recalls that Section 4 of Article IV of the Constitution of the United States provides that "The United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a Republican form of Government," and so forth. He wonders why it is proposed now to bore into the Constitution, disregard this mandate in the fundamental law, and, instead, give the States dictatorial government directed from Washington.

Are we to permit surface-minded sentimentalists, unthinking enthusiasts, to change the Government from one by the people to one by self-appointed dictators?

The second section amounts to nothing. All State laws must give way before the laws of Congress. Nothing is reserved by this section that is embraced by the first section. Congress becomes the supreme lawmaking power in dealing with the subject. The States might as well abandon every attempt to handle it. They are to be silenced. Their laws are to be suspended. Congress will now legislate and be obeyed. This section merely repeats what was laid down in *Fletcher v. Peck* in 1810.

Not only is the power granted, in the first section, to Congress, but along with it goes the power to make the grant effective. This may mean that the power to prohibit the labor of persons under eighteen years of age and to prescribe the conditions of such labor will include the power to prescribe how persons under eighteen shall be occupied, how and to what extent they shall be educated, and what standard of conduct must be observed. The powers granted to Congress by such an amendment to the Constitution, and necessarily implied, would involve and include,

it may reasonably be held, national control of education and of the care, custody, and guardianship of all minors under eighteen years of age. The Children's Bureau would have its hands full.

The idea of regulating, much less prohibiting, the labor of a person seventeen and one-half years of age is absurd. Youthful labor may be invaluable to such a person as well as to a large family of struggling people. Such an amendment followed by the legislation it warrants would bring great distress to many families, throw many children into idleness, prevent them from acquiring knowledge and experience to fit them for some gainful occupation, deprive them of opportunities, and destroy their future. It would mean turning over to Congress the care, custody and control of forty million human beings.

Another large force would be given positions as special agents to enforce the legislation Congress would enact and add to the 600,000 now at Washington and in the field. Every State has Child Labor Laws generally suitable to local conditions. A statute or set of regulations prepared by a Federal Bureau might be adapted to one State but be wholly inapplicable to another. The substitution of Bureaucracy for Democracy, the centralization of power, the surrender of sovereign rights, the abandonment of local self-government, are the controlling considerations. Let us not break down the principles upon which our Government rests.

On May 28, 1924, I concluded my remarks before the Senate on the resolution in these words, which I repeat:

"I cannot believe that this proposed amendment under discussion will be passed in this body by the requisite vote. If it should be submitted to the States, I cannot conceive of a sufficient number ratifying it to make it a part of the Constitution, now or at any other time. My hope would be that it would take its place with those submitted one hundred and thirty-four years ago and now forgotten.

"Mr. President, I wish above everything else that I might adequately respond to the call of this hour. I hope in this debate some one will measure up to the commanding responsibility which now confronts us. We are to preserve American institutions or abandon them as out of date and weak. Truth,

justice, honor, never get old or need revision. We are to hold fast to the system of government laid in the blood and treasure of a free people, designed by the inspired vision and wisdom of the master builders, or discard that system for one which the experience of mankind has discredited. The century-old conflict between dominion founded upon power and a confederacy founded upon law has never met but one ending wherever waged. Between an autocracy or a dictatorship and democracy the gulf is wide and can never be successfully bridged. We hoped to develop true constitutional liberty here. We aspired to be a Nation that loves liberty—where every man is set free to do his best and be his best.

“The danger the early statesmen apprehended now confronts us—the centralization of power in the National Government, the destruction of local self-government, and the relinquishment of the sovereign powers of the State. Against that those far-seeing patriots set their souls, and we have had no occasion to question their wisdom. They would be distressed beyond measure if they could look upon this vital thrust at the sacred system of their prayerful making. I would stay the hands that would strike that blow. It is supreme folly and inexcusable rashness to push down the pillars of the temple.”

DUNCAN U. FLETCHER.

CHANGING CHINA

BY HENRY W. BUNN

THE transformation now taking place in China—social, economic, political—is of unsurpassed importance; the transformation, namely, of the most ancient of civilizations and polities, pertaining to a nation which numbers almost one-fourth of the world's population and occupies a territory larger than Europe.

The process of change began with the birth of Chinese nationalism in 1895, after the disastrous war with Japan over Korea. The new spirit of nationalism was whipped into fury by the success of the onslaughts by the Western Powers and Japan on Chinese sovereignty and integrity, the which onslaughts resulted in the several "spheres of influence," the numerous concessions, the "conquest by railway and bank." It found its first striking expression, blind and hideous, in the Boxer Uprising; its second in the Revolution of 1911, which overthrew the Manchu Dynasty and established the Chinese Republic. After the Boxer business it became evident that only by adoption of Western science could China retain the portion of sovereignty still left to her, much less recover what had been filched away. Chinese students, therefore, began to flock abroad in search of the Western learning. Some of them returned fanatic Republicans and made the revolution. They did not, however, win the masses to revolt against the Manchus by arguments for a republic, which would not have been understood; but by nationalist appeals. Manchu inefficiency, they declared, was responsible for China's humiliations; which was largely true. "The Manchus had sold China to the Powers;" a lie. No doubt the prime motives of these young gentlemen were patriotic; in their view the republic, the unitary republic, was the one and only ticket. They were carried off their feet by the show of wealth and prosperity in the United States; they seem entirely to have missed our defects. They were a set of rabid doctrinaires; they had no notion of what they

were doing to China when with such curious ease they set up the Republic.

Sun Yat-sen, "Father of the Revolution," was first President of the Republic, but, in the interest of national unity and with a self-effacement in curious contrast to his later record, he gave place to Yuan Shih-k'ai, who had favored a limited monarchy and retention of the Manchu Emperor; the latter on the ground that with that form of government there was "nobody else whom the people would agree upon for his place." He predicted that, should the throne be abolished, "there would be no peace for decades." Yuan knew his China far better than did the returned students. As a servant of the crown he had been a foremost champion of reform; but not too fast, not too fast; no sudden wrenching away from immemorial traditions. There is pretty general agreement now that Yuan Shih-k'ai had the right of it; that, to put it sweetly, the Republic was established prematurely. Ever since its establishment there has been chaos; and no sure promise of an end thereof.

Yuan Shih-k'ai was a great man, one of the greatest of his time; but autocratic by temperament and training. In contrast, the majority of the first Parliament under the Republic turned out to be intransigent Radicals, resolved that the President should be their very humble servant. The consequences of this antagonism were tragic for China. A revolt in the central and southern Provinces started by several members of Parliament was crushed by Yuan with somewhat too exemplary severity. Then Yuan turned Parliament out of doors, and proceeded plain autocrat. Finally, in December, 1915, he proclaimed himself Emperor. Thereupon a fierce civil conflict threatened, but, as a Chinese annalist records, "Providence found a solution by calling Yuan Shih-k'ai to Heaven." There are those who say that but for Japanese open opposition and close intrigue, Yuan Shih-k'ai might firmly have established himself on the Dragon Throne.

It was, indeed, as I observed, tragic for China that Yuan and the Parliament could not work together; for out of that estrangement grew the institution of the Tuchunate, the worst curse of China today. After the revolt mentioned above, in order to forestall further like efforts, Yuan stationed in each Province a mili-

tary governor, or Tuchun, with troops, the civil governor being discharged or subordinated to the Tuchun. In Yuan's time, to be sure, the system worked well enough; the Tuchuns were subordinate and forwarded to Peking the provincial revenues. But no sooner was he gone beneath the Yellow Springs than the Tuchuns became each, as it were, an independent feudal chief, and, instead of that return of the Golden Age of Shun promised by Sun Yat-sen and his henchmen, we behold an anarchic condition recalling the period of the Contending States of the latter days of the Chóu Dynasty, so brilliantly described in the *Tso Chuan*.

Of course, that is a poetic statement of the matter. It was not quite so bad as all that. A peculiarly noxious kind of militarism had fastened itself on the country, to be sure, which threatened, unless headed, to disrupt China into so many Provinces or groups of Provinces. Worse yet, complete political and social demoralization seemed to be threatened. The Tuchuns were for the most part a thoroughly bad lot, selfish, predaceous, lining their pokes with the provincial revenues, giving their draggle-tailed warriors the privilege of loot in lieu of pay; compared with Tuchun the name of mediæval *condottiere* hath a sweet savor in the nostrils. But what could you expect? The profession of soldier has immemorially been discredited in China; far less esteemed than that of bandit. There was indeed a phase in which the worst elements in China were in the ascendant; when complete disintegration seemed threatened.

But that phase was, after all, brief; from the death of Yuan Shih-k'ai in 1916 to the overthrow of the Anfu clique in 1920. That phase was extremely complicated and only its main features may be noticed here. Yuan Shih-k'ai (who died President, having abdicated the throne in face of the furious opposition) was succeeded by the Vice-President, Li Yuan-hung. A working agreement of Militarists and Radicals seemed in prospect; i. e., of the Peiyang (Militarist) and Kuo Min-tang (Radical) parties. But it was foiled by Japanese intrigue; for Japan seized the opportunity of the preoccupation of the Western Powers with the Great War to attempt to fix a strangle-hold on China. Under pressure from the northern Tuchuns, Parliament was dissolved in 1917 and its Radical members (a majority of the Parliament) set up an independent

Republic with its capital at Canton, to which several of the southern Provinces adhered; they proclaimed the Provisional Constitution which had been repudiated by Peking, and declared war on the Peking Government. The claim of the Canton Government to be the *de jure* Government of all China was technically plausible up to June, 1922, when, the old Parliament having been invited to reconvene at Peking, most of the "rump" at Canton accepted the invitation. Sun Yat-sen, however, still conducts a kind of Government at Canton; still, I believe, regards himself as President of all China. The Canton Republic performed a great service to China during the phase of successful Japanese intrigue (1917-20) by continually exposing and denouncing the subservience to Japan of the Peking Government; but since declining to come to an accommodation with Wu Pei-fu in 1922 Sun Yat-sen has been a pure obstructionist. The warfare between Canton and Peking has never been more than desultory even in the Celestial sense.

But to return to Peking. While in the far south the Tuchuns were dominated by Sun Yat-sen, in other words, the supreme control was civilian, the Peking Government, that recognized by the Powers, fell completely into the hands of the Militarists, or, to be more precise, into the hands of the military clique known as the Anfu Club, as precious a set of rascals as ever perfumed the earth. These gentlemen, in return for Japanese bribes, had by 1919 gone far, by concessions, secret agreements, etc., to deliver China, lock, stock, and barrel, into the control of Japan.

April 30, 1919, marked the end of the period of disruption, of disintegration, of China, of the ascendancy of the worst elements; the beginning of the period of reintegration and of recovery. On that day news arrived in China of President Wilson's decision at Versailles against China on the Shantung question. Instantly there were tremendous demonstrations of nationalism all over China. More striking than the demonstrations themselves was the fact that they were under intelligent direction, the direction, namely, of a Students' Union of 700,000 members; this union, in turn, being under the direction of so-called Young China (the students who have imbibed the Western learning). The world has witnessed few more striking phenomena than this. The re-

sults of these demonstrations were as follows: The Government instructed its delegates at Versailles not to sign the Treaty; the two most notoriously pro-Japanese members of the Government fled for refuge to the legation quarter of Peking; a boycott of Japanese goods was instituted throughout China.

Now, the Peiyang or militaristic party had split in two. One of its divisions was the Anhwei party (practically identical with the Anfu Club); the other, the Chili party. The Anhwei party was pro-Japanese; the Chili party, however militaristic, was not. The President, the accomplished but rather spineless Hsü Shih-chang, favored the Chili party, but until the demonstrations of April, 1919, dared not show his preference. Encouraged by those demonstrations, he proposed to purge the Government of Anfuites. Parliament, packed by the Anfuites, opposed him. The upshot was a war in July, 1920, in which the Anfuites were overthrown by the forces of the Chili party. The head of that party was General Tsao Kun, Super-Tuchun of the Provinces of Shantung, Chili and Honan. The bulk of the fighting was done for him by a divisional commander, Wu Pei-fu, who now first appears in the limelight. But, strangely enough, there was little fighting. The Anfuites had chiefly relied on a crack force, Japanese-trained, of 40,000, organized nominally for use in the Great War, but really as a sort of Anfu Guards. This force deserted almost *en masse*. Why? Induced thereto by the propaganda of Young China. As Wu Pei-fu was mopping up, there appeared on the scene one Chang Tso-lin, Super-Tuchun of the three Manchurian Provinces, with an army of Manchurians. He relieved Wu Pei-fu of the mop, and the curtain rang down on the scene with Chang Tso-lin holding the mop and claiming to have done all the work.

At this stage I note four things in the order of their importance: Further demonstration of the influence of public opinion directed by Young China; the emergence in Wu Pei-fu of a new type of public servant, loyal to the Republic yet jealous for the best traditions of old China; the ignominious snuffing-out of Japanese prestige; and the sinister appearance of Chang Tso-lin on the scene.

Though only a divisional commander, Wu Pei-fu was already a marked man. He was understood to favor a Liberal programme in harmony with the ideals of Young China. The hopes of the

best elements of Young China were and are today centered in him. Tsao Kun professed similar Liberal views, but, as he was known to be a Prince of Trimmers, that profession only indicated which way the wind blew. But Chang Tso-lin, that hard-boiled old Tory, that ex-bandit, that Master of "Squeeze," universally thought to be a friend of the Japanese, and in time past bosom friend of the Anfuites; what was he doing in that galley?

Chang Tso-lin played a careful waiting game, but finally came out in his true colors. Having installed himself at Peking, towards the end of 1921 he openly assumed the Dictator and imposed a reactionary régime. He had at once to deal with Wu Pei-fu. The latter had been rewarded for his services in 1920 by the Super-Tuchunship of the Provinces of Hunan and Hupeh. He had foreseen a clash with Chang Tso-lin as inevitable, and was prepared. He marched north, met Chang Tso-lin near Peking, thrashed him, and sent him flying back to Manchuria. Tsao Kun, the Great Trimmer, gave a quasi-support to Wu Pei-fu in this business.

Wu Pei-fu was now free to announce his programme, which included the reassembling of the old Parliament, illegally dissolved in 1917, reunion of North and South, abolition of the Tuchunate, and restoration of the civil power and true Constitutional procedure. He eschewed the rôle of Dictator, but stood by with his army until a substantial beginning had been made toward institution of his programme. The old Parliament (the original Parliament of 1913) was reassembled, including most of the "rump" of Canton. Li Yuan-hung, who had in 1917 resigned the Presidency under pressure from the Militarists, was recalled. Then Wu Pei-fu retired to Paoting-fu to wait watchfully. A dense fog settled upon the Chinese political scene. Those jackdaws, the Parliament, were debating the permanent Constitution, but seemed to arrive nowhere. Wu Pei-fu was silent.

In June, 1923, however, a curious thing occurred. President Li Yuan-hung was compelled to resign; almost undoubtedly by pressure from Tsao Kun. Whether or no Wu Pei-fu had any part in that curious business, does not appear. Rumors thereafter reached us of correspondence between the deposed Li Yuan-hung, Chang Tso-lin, Sun Yat-sen and the Tuchun of Che-kiang

(mark), looking to a change of things. For months Government was carried on (or wasn't), without President or Vice-President, by a so-called Cabinet consisting of undersecretaries of the recently defunct Cabinet. Half the Parliament went off to the bright lights of Shanghai. It was rumored that the Tuchun of Che-kiang had crossed their palms; his idea being to prevent election of a President through lack of a quorum. But, so the story goes, Tsao Kun crossed their palms again and they went back to Peking. At any rate, there was a quorum in October, and Tsao Kun was elected President and at last the Permanent Constitution was adopted.

Now for the latest development. I have told how in 1920 the Anfuites were ousted from power. Not all, it seems. Somehow the Anfuite Tuchun of Che-kiang and the Anfuite Defense Commissioner of Shanghai kept their fat places. In the 1922 business most of the Anfuite bigwigs emerged from cover and joined Chang Tso-lin, but apparently the Tuchun of Che-kiang and the Shanghai Commissioner lay low. I have, however, cited rumors indicating that recently they were intriguing against the Government. It is not necessary to inquire nicely into the immediate causes of the conflict near Shanghai just ended. The real explanation is that Wu Pei-fu decided to clear out of his way two dangerous enemies to his scheme of things. It was all to the good that the Tuchun of Kiang-su, whom in chief he employed for the business, had a special grievance against those gentlemen.

Those pests have been abated. The business, however, was but prologue to the swelling theme of another grand conflict between Chang Tso-lin and Wu Pei-fu. Chang Tso-lin had long been spoiling for another fight, and had only been biding a favorable opportunity. In the Shanghai business he saw his opportunity. He expected his Anfuite friends to make things so hot that Wu Pei-fu would be constrained to send considerable reinforcements to the Tuchun of Kiang-su. He would then descend upon Wu Pei-fu, thus weakened, and eat him up. But he was disappointed. Wu Pei-fu has met him with his full strength on the Chili border and they have been fighting for weeks now; with what results, does not clearly appear. It seems fairly certain, however, that Wu Pei-fu, who hitherto has shown himself in-

comparably the better general, will win, and that Chang Tso-lin will have to content himself with his Manchurian principality.

Chang Tso-lin has an unfair advantage. In 1922 Wu Pei-fu was, I believe, prevented by the Japanese from pursuing him into Manchuria, and now Tokyo warns Peking that there must be no invasion of Manchuria should Wu Pei-fu win again. In other words, Japan permits an enemy of China to use what is in effect Japanese territory as a base of operations against China. That scarcely seems fair dealing. It is greatly to be hoped that Wu Pei-fu will be able to give the old bandit such a thrashing that he will never menace again. That is perhaps too much to expect, but it is a reasonable expectation that Chang will be punished sufficiently to be unable to give trouble while Wu Pei-fu proceeds to deal with Sun Yat-sen.

I have been assuming all this time that Wu Pei-fu is an honest man. There are some who entertain grave doubts on that head, who do not like his record since 1922. But, really, we know little about his record since 1922. He has kept himself much in the dark, watching developments, training his army for his next bout with the Manchurian Tuchun. These doubting Thomases wonder that he should allow Tsao Kun to obtain the Presidency, and by such scandalous means; an illiterate, a trimmer, with scarce anything to recommend him but a certain bonhomie and a purse swollen by "squeeze." Obviously Tsao Kun is not an ideal President; but observe that Wu Pei-fu has always found him manageable. It may have been a case of kicking upstairs. Wu Pei-fu, you see, succeeded Tsao in the chief Super-Tuchunship—that of Chili, Shantung, and Honan.

Suppose the Chili campaign, now in process, to turn out happily for Wu Pei-fu. That would mean, we may suppose, a quietus on Chinese reactionary elements for some time. Then suppose the Canton Republic "liquidated." That would mean, presumably, a quietus on the Radical elements for some time. Then Wu Pei-fu would be free to address himself to the mighty task of setting on foot the provisions of the new Constitution, which in a general way embodies Wu Pei-fu's programme, especially as to the abolition of the Tuchun system and the proper gradation of civil government through provinces and districts down to the

town and village groups with their immemorial traditions of self-government.

But, if Wu Pei-fu should fail or should falsify our opinion of him, need one despair of a happy consummation of the evolution from Old to New China? I think not, if the rest of the world will allow China to work out her own salvation. I confess, however, to an extreme distrust of Russian intentions, and I am not too sanguine in my thoughts of Japan.

Any one familiar with the history of the Chinese State and of Chinese civilization must admit that the Chinese have in the course of the rolling ages shown themselves capable of any achievement. Extraordinary political genius went to the expansion of the Chinese State to its present territorial limits (I refer to the Eighteen Provinces) and to its solidification within those limits; still greater genius to the spread of the Chinese civilization throughout that area and its establishment so solidly that it has survived, without fatal impairment, many periods of political anarchy and economic distress. The longevity of the Chinese civilization is one of the most striking facts in human annals, and one of the most creditable.

The Chinese have shown in the past quite unparalleled power of recuperation. The question now clamors for answer: Are the Chinese genius and capacity of recuperation unimpaired? I believe they are. If yes, there is good reason to expect that the period of depression which commenced in 1796 with the accession of Chia Ch'ing to the Dragon Throne, is now culminating in the anarchy of the Tuchuns and will, through the efforts of such men as Wu Pei-fu, Chen Kwang-ming and the Tuchun of Shansi, with the coöperation of Young China (I mean the students of the latest vintages, whose attitude towards us of the West is sceptical), be succeeded by another phase of material prosperity and intellectual and artistic splendor.

HENRY W. BUNN.

[NOTE.—Since the above was written, Wu Pei-fu has been defeated and his army has been scattered, through the treachery of his chief lieutenant. This melancholy business does not falsify the opinion of Wu Pei-fu above set forth. Moreover, he may yet retrieve his fortunes, if the Yang-tze Tuchuns support him, as they have promised.—H. W. B.]

A NEW INVASION OF FRANCE

BY STÉPHANE LAUZANNE

Editor in Chief of *Le Matin*

It has very often—and very pertinently—been pointed out that the greatest danger threatening France is not one that is most talked of. It is neither war nor bankruptcy. France does not fear a new war, since, for the moment, the French army is strong enough to repel whosoever may attack her territory. France does not fear bankruptcy, for she is determined to work as courageously as she has fought. The greatest danger that threatens France lies in the future: it is Depopulation.

In 1700 there were only three Great Powers in Europe—France, with a population of 20,000,000; Austria, with a population of 13,000,000, and England, with a population of 9,000,000. Prussia, at that time, had a population of only 2,000,000. Thus France alone, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, possessed forty per cent. of the total population of the great European nations. In 1789 France was still in the lead, with a population of 26,000,000, while Austria had 18,000,000, England 12,000,000 and Prussia 5,000,000. Even Russia, at that time still steeped in dark mystery, had a population of only 25,000,000. A hundred years later, in 1880, the situation showed a lamentable change for France. Russia had a population of 84,000,000, Germany 45,000,000, Austria 39,000,000, France 37,000,000 and Italy 28,000,000. France, until then the first, now ranked fourth in population, with only thirteen per cent. of the total population of the great European Powers.

The terrible curse of depopulation which has descended upon France has, during forty years, taken an even firmer grip upon the country's throat. In 1914 it found an ally in another more immediately terrible curse, the war. In 1921, despite the fact that the three Departments that comprised Alsace-Lorraine had

been recovered, France had a population of but 39,000,000. Russia, despite the ravages of Bolshevism, has a population of more than 100,000,000; Great Britain 47,000,000, and Italy 40,000,000. France now ranks fifth in population, as compared with the other Great Powers of Europe. She has, in fact, dropped to seventh place, if one counts two other great nations that have risen to world power, the United States, with a population of 110,000,000, and Japan, with 58,000,000. France, therefore, possesses but 9 per cent. of the total population of all the Great Powers. The year that has just passed does not permit of any optimism, nor show the slightest pause in this course of self-destruction. On the contrary, it seems to have quickened. Official statistics issued by the Minister of the Interior show that in 1924 the proportion of births to marriages was 166 to 100. If this continues, the present population of 39,000,000 will have dropped to 35,000,000 in 1940; about 31,000,000 in 1950, and 25,000,000 in 1965. By the year 2000 France will have ceased to exist.

Such being the situation—and it is a tragic one—how is it that the French people face it with such calm and indifference? A nation which declines numerically also declines physically and morally: how is it that the French nation does not shudder before the moral and physical decline which threatens her?

The explanation may be the following one. A new fact has occurred since the war, and that fact has helped France out of her present difficulties. It is immigration—a steady, regular, wonderful immigration. According to the official statistics, there were more than 60,000 Italian immigrants last year (1923), more than 100,000 Czecho-Slovaks, and above all there were more than 400,000 Poles—exactly 412,435. The last figure, which is astounding, will be exceeded this year. And it is anticipated that in 1924 about 500,000 Polish workmen will have crossed the French border and settled down in the Northern Departments. We find ourselves here in the presence of an extraordinary invasion which has no precedent in history. It is worth while to study it in detail and to examine what the marvelous consequences of it may be.

A few weeks ago, I had the pleasure of meeting the Polish Minister to France. He looked half proud, half surprised.

"Don't you know," he said to me jokingly, "that Poland is settling down in France?"

"What do you mean?"

"I have just come back from the North, from the Pas-de-Calais, and have visited three of your mining districts there, which are almost exclusively populated by my compatriots. Go and see for yourself."

I went and saw the scene myself. On a rainy September morning, I got down at the station of Bruay-les-Mines. Bruay-les-Mines, remember that name! If you look on a French map, you will see that it is a little mining city not very far from the famous Lens basin. But the map is wrong. Bruay-les-Mines is now no more a little French mining city: it is the capital of the Poland of Northern France. As soon as I had left the station I thought I was dreaming. In front of me I saw a country merry-go-round turning to the sound of music, to which fair-haired children were galloping, seated on wooden horses, and those fair-haired little ones were calling out, laughing, to one another in a language I could not understand. They all had Christian names unknown in France: Yanka, Wanda, Bolek. The shops bore sign-boards with names I could not read: tailor, baker, grocer, butcher, everything was in Polish. If *Chemin de fer* had not been written upon the station in French, I might have thought that while I was asleep I had made a long journey and crossed far-off frontiers.*

It is a well-known story that when you visit a Russian or a Polish village and you want some information, your only course is to go and ask the pope or the priest of the village. I remembered this, and immediately called on Monsignor Helenowski, who, with the full consent of the French authorities, is the chief shepherd of this large herd of immigrants.

"There are," he told me, "42,000 Poles in a district of four miles around Bruay. In the Pas-de-Calais and in the North there are already, for the movement continues, about 600,000. . . ."

"Where do they come from?"

"Mostly from Westphalia. They are people who have been

made Germans definitely by the Treaty of Versailles, and that in a country on which the imposition of the respect of the minorities has been forgotten."

"But could they not enter Poland?"

"Poland, unfortunately, has too many laborers, whereas foreign immigration has become an unquestionable necessity in the French mines. Would it have been possible to find better qualified immigrants than these populations, rendered fiercely anti-German by a century of bondage and bullying? Note that as soon as these people arrive in France they lose their German nationality and are naturalized in block by Poland. It is, therefore, hundreds of thousands of citizens which France takes away from Germany, citizens who possess each an average of five to six children."

"Are they good people?"

"They are all hard workers, well organized and educated. You will have a chance of seeing them nearer. It is Sunday, and to-day there are everywhere theatrical performances, conferences and friendly meetings."

I follow the bishop, in the rain, along the streets. Everywhere there are Polish sign-boards, everywhere Polish posters. Above the very few shops kept by French people I notice the inscription: "Polish is spoken here. . . ." (*"On parle ici le polonais."*)

We come to a large hall in the middle of a performance given by amateur workmen who are playing a popular piece. Men with stern faces are applauding with their rough hands. In the balcony, five hundred children, packed against each other as in a subway car, are shouting with joy and laughing at the funny repartees.

The president of the local labor association, a big miner, rises and with dignity and courtesy invites me to be seated at the table of honor, placed against the stage. The curtain was just rising on the interlude. Twelve little girls, in the picturesque costumes of the Cracovian peasants, execute a dance in a pretty ensemble, and sing a popular folk song in chorus. Then the tallest comes forward and recites a piece of poetry.

"This little girl," explains the miner to me, "is what we call a

'Westalka'. She was born at Bochum, her father and mother are from Herne. She has never been in Poland, and yet note how well she speaks our tongue."

"I do not doubt," I say, "that her daughters, when she will have any, will speak and sing as she does. . . ."

"Yes, yes," replies the workman somewhat affected, "that is what is needed. But it is a rather difficult and tender point to explain. You see, for us, our mother tongue, our national traditions, are our strength, our religion, our honesty. . . . France, who is so generous, must forgive us for this sentiment, or rather she must be brought to understand it. We are in France, and we shall probably remain here all our life; we all ardently desire to learn French, but we do not wish to forget our mother tongue at any price."

The curtain falls on the final act. Next door, in a kind of vast shed, an attentive public is listening to a lecturer, a man decorated with the military medal of the army of General Haller, who, in simple and vibrating words, is relating the fearful sacrifices of France during the war, and then, without any transition, he speaks of the beauties of the French cities and villages which he has visited. Loud cheers respond, bursting from all sides.

"And now," says the old soldier brightly, "citizens, let us make the best of our Sunday and amuse ourselves."

In the twinkling of an eye, chairs and benches are placed along the walls and an orchestra of accordions and clarions starts a joyous mazurka.

"In your country you do not dance the tango and the fox-trot yet?" I said to the president-miner, who had escorted me.

"No," he replied laughing, "you see that even in the matter of dancing we do not apply our programme, but we must and you will have to help us to do so."

"What help do you want?"

"We should like to have schools, where we could learn French and at the same time not forget Polish. Then we would be able to serve and love our two countries: our former one, Poland, and our present one, France."

I left Bruay-les-Mines in the afternoon and went to Arras,

the chief city of the Department. I applied to the Prefet, who, in the French Departments, plays very much the same rôle as the Governor in the American States. I inquired as to whether he had to complain about the conduct of the thousands and thousands of new citizens who were under his control.

"Not in the least," was the answer. "And the proof is that we have not a single constable more than before the war, and that there are fewer delinquencies submitted to the tribunal than before the war. All our Polish immigrants are gentle, laborious and peaceful."

I called also on the chief engineer who supervises the work in the mining districts.

"There is not," he declared emphatically, "the least doubt whatsoever that, if at the end of 1925, all our mines are once more in working order, it will be thanks to the Polish laborers. The Polish workman is strong, disciplined and conscientious. Thanks to him, we are two years in advance on our programme of reconstruction. In fifteen months nothing more will remain of the ruins caused by Germany. If our mines are restored, one might justly put up this inscription: 'Polish labor did it'."

Such are the facts of the case. I said that they were wonderful. Bruay-les-Mines is not an isolated example. There are five or six mining centres which are all closely copied on this model. There are, I repeat it, more than 600,000 Poles, who, having left Germany have come to settle down in France forever, and who are working to raise new French cities on the ruins of the war.

Even in Paris, even in the large towns of the North and the East, like Lille and Nancy, foreign immigration pursues its pacific and slow invasion. In Paris there are a dozen Polish registry offices: they procure servants, chauffeurs, cooks, shop employees, and street laborers. None of these foreigners are taking the place of French people, because, alas! French people are lacking. The war has laid 1,400,000 Frenchmen low and the depopulation has not replaced them with thousands of others. Not only are there no out-of-work people in France, but in the country as well as in the towns they are clamoring loudly for workers, for more, and still more. . . .

What will be the result of this powerful immigration in the long run? Will it be able to continue? Will it not constitute a danger?

Formerly, before the war, France would have considered this invasion of another kind with distrust and anguish. France is an old country where the sentiment of tradition dominates all other sentiments. France, before the war, did not entertain a friendly feeling towards the foreign workman who came to settle down at her hearth. She considered that France should belong to only the French appertaining to the old French stock. But the war has changed many ideas and many prejudices. It has, if I may venture to say so, widened the horizon of French thought. It has caused every citizen to reflect upon problems which never crossed his mind in former days. At the same time, it has inspired more confidence in foreign friendship and loyalty.

Above all, the example of the United States has opened the eyes of a great many Frenchmen. They have seen that a country in which all the races of the world are mingled, where there are a considerable number of foreign-born citizens, is, however, in no way inferior to any of the others in the world as regards moral unity and fine patriotism. This was like a revelation to France and also an indication. France looked around her, and she found in the very centre of Europe a nation which has enjoyed the most marvelous civilization, which has suffered like herself from invasion, and which has even been wiped off the map. She held out her hand to it, to-day she helps it to assure its independence; and she opens wide the doors of her house to it, in order that she may recuperate part of the blood which she so liberally shed in the common cause of the universe.

Thus the same causes do not always produce the same effects: France, who almost died from the German invasion, is thinking of assuring her existence, thanks to another invasion, the Polish invasion.

STÉPHANE LAUZANNE.

“HANDS OFF!”

BY HANFORD HENDERSON

THAT the world is still in very grave trouble is so obvious that one may not profitably dwell upon it. And it is equally obvious that every decent and thoughtful man would do his utmost, even to the point of large personal sacrifice, to help get the world out of its very grave trouble. Many have tried their hand at the problem; many more are now trying; doubtless still more will try. And it may honestly be said that in a large way things are certainly improving, but as regards many of these efforts one is almost tempted to add that the improvement is in spite of the efforts, rather than because of them. Through ignorance, many are pulling in the wrong direction, and are only adding to the trouble. Others, through evil intention, are deliberately prolonging the trouble in the hope of personal power and advantage. A goodly number of well-meaning but futile persons so far fail to recognize the nature of the trouble that they are merely beating the air, and are fulfilling their customary rôle of getting in the way. In view of these many failures to make any valid and substantial contribution toward the solution of the world problem, it may seem more than rash for a quiet country gentleman to add his voice to the outcry, but it may be permissible if he is sufficiently brief and not too insistent. If the application would not seem too obvious, it might further be remarked that in the country one has time to think.

The first step in any cure is a correct diagnosis. Unless you know what is the matter with the patient, you can hardly hope to get him on his feet. In scrutinizing the multitude of social reclamation projects which now flood the world, it seems to us that the fundamental defect in most of them—in fact, in nearly all of them—is just this failure to inquire at the outset how so intelligent a world as ours happened to get into its present disaster. Without this preliminary knowledge, it is quite hope-

less to try to pull the world out. Nor would it be quite worth while if the old causes were allowed to continue to operate; and, if given half a chance, to precipitate fresh and larger disaster.

We propose, then, to inquire, with somewhat brutal frankness, and all the persistence of a man much in earnest, just how the trouble all started. That it belongs in the category of preventable evils is made quite clear and convincing by the simple fact that the last dozen years have been notably free from natural catastrophe. The record shows no untoward events—no collision with wandering comets; no marked earthquakes, prior to the recent deplorable disaster in Japan; no unusual flood or drought, famine or pestilence; no tidal wave or volcanic eruption. There have been minor disturbances, of course, but on the whole Nature has been complacent and benevolent. Seed time and harvest have followed in their appointed season, and Mother Earth has been as steady going as any conservative could wish. She has been a good neighbor. In the country we count it neighborly to mind your own business and to lend a hand, *when it is asked for*. Mother Earth, for some quite unknown reason, sends weeds and boll weevil and some other pests, requiring the police power of suppression, but she never plays the sorry trick of sending you crops that you have not asked for and do not want. She is not in the least paternalistic, and not only allows but requires that you shall choose your own crops.

These homely facts are not at all novel, but they seem quite worth reciting because they bear such eloquent and unimpeachable testimony to the fact that whatever else it may be, the present world trouble is fundamentally man-made, and as such is both curable and preventable. If, then, we can discover the way into the trouble, we shall surely be able to find the way out.

The way in, to our own quiet mode of thinking, has not even the dignity of a riddle. It is so simple that he who runs may read. It is so very simple that it has been entirely overlooked by all save an extraordinarily small group of persons. Stated without circumlocution and as baldly as possible, the whole cause of the present world trouble is the growing tendency to substitute mass action, directed from without, for wholesome individual

action, necessarily directed from within. The way out of the trouble is the rehabilitation of individual effort, and the minimizing of mass action. That, it seems to me, is the whole matter in a nutshell.

The world is full of problems, but most of them are man-made, and essentially unimportant. They do not belong to the eternal verities; many of them are petty side issues and not even *en route* to the great achievement. There is only one major problem in the whole world, and that is the salvation of the individual soul. We do not mean salvation in any narrow, theological sense; we mean salvation in the largest and broadest human sense. Our own personal problem is quite the same as that of every other sane, red-blooded, earnest man or woman in the whole wide world. It is to make ourselves as big and fine and useful and human as we possibly can; and were we so fortunate as to have well born sons and daughters, to help them to be bigger and finer and more useful and more human than we are. It is a much less spectacular job than the artificial problems of government, dynasty, empire, ecclesiasticism, trades unionism, Socialism, Communism, commercial supremacy, dictatorship, and all the other aggressive mass movements, but it is the one real and important problem, whose solution will bring peace and tranquillity and worth to a world now very much distraught.

Even here in the country, where we have the leisure to know better, I am surrounded by a multitude of men and women pathetically eager to save the world, but strangely unwilling to submit to the austere self-discipline of saving themselves. They forget that a fountain cannot rise above its source.

As soon as you begin to organize men into masses, and to treat them as masses, with motive and compulsion applied from the outside, you are letting yourself in for any amount of very grave trouble. The social machinery looms larger than the purpose for which it was created. The one supreme purpose, individual human advancement, is quite ignored, and man loses his quality and distinction. Many years ago, Emerson remarked that “men are so prone to mistake the means for the end that even natural history has its pedants who mistake classification for knowledge”. That, in our opinion, is precisely what has happened to the

sorely-troubled world of today. It has fastened its attention upon the machinery of life, has ignored the one supreme human purpose for which all machinery exists, and now, in the resulting chaos, is amazed to find that the machinery fails to function. Let us be still more specific and say that the supreme purpose in any rational life is the unfolding and perfecting of the human spirit. That purpose is the basis and goal of all true government, true religion, true education, true science, true art. Everything that furthers this supreme purpose is progress; everything that retards or defeats it is unqualified disaster. And the one method by which this human distinction may be gained is disinterestedness, a love of excellence quite without regard to the loaves and fishes. I need not point out that this quality cannot be manifested by any group, however large and vociferous, unless it is first achieved by the component units. It is an individual virtue, the fruit of individual effort, and may not be evoked by the pressure of either statute or arms.

In the orgy of blood and violence through which Europe has been passing, and through which certain unhappy portions are still passing, it may safely be said that the perfecting of the human spirit was and is the very last thing thought of. The spiritual units, the human souls, have been clean forgotten, and instead of the magnificent, stirring human drama that we might have for the asking, we have a sordid pageant in which usurpers play the leading rôles, such poor usurpers as dynastic ambition, imperialism, commercial greed and the tawdry mirage of Communism. Fortunately, the disaster is never quite complete, for always in every corner of this weary world, and among all people, however hard pressed, some faithful souls are still to be found. But the outer, material disaster is appalling, and threatens to become worse. The oldest and once richest empires in Europe are starving and bankrupt. They cry despairingly for outside help. But no League of Nations, no special form of government, no social theory, no nationalistic frenzy, no eleemosynary enterprise on our part, can bring prosperity out of such deep, fundamental chaos. We can help these stricken people temporarily, by tiding them over to the next harvest; but it is a mistaken philanthropy to do this twice, for no permanent remedy can come

from the outside. It must come from within, and must take the form of that spiritual redemption which results from wholesome, unimpeded self-activity. No man can save another man. Neither can the State save a man; nor the Church; nor social theory; nor labor organization; nor vocational bloc; nor charity society. Every man must save his own soul; if necessary with fear and trembling, but at any rate through his own work. It is an austere business, but that is precisely the task asked of us all—the redemption of individual human souls through individual effort, and the consequent inescapable redemption of society.

It is highly significant that the two countries which have achieved the most amazing house-cleaning within the last year or two—Italy and Spain—have done so at the bidding of an individual voice, and that not even the voice of the Sovereign. But the renovating method was not novel. It was the very ancient and durable method, perhaps more often praised than used, the method of individual integrity and honest work.

The present world disaster is the direct and inevitable result of excessive and malevolent mass action. An individual sometimes runs amuck, but the number is never great enough at any one time to constitute a social menace; and it is the primal though too much neglected duty of the State to see that he does not do it a second time. But a single ruler, or a group of men, or even a small clique in an otherwise respectable group, if given the power of compelling mass action, can make a whole nation run amuck and can create the havoc of a world war. Obsessed by the idea that force is a legitimate means, and that world dominion is a legitimate end, mass action is capable of unparalleled evil. We have seen such action in Germany; we see it today in Russia; we may see it before long in the Far East.

It requires no intricate analysis of our profound world trouble to discover the way in. It is by the tyranny of mass action, the imposing of an alien will upon others. The way out of the trouble is a simple reversal of the way in. It is to cut down just so far as possible, to cut to the very bone, all mass action involving compulsion; that is, to minimize to the utmost the function of the State, and in every legitimate way to encourage and stimulate all

wholesome, self-directed individual effort. We ask of the State and of Society only one thing—a fair field and no favors. This does not mean the raw Anarchism of the tramp and hoodlum, for such Anarchism would have no government whatever; but it does unequivocally mean a strict limiting of the functions of government, a strict cutting out of all paternalistic activities, and the unfaltering insistence that government shall really perform its basic and fundamental duty, the protection of the individual citizen from violence and interference. An otherwise excellent man, over-zealous in the cause of foreign missions, is all too prone to neglect his own family and his immediate neighbors. The case of poor Mrs. Jellyby is not unique. It is quite the same with the State. When it concerns itself with illegitimate and paternalistic activities, it is all too prone to neglect its own proper and fundamental duty. If one recalls that here in these United States between ten and twelve thousand men, women and children are murdered *every year*,—the population of a fair-sized town,—it is quite obvious, we think, that government would better address itself to the primal duty of protecting life at home, instead of meddling in the internal affairs of foreign States, or creating multitudinous commissions to inquire into the conditions of foreign trade.

It is our own mature, leisurely conviction that that form of government is most truly American, is most truly the best, which most completely protects its citizens from violence and injustice of every sort, both at home and abroad, while taking the least possible part in their daily individual lives and imposing the smallest burden of taxation consistent with such protection. It is a man's own job to feed himself, to clothe himself, to educate himself, to occupy himself, to amuse himself, to look after his own family—in the end, to save his own soul. When the State attempts these tasks, it not only does them very badly and expensively, but, as we have been pointing out, it only does them by neglecting its own proper job. Worst of all, the paternalistic State robs the individual of that character and self-development which would have been his as the result of sturdy, manly self-activity. The interesting people in America are the people who do things, the pioneers of the frontier, the experimenters in art,

and science, and education, and industry, the sturdy paddlers of their own canoes, not the crowd of listless office-holders in Washington, or the political hangers-on in our State and municipal governments, or the inadvertent devotees of the pay-envelope, or the social parasites for whom everything is done by somebody else. It is a great moral disservice to do for either children or adults the things that they ought self-reliantly to do for themselves. In both cases the result is weakness. The fault in many of our private schools is that in their solicitude they do too much for the children. It is found that public school boys make the better record at college. Few students of biography have failed to be surprised at the large number of distinguished men and women whose early education had to be neglected. "Hands Off!" must be the motto of the wise parent, the wise leader, the wise priest, the wise State. It is even coming to be the motto of the wise physician, who is learning to substitute self-imposed states of mind, self-directed exercise, and self-determined diet for outer prescriptions and drugs.

Life devoid of spontaneous, self-directed activity is not life at all; it is a charnel-house of dead hopes. The social pictures which come through to us from Russia are absolutely appalling, not alone in their demand upon our pity for the violently dead, but even more for those still living. In my own hurried and more or less unreflective city days, when I believed that the Kingdom of Heaven *could* be taken by violence, I used to go with a crowd of well-meaning persons who called themselves Socialists and Reformers; and, for a time at least, I quite honestly believed myself one of them. But doubt soon crept in, and grew so rapidly and so prodigiously that before long I found myself quite on the other side of the fence. My first doubt was artistic. When these friends gave rein to their imagination and drew pictures of the sort of world to which their ideals would ultimately lead, they pictured something so altogether arid and unlovely that one accepted an ancient doctrine that those whom the gods love die young.

But the second and final doubt was moral. I found that these eager Socialists and Reformers were quite as willing to tyrannize over unbelievers, to impose their own view and their own will

upon others, as were rival groups supposedly less estimable. And I found them both quite ready to act out a doctrine long since discredited, the doctrine, namely, that the End justifies the Means. This doctrine is seldom openly avowed, but in reality it underlies the activities of many legislators and voters who suppose themselves patriotic and moral; as well as the more questionable activities of labor unions, secret societies and corporations. Our present vocational blocs in Congress apply this doctrine on a large and disastrous scale when they seek legislation in favor of one group of citizens at the expense of other groups. Majority rule is in reality a most direct and elementary application of the rule of Ends and Means. When fifty-one men can impose their own will upon forty-nine other men, we have scant measure of Equity and Justice. Those of us who are particularly interested in Colonial history are often struck by the extreme sensitiveness of the early leaders to any form of injustice or unwarranted restraint. I sometimes wonder what my neighbors, the Washingtons, the Marshalls, the Masons, the Madisons, the Pinckneys and other notable men of Virginia and the Carolinas, would say could they look down upon the political situation of today. It is easy to picture their indignation when they saw Oregon prohibiting all private schools by the simple device of making attendance at public schools compulsory upon all children of school age; when they saw the railroads asked to carry coal for export at lower rates than coal for home use, and to give wheat intended for export a similar preferential treatment; when they scrutinized the income tax, and on asking whether all citizens still enjoyed equality before the law, found that this ideal had been quite given over and that discrimination was open and specific—men penalized for being bachelors or having large incomes; rewarded for marriage and parenthood; excused from all tax burden if thriftless or idle. I do not know, but I am disposed to believe that these old neighbors of mine, when sufficiently recovered from their surprise, would feel with profound sadness that their own sacrifices for liberty had been in vain; for it must be recalled that those abuses of powers on the part of England which led to our American Revolution were very much less grave than the constant abuses of powers practised by the Federal and

State Governments in the United States of today. It is true that this group of remarkable and high-minded men who made the Nation possible were believers in representative government, and accepted as the recognized *modus vivendi* the rule of the majority, but they so clearly realized its dangers that at every turn they provided an elaborate series of safeguards. What they seem most to have feared was the very evil which has overtaken us today—legislative oppression, the subjugation of forty-nine men by fifty-one. Even Mr. Jefferson, in his more reflective years, was moved to write: "The tyranny of the legislative power is really the danger most to be feared."

The way of escape from this very grave and very real danger is not the abolition of government, the setting up of a complete anarchy, but the rigid restriction of government to its proper and primal function, the protection of life and of liberty and of the freedom to personal happiness. Our fifty-one men have a perfect right to maintain, and to maintain by force if need be, that the other forty-nine men shall not kill them, or rob them or imprison them, or interfere with them; but they have no right whatever to say what church these other men shall attend, what schools they shall send their children to, or what physicians they shall patronize. Nor have they any right whatever to say what these other men shall eat or drink or wear; or, through taxation, to spend their incomes for them either for approved or disapproved purposes.

Sometime ago, there was displayed in our village post office a new and strange poster, put out by the United States Department of Agriculture, and authorized by the Postmaster-General. It had such strange reading that I dared not trust my memory, but copied it down verbatim, and here it is: "Meat is wholesome. For health and vigor eat well balanced meals. Use a variety of kinds and cuts of meats." Few questions are more debatable and more debated than the question of diet. To have the Government take sides and carry on propaganda of this sort must seem, even to meat-eating taxpayers, a great impropriety; while our vegetarian friends may well consider it both improper and misleading. Why stop at meat, one is tempted to ask? Why not evaluate fruits and vegetables, and add a word about underwear

and housing, with an occasional bulletin from the Bureau of Standards on such perplexing questions as relativity and electrons? Once well started, paternalism moves on without discernible limit.

Absolutism is objectionable in its very essence, and quite as objectionable when exercised by a group as by a single ruler. It would, I think, be prejudicial to my own education and development to live under an absolute monarchy, but I could do so with considerable cheerfulness if the monarch were a super-man, a god, and quite assuredly wiser than myself. But I know of only one such kingdom, the Kingdom of the Spirit, where God is King and governs through a moral law to which He is Himself most willingly subject. When I regard my immediate neighbors, dear and estimable as they are, I am, as an honest man, obliged to admit that while some of them are my superiors, the majority are not. I am forced to live, outwardly at least, in obedience to lower standards than I can formulate for myself; for only demagogues pretend to believe that the voice of the people is the voice of God. In the South we have the crowning infamy of majority rule, a distinctly inferior race, proven inferior both by experience and impartial scientific test, allowed by law to outvote a superior race, and to impose, so far as a feeble will can, a point of view lower than that of the country as a whole. But we see a similar situation in most of our cities, and notably in the large cities of the Atlantic seaboard, where highly-evolved men and women whose ancestors created America are outnumbered and therefore outvoted by hordes of ignorant aliens, too quickly naturalized and almost wholly devoid of any conception of American institutions and standards. It is bad enough to have fifty-one good men impose their will upon forty-nine other good men; it is intolerable when fifty-one ignorant, undeveloped, possibly evil men dictate to forty-nine decent, superior men.

One need not question the honest good intention of Socialists and Reformers in order to find their social goals unlovely and their methods immoral. But they may easily retort that some of these matters are matters of opinion, and the opinion so largely personal that a man who is avowedly an individualist and an aristocrat is obviously disqualified for passing any valid judgment

upon the democratic intricacies of mass action. There is, however, one criterion to which, whatever our social creed, we are all bound to submit, or be unceremoniously ruled out of court, and that is the test of science. If a thing is not so, neither the pressure of propaganda nor legislation nor arms can possibly make it so. It happens that the methods I have been objecting to as immoral are also objectionable because they are unscientific. All social theories deal with human beings, and cannot be valid if they do violence to the now fairly well known laws of psychology. The revolutionary doctrine that by creating through force a certain form of paternalistic government and a given type of society you can act effectively upon the individual, and in the end produce quite admirable persons, finds no support either in theory or practice. It ignores the fundamental fact that education is essentially an inner process, an affair of the spirit. All our social experience goes to prove that in family life, in school, in church, in the world generally, even in our reformatories and penal institutions, there is but one redemptive agent, and that is genuine self-activity. We all know the vital difference between those two verbs, *to teach* and *to learn*. You may teach away until you are really quite blue in the face, and little good come of it. But once let a boy want to know, and he will learn faster than the most clever master can teach him. The State that substitutes State-directed activity for self-directed activity is a wretchedly poor schoolmaster, and can produce nothing admirable either in the way of individual character or collective achievement. Excellence is not evoked in any such fashion.

We got into our present tragic trouble by an excessive augmentation of mass action, and a corresponding eclipse of individual initiative and integrity. The Socialist proposal to complete the unfortunate process by still further submerging the individual in the State, in order to get us out of our widespread trouble, does not strike us as scientific or hopeful or logical. The same essential defect is to be found in the programmes of the Communists and of our so-called Progressives. It is progress of a sort to keep us still headed in the wrong direction, but it is misleading to champion such progress as desirable. The way into trouble is most decidedly not the way out. In reality, it is the

way to a still more complete and irreparable disaster. There is but one way out, and that is the uncompromising reversal of the way in. The way out is the limiting of mass action to absolute essentials, the effective protection of life from violence and property from theft, and the throwing wide open of all the doors of opportunity to spontaneous, self-directed activity. The world of today is individually feeble. The majority prefer the pay envelope, the labor union, legislative favors, drives upon other persons' pocket-books, charity, instead of getting out and doing things for themselves. Even our Boy Scouts invite decay by staging drives and benefits. We had supposed that their sole object was to be self-reliant and helpful. We have been made individually feeble, not only by the criminal perversion of mass action during the past ten years, but also by the increasing and mistaken mass action of many preceding years. The Socialist-Communist-Progressive plan of trying to fashion a perfect form of society through the wisdom of the very material which that society is to redeem, strikes us exactly for what it is,—an attempt to lift yourself by your own boot-straps,—and when they add immoral methods, the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth seems very far off.

However much you may want to, you can not save society *en masse*. Salvation, as we can hardly repeat too often, is strictly an individual adventure. The one way to save society is to save individual men and women. When they are sound and forceful and enlightened, the society which they collectively form will inevitably be of the right sort. Even if the gods themselves could supply the perfect social form, it would be psychologically futile to try to save man by any outer circumstance of life. The method did not work, even in the Garden of Eden. The better method was inaugurated by the cherubim with the flaming sword. It was the manly method of working out your own salvation.

The doctrine of evolution has been an immense stimulus to our modern thought. By misquotation and misapplication, however, it has also rendered some disservice. This is notably true as regards the question of environment. In the irrational world of Nature, the world of plant and animal life, environment plays its huge and important rôle; yet even here it is not all-powerful.

Many of us have come to believe that the minute changes which it evokes, the so-called acquired characters, are not transmissible, and that evolution instead of being the continuous process which we once believed it, is in reality discontinuous; not an inclined plane but a series of steps. These steps result from heritable mutations which occur in the inner life of the organism, and are as yet not understood. The story of the plant and animal world cannot be told in terms of environment, not even by adding the too-little emphasized force of heredity. There remains that profound mystery—the changes in the germ cell. In our human world, all these considerations have added force, for it is the testimony of all close scrutiny that man differs from that seemingly material world by creating his own environment. Beauty-lovers built the Parthenon, but succeeding generations gaze upon the lovely ruins without any discernible art impulse. Perhaps we sum it up by saying that while a man responds to all the myriad forces which beat upon his life, the most potent of them all are the inner forces of the Spirit.

The great war bears tragic witness to the complete failure of mass action. It is quite futile to urge that it was not mass action itself, but the abuse of mass action that got us into our present grave trouble, for as a matter of fact mass action always shows this marked tendency to abuse. Historically, mass action has always been abused; and in the very nature of things it can only be exercised through abuse,—through the imposition of your will upon mine, or of mine upon yours,—and the childish argument that the imposition was for the supposed good of the victim does not at all save the case.

We do not know of any human institution to which power may safely be entrusted. We delegate a certain protective authority to the State, but as we love liberty we surround every such delegation with urgent safeguards. Even such ideal institutions as the Church, and the School and the Family have shown an astonishing capacity for tyranny, and it has been necessary to curtail their power by strict laws. On all sides experience shows the exercise of power leading in the end to the abuse of power. And not only is this abuse a matter of world-wide and all-time experience, but it seems to us unavoidable, for there are few forms

of mass action which can go very far without grossly violating individual rights. "The greatest good of the greatest number" is not a moral argument, and in the end realizes the greatest good of nobody. To be morally sound and acceptable, the action must be right from beginning to end, and that includes both the goal and the method. There is such abundant good in our daily lives, and such bubbling happiness, especially for those of us who live in the country, that most of us suffer the minor injustices of the hour without too noisy grumbling; but the trouble is that these injustices tend to grow in both number and dimension, and to engender a certain callousness to injustice which robs us of spiritual insight and healthy-mindedness. The tragedy of perverted mass action is not alone the material violence, but even more the spiritual confusion which leads to crooked thinking. Many of these encroachments upon personal liberty are undoubtedly well meant, but the demoralizing effect is just as reprehensible as if they were badly meant. And it may never be safely forgotten that these insidious encroachments facilitate additional encroachments.

Our conviction that along with power there always goes this tendency to abuse power does not lead us to advocate anything so spineless as a world without power,—were such a world possible,—but it does lead us to urge with all earnestness that this power shall be resolutely held in check and limited to absolutely necessary channels. The fundamental function of the State is the police function, the imperative duty to protect every individual citizen from violence and interference. And this protection should be extended not only against individual transgressors, but also against associated groups, whether these groups be Congressional blocs made up of vocational partisans, or labor unions made up of "class-conscious" working-men, or corporations made up of greedy capitalists, or societies made up of blind fanatics and single-track reformers. There is but one defensible social ideal, and that is a world in which every individual is free to work out the inner impulses of the Spirit, without aggression on his part or interference on the part of others. A State which accomplished this simple, primal duty, the protection of all its citizens, would accomplish something greater than has yet been

historically recorded, and something which no State, preoccupied with illegitimate and paternalistic activities, is ever likely to accomplish. But one must not confuse mass action with coöperation, for the two have nothing in common. Coöperation is not mass action; it is confederated individual action in which the impulse is voluntary and the direction is from within. Mass action, on the contrary, is a group activity in which the compulsion and purpose are imposed from without. Its agents are not free and their activity is not moral. Many publicists have confounded mass action and coöperation. Impressed by the immense value of coöperation, and failing to see its inner and spiritual nature, they have sought through legislation to make it compulsory. But in such an enterprise failure is inevitable. To be coöperation at all, it must be voluntary. Apply legal compulsion to coöperation, and the thing ceases to be; it becomes mere mass action, always inefficient, always materialistic, always tending to grave abuse.

America, like Europe, has been taught by recent events one large and valuable lesson. We have seen the abuse of mass action on a scale never before attempted in this country. And we shall not soon be allowed to forget this very expensive object-lesson—it will be kept in mind for years to come by a burden of unreasonable and unnecessary taxation. But Americans, while they often make mistakes, hate to make the same mistake twice. This leads us to be somewhat optimistic about the future, even though we are distinctly pessimistic about the present.

The great war was an immense, unforgivable, unjustifiable calamity. No good that may flow out of it can ever balance the colossal evil. To thank God for the war instead of blaming the Devil, seems to us a sickening impiety. But the gigantic sum of evil will be slightly lessened if one permanent result of the war is to make us turn from the brass idols of a tyrannous mass action to the vital, effective spirituality of a free and awakened individualism.

"Hands Off!"

HANFORD HENDERSON.

FASCISM AND FINANCE

BY ALZADA COMSTOCK

At the opening of 1924 only two countries of Europe, Austria and Italy, found that the year that had passed had bequeathed to them an essentially new internal order. Austria, as the ward of the League of Nations, had made its painstaking progress under the direction of a foreign Commissioner. Italy alone had been pushed toward reform from within, with a flutter of national flags and ovations to a national hero. Whatever the future may hold for Fascism, that onrush of the young men of Italy, under a leader who esteemed the Napoleonic gesture and the shouts of Parliamentary Deputies rather more than the esteem of diplomats, will continue to hold the Italian imagination. As with the great individual *coups* of the past, the glamor of the leader's personality dims and blurs the exact outlines of the national questions involved.

Mussolini is far too able a leader, however, to rely wholly upon the effect of the dramatic situations in which Italy has been placed, and to ignore the economic and financial foundations of the new order which he has established. He is aware that it is upon such things as these that citizens ponder when the great public meetings are over. Again and again since the end of October, 1923, when the first anniversary of the Fascist Revolution was celebrated, the leaders of the movement have taken stock of their accomplishments and have announced the results in a press which has had far too little of European national achievement to record. Such captions as *Decrease of Unemployment in Italy*, *Revival of Italian Industry*, and *Reduction of the Budget Deficit* have become familiar in the succeeding months. The tale of reform is almost endless, but the Fascisti have enumerated the individual acts. At the close of 1923 they announced that one thousand reforms had been introduced.

Unfortunately public education with respect to such matters as

taxation and budget making is in a somewhat elementary state, outside of Italy as well as in it. People with a greater flair for finance than the Italians have ever claimed have been ingenuously cheered by the fine words of Ministers of Finance. And it is not alone in Southern Europe that the Treasury mountain labors and brings forth a mouse. It is therefore the proper task of the financially educated to comprehend and digest the real trend of Italian fiscal affairs, as it is also its duty to recognize the exigencies of the treasuries of France and Soviet Russia, in order that the shadows which coming political events cast before them can be distinguished.

When Fascism made its dramatic entrance upon the stage of Italian official life at the end of October, 1922, the country was well on its way to the completion of the kind of a financial system which is usually termed "democratic". Since the war ended Italy had adopted a capital levy, that favorite device of the British Labour Party which the Conservative press of that country alludes to as "the confiscation of property", and which the Left Wing calls "equality of sacrifice". Security holders were forced to have their investments registered, in order that the amount of evasion by large holders of intangible property should be cut down to a minimum. The war profits of over-energetic stay-at-home manufacturers had been confiscated, and the rates of taxation on various classes of property had been made heavier.

A tax policy of this kind is bound to stimulate active and partisan interest in fiscal affairs. On one side stood the middle and poorer classes, who favored the methods used and considered them an effective way of drawing public revenue from the sources where money was plainly to be found in large quantities. They had a measure of support from some of the financial experts, who saw in Italy's strenuous fiscal policy an attempt to conform to the rigorous measures recommended by the Brussels Financial Conference of 1920 for those European countries which honestly sought rehabilitation. On the other side were the propertied classes, who felt that the mere accumulation of capital was penalized and who prophesied the economic downfall of Italy if the policy was continued.

Under Mussolini the atmosphere of the Ministry of Finance

soon changed. Following his declared intention of giving the young men of the Fascist movement positions of power, he delivered the financial affairs of Italy into the hands of Signor De Stefani, a university professor forty-four years old. (Any total of years under fifty is rated as youth in the case of a European Minister of Finance). Signor De Stefani had been a lecturer in Economics in Venice, Ferrara, and Padua, and retained many of the characteristics of the university professor.

The new Minister of Finance proved to be an uncommunicative, hardworking official, committed to the plans of the Fascist Government, not on the wings of a sudden impulse but as a matter of permanent conviction. Placed in the midst of a group of functionaries who were survivors of the former administration, he needed all of the energy, tirelessness, and perseverance with which he is said to be equipped.

The accomplishments of the reorganized Ministry of Finance in the year which followed have since been given to the public as "the setting in order of Italy's chaotic finances," as the Italian correspondent of a great metropolitan newspaper reported. Dispatches from Italy brought the news that the country's whole fiscal system had been overturned and an improved machinery substituted. It is such announcements as these, springing, no doubt, from the enthusiasm which the restored order and organization in Italian public services almost invariably arouses, which should be analyzed in the light of the facts and figures of recent history.

A change in the sales tax was the first important indication of the intention of the Mussolini Government to modify the national policy. The sales tax itself is not a Fascist measure, but a part of the former fiscal system which originated in 1921 and which provided a modest part of the revenue. What the Fascisti did was to increase the rates so that they correspond to the rates in force in several European countries although they are still lower than the rates imposed in Canada, enlarge the scope of the tax, and diminish the luxury tax rates.

With regard to the sales tax, then, the Fascisti can claim no great originality. This type of tax has been popular in Europe since the war ended, but on that continent its use has been con-

financed to countries which have found themselves in serious financial straits. It is well known as a consumer's tax and one which is capable of yielding large sums in revenue, if it is efficiently administered, on account of its ultimately universal application. As such, it fits well into the expressed Fascist policy, but the fact is that it was recognized by the earlier Government as a valuable balance wheel in a tax system which tended to impose the heavier burden on the privileged.

A much more widely discussed change was made in July, 1923, when Signor De Stefani announced that he intended to abolish the most irritating sections of the inheritance tax law. Italy's inheritance taxes amounted to very little, for their total yield was only about two per cent of the net revenue in 1921-22 and in 1922-23. Nevertheless a sensation was created when the Minister of Finance published the fact that thereafter no inheritance taxes would be paid on bequests to direct descendants, and that other inheritance taxes would be diminished. In making this announcement Signor De Stefani denounced the existing taxes as exorbitant, and said that they had caused a serious loss to Italy by bringing about the scattering of family fortunes. They had come to exist, he said, on account of the pressure from Socialist and Democratic quarters for taxation on property, but he believed the policy to have been a misguided one. The proposed changes would accomplish three things, he continued. They would strengthen the family, an institution indissolubly bound up with the moral unity of the nation; they would encourage thrift and promote the formation and conservation of small property; and, finally, they would form a measure of national justice towards the South of Italy, where tax reform, especially the reform of the taxation of land, upon which the inheritance taxes pressed most heavily, was bound up with economic prosperity.

This statement was greeted with great enthusiasm. It was unanimously approved by the ministers, and its author received the personal compliments of Mussolini, who said that the encouragement of the accumulation of family property was a sound national policy and that Italy should learn to dispense with revenue from such a source. The truth of the matter is that the inheritance tax rates were in fact unusually high, and that they had

been increased in the period of democratic control. At the time when Signor De Stefani's announcement was made the maximum rate was seventy-five per cent., with an additional five per cent. in the case of collateral heirs who already possessed certain property. The State took the entire property of intestate persons, so that it could accurately be said that confiscation was a part of the inheritance tax system. It was commonly said in Italy that the laws had the effect of destroying the incentive to save and of encouraging tax evasion.

Politically it was probably of great importance that the inheritance taxes should be changed. Fiscally the whole matter was a tempest in a teapot. The outlay of so much energy on a tax which yields hardly more than two per cent. of the national revenue, in a country which owes billions of lire of principal and unpaid interest on its foreign debt, seems hardly justified. It merely offers an example of the attention which a relatively slight change may have when the Government succeeds in turning popular attention upon it, while the public remains uninterested and uninformed on the larger and more pressing issues.

The Mussolini Government offered another sign of its attention to the burdens of the propertied taxpayers when a decree was published facilitating the payment of taxes due under the capital levy. The situation of delinquent taxpayers was somewhat eased and a rebate was allowed for payment in a lump sum. Much more important for the state of mind of the taxpayer was the repeal of the order for the compulsory registration of securities. The removal of this requirement offers a curious contradiction to the repeated announcements that the Government is making all possible efforts to gather tax dodgers into the fiscal net, and that it hopes to catch some half million who have been evading taxes.

The capital levy is somewhat more significant fiscally than the inheritance taxes, for it yielded about twice as much for the national treasury in 1922-23. Socially and politically its bearing is much the same. It dates from the period (1919) when Italy's tax system was undergoing revision to meet the heavy after-war needs, and it lays a heavy burden on persons who have large accumulations of wealth. The rates reach a maximum of fifty per cent. on property of 100,000,000 lire.

Consistency would seem to demand that the Fascist Government should pay more attention to the terms of the capital levy than to the inheritance taxes, since the capital levy is more important as a source of revenue and since it is a more immediate burden on the State's wealthier taxpayers. For some reason essential changes in the capital levy law have not appeared as a part of the financial programme. Since direct taxes are known to be in the main a burden on the property holder, while indirect taxes are paid by the general consumer, the Fascisti have emphasized the fact that some of the direct taxes which were in force when they came into power have been done away with. It is not generally stated, however, that some of these were classed as special war taxes which were due to disappear in any case. In addition to the abolition of the special war taxes, there have been a number of changes which make for the uniform treatment of the direct taxpayer.

The shift in the direction of indirect taxes has not shown itself markedly in the official figures. In the first three months of the fiscal year 1922-23 (July, August, and September, 1922), when the former democratic taxation was still in force, the yield from direct taxes was twenty-seven per cent. of the total revenue. In the corresponding period a year later, when most of the Fascist reforms had been installed, although their full effect was probably not felt, direct taxes furnished twenty-five per cent. of the total revenue. In the fiscal year 1923-24 more than 21 per cent. of the revenue came from direct taxation.

Still another widely discussed change is the abolition of commercial monopolies and the substitution of taxes on the production and consumption of coffee, which have no corresponding expenditure except the cost of collection. Here again the change is of little fiscal importance. The commercial monopolies yielded only two per cent of the national revenue, and up to the present the coffee duties have furnished even less.

Turning to the question of the budget deficit, it appears that people at home and abroad tend to overestimate the relative accomplishments of recent months. No single step so serves to establish a government in the esteem of thinking people as a serious attempt to balance the budget, and the present Government in

Italy is well aware of that fact. This is true especially of foreign opinion, to which, in spite of his expressed disavowal of internationalism, Mussolini occasionally lends a careful ear. It is natural that there should be frequent announcements of the improvement in the budget situation.

Signor De Stefani has promised that by 1926 Italy is to have a clean slate; that is, that the national deficit is to be wiped out by that time. For 1922-23 the deficit was first estimated at 4,000,000,000 lire, and then reduced to 3,000,000,000 lire. In 1923-24 it was reduced to 623,000,000 lire. At the opening of 1924 Signor De Stefani announced in the Senate that the deficit for 1924-25 would be only 700,000,000 lire, in spite of increased military expenditure.

This degree of reduction in the budget deficit is a commendable achievement, and one which should not be minimized. Nevertheless it is scarcely comparable with the accomplishments of the years just preceding, as a glance at the reports of the Financial Committee of the League of Nations demonstrates. In 1918-19 the deficit had reached its high point of 22,700,000,000 lire, or seventy per cent. of the expenditures. In the three following years that unprecedented sum was reduced to 8,000,000,000 lire, and a reduction to 5,000,000,000 lire was planned for 1922-23. This is a scale which the Mussolini Government cannot hope to equal, and for which there is fortunately no necessity. If Signor De Stefani accomplishes his purposes of balancing the budget by 1926, he will be merely following the course which was undertaken before he took office.

Late in 1923, when the budget deficit for the current fiscal year was still given at 2,600,000,000 lire by Signor De Stefani, there was some speculation in Italy as to the exact state of the country's financial affairs. Almost one-half of the specified deficit was due to arise from payments of interest to the United States and Great Britain, and of course nothing was being paid on those accounts. The greater part of the remainder of the deficit was to be caused by expenditures for reconstruction in the Venetian district, and it was a matter of common knowledge that only a part of these expenditures had been actually incurred. The question was discussed as to what unbudgeted expenditures the money was

to be applied. The reduction of the estimated deficit raises the further question as to how far the changes are due to variations in accounting methods.

On some counts, at least, expenditures have been materially reduced, following to some extent the programme of the previous Government. In August, 1921, a law had been passed empowering the Government to abolish services, offices, and individual posts, to dismiss officials and to cut down staffs, and generally to revise the scales of salaries. A Parliamentary Commission was set up to advise as to the ways of economizing in the public services. This programme was in its first stages when the Fascist revolution occurred.

Italy's foreign debts remain in the unsatisfactory position which they have occupied ever since the close of the war. The debt was contracted chiefly during the European War. Great Britain, the principal creditor, stands first with £515,000,000, and the United States second with \$1,648,000,000. To each of these sums the interest, which is unpaid, must be added.

The Mussolini Government has chosen to leave the foreign debt question almost untouched. In so far as Signor De Stefani is the spokesman, Italy may be said to have taken the stand that the question of foreign debts and the question of reparations are interdependent. In May, 1923, in a widely-quoted speech on the financial situation which he made in the Scala Theater in Milan, Signor De Stefani suggested a "general" debt settlement. At the same time he announced, rather ambiguously in view of his other pronouncements on the debt question, that Italy would meet her obligations to the United States, but that she would ask for the same facilities which had been given to Great Britain.

The whole foreign debt situation has remained indefinite for so long a time that an agreement with the United States and Great Britain would redound greatly to the credit of the Mussolini Government, especially in view of the more secure financial position now claimed for Italy by the Fascist Government. Signor De Stefani would certainly disclaim any severe financial emergency such as that in which France now finds herself. The fact probably is, nevertheless, that Italy's capacity to meet external obligations is more problematical than the budget figures

would make it appear; and that the Mussolini Government, not over-experienced in financial administration at the best, has hesitated to attempt a solution.

One factor in the debt situation is the unfavorable balance of Italian foreign trade. The increased importations of raw materials, such as iron, steel, and cotton, combined with the necessary importations of foodstuffs, are not yet balanced by a growth in exports of agricultural or other products.

As matters stand now, Italy's impotence in the face of the war debt question is a factor in financial reform which the Fascisti have not yet faced squarely. The avoidance of the issue indicates either that they distrust their own powers of financial administration or that Italy is further from recovery than is generally admitted.

The internal debt is quite another matter and in many ways a simpler one, but until recently the Fascist policy has been to let well enough alone. Corresponding to the reductions in the budget deficits since 1918-19, the relative annual additions to the internal debt gradually diminished, and in 1923-24 the principal was slightly reduced. In 1924 the total reached ninety-three billion lire, causing an annual interest charge which exceeds the budget deficit. Paying out in interest a sum greater than the national deficit, which must in turn be met by increased borrowing, is a policy which only a serious emergency can justify, but it was one that was continued up to 1923-24. The progressive improvement in the budget which has been going on since the war ended has put a stop to the growth of the debt on this account, but the necessity of funding or repaying a total of nearly one hundred billion lire remains.

The present Government's expressions of satisfaction over the reduction of the amount of currency in circulation should also be viewed in the light of the preceding monetary policies. Under the Mussolini Government the paper circulation fell from 20,179,000,000 lire on January 1, 1923, to 19,654,000,000 on December 31, 1923, a drop of less than three per cent. in twelve months. But during the previous year the circulation decreased by approximately 12 per cent. Here again the new Government can be seen to be carrying out the deflation policy of the previous

Government, but again more gradually and more cautiously. Meanwhile the price of the lire on the foreign exchanges fell during 1923 from 5.1 cents to 4.3 cents, and in 1924 to 4.0 cents.

The closer inspection of the financial condition of Italy shows that the statements of the youthful Fascist leaders are colored by their own unquenchable optimism. The truth is that there has been much smoke and little fire. The tax system has been changed so that it is somewhat less burdensome to the well-to-do and propertied, but the fiscal effects of the changes have been exaggerated. On the other hand the gradual reduction of the budget deficit and the deflation of the currency are programmes of the previous administration which Mussolini has carried out at a more gradual pace. Even the reform and economy in the public services were steps planned by the former Government. Meanwhile the balance of trade continues to be unfavorable to Italy, the foreign debt situation is unchanged, the internal debt is oppressive and the value of the lire has fallen under the Fascisti.

The talents and accomplishments of the Fascist Government in the financial line are still to be demonstrated. Up to the present its abilities are more conspicuous in the field of politics and social reform than in the tasks of fiscal administration.

ALZADA COMSTOCK.

THE ACADEMIC HOUR OF TRIAL

BY EDWARD P. WARNER

It is not surprising that students should be substantially in accord among themselves in feeling that the scholastic millennium will have arrived when the examination has disappeared forever from the calendar. The dates of mid-years and finals are marked, not in red but in the most sombre black. Even so the criminal at the dock must regard the approaching hour of his sentence.

More startling, however, is the agreement of a certain group in the teaching profession, who have come to look with scorn upon the old-fashioned examination and to seek its replacement by a psychological test or an analysis of character or some other fancy of the hour. To be sure, so far as labor involved is concerned the teacher has more to complain of than the student, for it is a far more tedious and exhausting task to read and mark a hundred examinations than to prepare for and write two or three. The instructor should, however, be in a position to recognize the great value of the examination to the students, and he must find the basis for a mark somewhere unless the school is to be run on the good Communistic policy that all men are equal in ability, attainments, and industry, and can therefore all be graded alike without any tiresome formalities.

With growing pressure alike from the student and from a section of the faculty, the examination would really be in danger if anything could be found which would satisfactorily take its place. That no effective substitute has yet been produced, however, throws rather serious doubt on the force of the objections which have been raised against the written test of knowledge.

The first and the most frequently voiced of those objections, bears on the uselessness of the test and on its inaccuracy in the grading of a class. It is declared that the examination furnishes no real measure of the student's knowledge of the subject, but only of the intensity of his cramming during the few hours im-

mediately preceding the ordeal. It is further said that the ability to write a good paper is dependent largely on temperament and nervous condition, and that many a student fails because of inability to tell what he knows.

The second allegation is true beyond all doubt. The first may or may not be true in any particular instance. When it is, the fact constitutes a rather grave indictment of the examiner. A paper properly prepared can be relied on to reveal the difference between the answer which results from real study and thought and that which grows out of a feverish conning and partial memorizing of a set of seminar notes or out of a few hours' high-priced tutoring by a specialist whose most valuable qualification is an alleged ability to read the teacher's mind and prophesy what questions will be asked.

Both of the attacks just mentioned, however, regardless of the truth of their premises, ignore the very close parallel between the questions on an examination and the problems which the graduate will have to confront in business or professional life. Few men are so happily situated as to be able to take an indefinitely long time for the solution of each problem that arises in their lives. Most of us must work under pressure. Most of us are confronted on many occasions by the necessity of giving the best answer possible within a certain very limited space of time. Most of us have had the experience of having to acquire the largest possible amount of information on a comparatively new subject within a few days or weeks. Most of us, in short, have to do at brief intervals exactly what the school boy does in preparing for and taking his examination. It is then altogether proper that the examination should furnish a test of temperament and of calmness under fire, as well as of familiarity with the subject matter of the course.

There is, indeed, nothing wicked about being able to cram for a test or about using that ability. We may regret that the occasional student, the envied of all his fellows, who can peacefully loaf for four months and then pass an examination with high standing after forty-eight hours of preparation, should have wasted the four months, but his ability to compress the normal work of a term into two days should call forth nothing but appro-

bation. His is the stuff of which genius is made. Our attempts to blast him with scorn are symptomatic partly of our envy, partly of a surviving trace of the grim puritanical spirit which holds that whatever is easy or pleasant must be fundamentally evil. Having taken the ant, the bee, and the tortoise as our ideals in nature, we are loath to see the human prototype of the jack-rabbit disdainfully winning the scholastic race.

It is easy to justify the examination, and to shatter the arguments brought against its use. Its greatest value, however, does not appear in the tabulated marks and is not likely to be clear to the student himself, for it should constitute a sign-post to point out to the teacher the defects in his method by displaying the weaknesses of his product. The potentialities of the examination as a revealer of character and of the real worth of previous training become apparent only to the instructor who has had to set scores of papers and to read answer-books numbered by the thousands. Analysis of such a mass of material furnishes a sad commentary on the average student's clearness and accuracy of thought and ability to concentrate, and it shows him lamentably unfitted for any sudden test where the answer must be correct and where his work is to pass under the stern judgment of an employer rather than under the teacher's comparatively lenient view.

Changing rôles, then, the author begs leave to lay aside the robes of the counsel for the defense of the examination system and to appear as the prosecuting attorney against the modern student. More accurately, the indictment should be levied against the training which the modern student receives, for he is only what his masters have made him. If he is careless, evasive, and indifferent, they must shoulder the blame.

The first item in the bill of particulars charges an unquenchable optimism, a virtue carried to excess. Not only does there persist a widespread belief that it is possible to "bluff through" a course, the instructor being so short-sighted as to be unable to distinguish between the student who works conscientiously and the one who studies nothing except his teacher's supposed weak points and idiosyncrasies, but in some cases the examinee goes to the length of supposing that he can dodge the intended

examination entirely, either by open or covert means. I have heard of a student who, after a brief survey of a mathematical paper, headed her book with the statement: "I cannot answer any of the questions, but this is what I do know," and then wrote for two hours on subjects entirely unrelated to those proposed by the professor. I do not know whether or not her ingenuity was rewarded by a passing mark, but I sincerely hope not. Correspondence school advertisements have familiarized all of us with the pleasing tale of the rapid rise of the young man who astounded the board of directors by answering the question which had balked them individually and collectively, but no one has yet given to the public the biography of the youth who told his boss: "Sir, I do not know how much business we did in Kansas last year, nor have I taken the trouble to find out, but the population of Rotterdam is 510,000." One suspects that his annals were short and simple.

Akin to the deliberate dodging of questions is the failure to answer a question completely because it is not comprehended as a whole. Only the exceptional student seems able to read a query running to over a hundred words set as a single paragraph and gain any connected idea of what it is all about. If the question is in two parts, and they are not separated by semicolons and marked by distinct symbols or segregated in different paragraphs, the first part will be answered while the other passes unnoticed in a large proportion of cases. The power of concentrating on what is read seems to have vanished from the earth.

That atrophied power should be brought back, and its return can best be induced by setting examinations which force its use. The Army psychological tests, loudly praised and hotly condemned, had at least one shining merit. Conundrums such as, "If New Orleans is not the capital of Tibet, and if the distance from Shanghai to Vancouver is not so great as that from Indianapolis to the moon, put a cross in the circle which is not outside of a square in the lower left-hand corner of the triangle containing a pentagon with six polka-dots," were useful for other purposes than to enact the rôle accredited to arithmetical division in the old rhyme, to drive the student mad. They had to be read attentively, word by word, and the luckless candidate who

attempted to follow the usual examination procedure of shooting a single piercing glance at the question as he started to write an answer might as well have saved himself even that glance. Something of their form might well be retained now and in future in examining on specific subjects.

In trying to force a class to concentrate on a question, and incidentally to test their ability to do so, I have on several occasions set questions on engineering with all figures and dimensions written out in words. The resultant collapse was practically total. Some increased difficulty, and some delay in the work, had been anticipated, but I had never dreamed that the effect of writing "seven thousand nine hundred and sixty-three feet" in place of 7963 ft. would be so utterly devastating that college graduates would become unable to make any rational approach to the solution of an algebraic problem, which, while rather long, was not particularly difficult. The same result is produced by any wording in the least complex, whether or not figures are involved.

The idea that it is the function of an examiner, by the use of trick questions or otherwise, to fail as large a part of a class as possible, has now disappeared if it ever existed, but such tests as that just described are worth trying if their meaning is afterward brought home to the class which served as the vehicle of the experiment. The boy or girl who is incapable of grasping the meaning of any sentence or paragraph longer or more delicately phrased than those affected by "writers with a punch" in the more sensational portion of the daily press is unfit to pass any examination, whether in English, calculus, or botany, and his or her deficiencies should be pointed out with enough force to insure a real effort to remedy them. The cause of the failing is mental laziness, and the cure must come from within.

Another item of complaint, no less serious than the lack of attention to the subject matter of the question to be dealt with, is seemingly total inability to use the English language as a medium of expression of thought when under pressure. Especially in dealing with technical subjects, students apparently throw the rules of grammar and of sentence structure overboard as unworthy of the serious attention of practical men, and produce

such astounding statements as: "Longitudinal stability of an airplane is when, after disturbing, returns into a path." That was actually written as a complete sentence. It would be conservative to say that less than 50 per cent. of all students of collegiate grade phrase their examinations as a whole in anything resembling literary English. A fairly large fraction, like the author of the quotation just given, are not only non-literary but positively illiterate, and a number of others produce books which suggest the pernicious influence of an excessive experience in the composition of ten-word telegrams, all articles and most pronouns being omitted.

While the new style of examination, the outgrowth of the Army psychological tests already alluded to, possesses many excellent features, it is having a disastrous effect on the ability to use English for answering questions. When the attempt is deliberately made to put a test in such form that every answer can be given by a single word or figure or by putting a cross in a vacant space, the ability to write grammatically when under stress necessarily suffers. Unfortunately, the problems encountered outside the schoolroom seldom arise in a form so ideally simplified that they can be answered in one word, or in a dozen. The examination should test not only knowledge of fact but also reasoning powers and powers of expression, and the result of a lengthy train of thought cannot be standardized or abbreviated to such a point that it can be said that there is only one correct answer, permitting of an unqualified verdict of "right" or "wrong". The ability to write clearly must then always be a factor.

Finally, as a last sub-heading in the indictment, a protest should be lodged against the offering of vast amounts of redundant and irrelevant information supposed to give an atmosphere of omniscience, and through which the unfortunate but conscientious examiner must wade in the hope of finding something that bears on the question asked. If the bad English commonly used is to be held attributable to the rules of the telegraph companies, this unconscionable redundancy and diffuseness and wandering from the subject might with equal fairness be ascribed to attention to the less profitable of the proceedings of American legislative

bodies. When a discussion of ship subsidies brings forth a two-hour speech on the history of political revolutions from one Senator, an extensive and intensive commentary on the exhumation of King Tut-Ankh-Amen from another, and a heated attack on the "sharks and wolves of Wall Street" from a third, the schoolboy can hardly be blamed for supposing that it is proper for him, after exhausting his very meagre store of information on the history of the United States in Jefferson's administration, to go on and write three pages more on the events which led up to the Civil War.

Once again, the fault lies with the system of training. Irrelevancy should be penalized in no uncertain fashion, and checked before the habit is acquired. The world is too busy to listen to rambling disquisitions by people who, like the Walrus, feel that the present hour is always the time to talk of many things. The ability to say what is to be said on one subject and then stop short, without wandering off into alien fields or saying the same thing over again in different words, is a rare one, and it should be diligently stimulated and carefully cultivated when it has once appeared. The educated citizen should attain the high ideal set up in Gelett Burgess's quatrain:

A thoughtful man will never set
His tongue a-going and forget
To stop it when his brain has quit
A-thinking thoughts to offer it.

Much of the disfavor into which examinations have fallen in some quarters is based on the excessive demand that the conventional type of test makes on memory. The publication of Mr. Edison's questionnaires has brought forward heated objections from a multitude of teachers who have very properly maintained that the temporary storage of a prodigious number of facts in the mind of the student is not the primary goal of education, and that the ability to interpret facts sought out at the proper sources is of far more importance. Those same teachers, however, as a whole, have been inconsistent in setting examinations which do in a half-hearted manner what Mr. Edison does whole-heartedly and straightforwardly.

The fairest test of a student's knowledge of a subject is given by putting a question requiring some original thought, a question for which no direct and complete answer can be found in print anywhere, and then allowing the use of lecture notes and books during the examination. With the usual limitations of time, the subject matter of the course must be well in mind, and there must also be a thorough familiarity with the literature of the topic, in order that the desired information can be located before the close of the test. The student who thinks to pass by sheer bulk of material employed, and who comes staggering into the examination room, as one of my pupils once did, with three suitcases full of books to carry him through a two-hour test, soon learns the danger of over-reaching himself and finds that all his portable library will avail nothing unless he is already intimately acquainted with the content of every book in it or unless he has at hand an information index of exceptional efficiency.

A professional or business man is confronted by two sorts of technical problems, those which require immediate answer on the basis of such information as is actually in mind and those which permit of some delay for the consultation of notes and authorities. The latter are the more numerous and the more important, and should be represented on every examination paper, at least in scientific or mathematical subjects. There is much to be said, however, for the division of examinations into two parts, the first to deal with questions of fact and to be taken without notes, the second to be composed of problems exacting a certain amount of originality in treatment. In the second part the student should be allowed to reënforce his memory with any literary or mechanical aids that he cares to bring with him.

When we discuss examinations and their usefulness we necessarily become involved with the question of marking, a question on which the community has elected, when it has thought about it at all, to practise diligent self-deception. Educational authorities and college entrance boards still cling fondly to the delusions that a passing mark is represented by a certain "percentage", and that that arbitrary figure has a real numerical significance. In very rare instances, it may have such significance. It is possible to give a test in mental arithmetic contain-

ing a hundred problems and to say that the mark is numerically equal to the number answered correctly, but the greatest scholar in the world might be defied to read a student's discussion of "Shakespeare's use of low comedy relief as illustrated by the rôle of Launcelot Gobbo" and say whether the "percentage of correctness" was forty-two or seventy-nine. Numerical ratios cannot be applied to complex and abstract quantities. One can no more set a correct numerical mark on the usual examination paper than one can define character by saying that a man is 52 per cent. educated, 78 per cent. honest, and 27 per cent. good-looking. Whether the so-called "passing mark" be set at 50, 60, or 70 per cent. is then a matter of absolutely no ultimate significance, and the lengthy discussions which have been waged over the exact location of that critical point represent a waste of breath.

It is perfectly possible to set an examination where the best student in the class will not be able to solve more than half of the problems, and there is much to be said in favor of following that course. It establishes a complete scale of gradation, with no bunching of almost perfect papers at the top, and it gives the brilliant student something to work for. The use of very long and hard papers would be much commoner than it now is, however, if the idea of percentage could be annihilated for all time, a purely arbitrary scale of marks being substituted, and if the students could be persuaded that they were not being subjected to persecution whenever such an examination was presented. The number of men failing, in a given class, should be no larger on a hard examination than on a comparatively easy one, for the real scale of marking is correspondingly changed, but undergraduate tradition neglects the existence of that equalizing factor.

Another phase of the marking question bears on the supposed uncertainty of the marks given. There have been, from time to time, reports of tests in which a group of teachers disagreed widely on the marking of a paper in English or history, and great efforts have been made to find some sort of examination which would leave the teacher no discretion in judging the results. The Army succeeded in that quest during the war, for the *Alpha* and *Beta* tests were marked with stencils. There was only one correct answer, and that one was wholly correct. The Army's

problem, however, was rather a special one, as uniformity of grading method at the various cantonments was essential and much of the examining had to be done by officers without previous teaching experience. Complete control by a central authority was therefore wise and necessary, but in civil life in times of peace the mere fact that two teachers may not exactly agree on the mark that a given paper should receive affords no reason for assuming all teachers incompetent and adopting as a result of that assumption a type of examination in many respects inferior to the present one. The test of the abilities of the student of an art should be analogous to the test which has to be met by its practitioners, and no one would be mad enough to suggest that a novelist's reputation ought to stand or fall solely on his success with a series of questions, each answerable in a single word, designed to test the extent of his vocabulary, or that a mathematician should be rated by the number of problems in mental arithmetic that he can solve correctly in a given time. Supposedly competent critics, like teachers, may disagree in their judgments, but their opinions are very much fairer than the results of any arbitrarily standardized test. As a matter of fact, the probable extent of disagreement is exaggerated, thanks to the pernicious influence of numerical marking already commented upon. One man may mark a paper 84 and another may give it only 52, but if each undertook to arrange ten papers in order of excellence they would certainly arrive at nearly identical results.

There are many possible points of discussion regarding the best type of examination and the best method of giving and marking it, but they are all sub-headings under one main issue. The really important thing is that the importance of the written test and its "practicality" shall be brought home to the student, and that can be done only if the questions set before him are similar to those with which he will have to deal after he leaves school or college. In that direction, and not through any violent revolution, lies the road of salvation for academic tests and grading systems.

EDWARD P. WARNER.

ANATOLE FRANCE

BY SAMUEL C. CHEW

I

“Certes, c’est un subject merveilleusement vain, divers et ondoyant, que l’homme; il est malaysé d’y fonder jugement constant et uniforme.” The famous words might have been written to epitomize the intellectual adventure which was the life of Anatole France; and they come to mind as one attempts to reduce to order the tangle of contradictory impressions and sensations of which his writings are composed. To his foreign admirers he has represented the most characteristic qualities of the French genius; but foreigners who have been in touch with the younger French intellectuals know that of late years his position of pre-eminence has been a lonely one and that his attitude of sterile æstheticism and ironic negation no longer commands unqualified sympathy and assent. His death has of course evoked tributes of extraordinary warmth from men of every shade of opinion and belief; but this homage has been paid to the artist rather than to the thinker, and is of a very different character from that offered less than a year ago to the memory of Maurice Barrès. The public esteem accorded him differed, too, in kind as well as in degree from that accorded to Pierre Loti and Marcel Proust. (For, alas! in little more than a year the French have lost their four leading men of letters.)

The contrast between his reputation at home and abroad is not the only paradox in France’s life. Typically French though he was, he spoke to the widest European audience of all writers of our age. He was the offspring of the defeated generation of eighteen-seventy, yet he lived to offer his sword and devote his pen to the service of the Allies in the Great War. Preferring the cool seclusion of æsthetic and scholarly enjoyment, he nevertheless fought valiantly on more than one occasion in the arena of public life. He was a complete sceptic, yet was versed in the

subtleties of theological polemic; an anti-clerical, yet portraying with a fidelity born, surely, of affection a multitude of ecclesiastics. He viewed history as (in Gibbon's devastating words) "a record of the crimes and errors and follies of mankind"; yet to that melancholy record he was irresistibly attracted. He was an epicurean and voluptuary, yet dominated by the keenest sense of justice and easily swayed by pity. He was essentially critical, yet in a measure creative; cynical, yet touched by sentiment; cruel, and yet kind. The moment analysis begins to function, these and other contradictory traits appear, making it the more curious that the total impression of the man and his work remains singularly clear-cut, unified, and harmonious. A basic rhythm informs the diverse and undulating mass; there is no "constant and uniform judgment" but there is a constant and uniform point of view.

His death in Tours suggests a comparison with those great Tourangeaux, Rabelais and Ronsard, Descartes and Balzac. Tepid in his admiration for Rabelais, for he disliked loud tones and broad effects, he was Rabelaisian in the authentic sense of that much abused term in that he concealed a serious philosophy beneath ironic wit and mocking laughter. In common with Ronsard he was possessed of an ardent love of life and beauty and scholarship and France. To Descartes, howsoever little the easy resolution of the Cartesian "doubt" could satisfy him, he could not but owe—and he admitted the debt—something of his strictness of analysis and clarity of expression. From Balzac he differed as artistry differs from creative energy. He has himself called that master "the maker of a world," adding: "*Il ne faut pas être trop délicat pour créer un monde.*" The *Histoire contemporaine* betrays at more than one point indebtedness to Balzac's stories of provincial life, but in comparison with the *Comédie humaine* France's books mirror but a fragment of society. Such analogies might be pressed much further, for this heir to the central tradition of French art and letters recalls the qualities of many of his predecessors: Villon, Montaigne, Molière, Voltaire, Stendhal, Daudet, Taine, Renan.

Thoroughly French, he was also European. His mind and art stand out in clean, sharply defined profile against the background

of contemporary thought. To follow the academic mode and attempt to "place" a writer so personal, so illusive, so impalpable as Anatole France, were pedantry worse than idle; but certain broad relations may be briefly suggested. The closing decades of the century were marked by a philosophic gloom which mere material prosperity served rather to intensify than to alleviate. The past was strewn with errors and follies and the wrecks of creeds. The present was strident, hurried and confused. Thick darkness veiled the future. The few writers of recognised European eminence sounded a common note of pessimism. The "glad confident morning" of Browning's unreasoned optimism had given place to a sultry afternoon, presaging a night of storm. Meredith's vigorous naturalism became an anachronism. Rebellion, criticism and negation were voiced insistently. Tolstoi was dominant for a time. The vogue of Ibsen spread through Europe. Maeterlinck, followed by a little band of Gaelic singers, withdrew from struggle with the world into a mystical and mournful fairyland. Ruskin's æsthetic yielded in influence to Pater's cyrenaicism, which in turn degenerated into the petty cult of the French and English decadents with their squalid lusts and pitiable religiosity. Huysmans met with and recorded a complex spiritual experience. D'Annunzio surrendered with unscrupulous abandon to the beauty of material things and to the dictates of sense. Hardy, his sympathy tinged with bitterness, watched the vain efforts of humanity, bound to the wheel of an iron determinism and drawn hither and yon by the halcyons of an implacable and purposeless Will. The one positive and bracing note of the period is that of practical meliorism. Another note, equally positive but not, save for a few minds, invigorating, was expressed in devotion to art—art which comes to man proposing only to give the highest quality to the passing moment.

It was amidst this ferment that the voice of Anatole France was first heard beyond his own country; and there is scarcely an aspect of the turmoil that is not reflected in his writings. He made no such complete act of surrender to sensuality as did D'Annunzio, for lust is a serious matter and cannot brook irony and derision; but his nature was profoundly voluptuous, in the narrow English as well as in the broader French sense of the word, and he

devoted the sharpest scourges of his wit to the chastisement of asceticism. The same yearnings that inspired Maeterlinck to build his own world of myth and fancy wafted Anatole France into a dream-world of the past; for has he not said that to dream even more than to laugh distinguishes men from beasts and proves their superiority? The cool detached criticism of his early manhood evolved into the practical reforming zeal of the Dreyfus period and the Socialistic addresses; and presently this enthusiasm was derided with mordant bitterness which in its turn subsided into the mellow, urbane, and for the most part gracious irony of his final phase. For his scepticism has been so complete that often it has mocked and taunted the negative conclusions into which it has forced him.

Of all the bonds that connect him with other modern Europeans the strongest is, I think, that with Walter Pater. The analogy is so close as to warrant further examination, for it has been seldom indicated by the critics. France's fame has been immeasurably farther-reaching; he has achieved without courting it a vast popularity which Pater likewise never solicited. His writings possess qualities of wit and irony and felicity that set them altogether above those of the English cyrenaic. Nor will many people be found to prefer the elaborate harmonies of Pater's style to the exquisite clarity of the French master. Pater embroiders a somewhat limited surface with studied arabesque; France hides immense effort and erudition beneath an utter simplicity and limpidity of expression. Pater's constant, Flaubertesque struggles for fine distinctions and subtle half-tones of meaning compare unfavorably with France's perfect ease and assurance. Pater is solemn and slow-moving, France delicate and debonnair. Moreover France's range of interest is less confined than Pater's, though the circle of his basic thoughts has no longer radius. He is less cloistered, more intimately attached to life; and his cyrenaicism is more deeply rooted, his scepticism bolder and more consistent. Yet the resemblance in thought is as distinct as is the dissimilarity in style. Both men envisaged life from the same point of view. Both—Pater by precept, France by example—sought to rehabilitate the Epicurean ideal. Indeed, one might, echoing Pater, use the general title "Anatole the Epi-

curean: His Sensations and Ideas" to embrace all France's works. To both men, the present moment, set between "two hypothetical eternities," being the one thing certain in a fluctuating world, the problem is "how to give the highest quality to the moments as they pass." That highest quality is the gift of art. Scepticism creates a new and intense interest in the past, an interest which France long ago noted as a peculiar characteristic of the modern spirit, for "*la curiosité était née avec le doute*"; and this intellectual curiosity is a salient trait in the temperament alike of Pater and of France. From it come their repeated experiments, in essence critical rather than creative in the sense that the supreme imaginative writers create, to "reconstruct" past epochs of human history, the choice being invariably of periods of religious unrest and intellectual ferment. With more space at command one might draw up elaborate parallels between *Thaïs* and *Marius the Epicurean*, or between the *Imaginary Portraits* and *La Rotisserie de la Reine Pédauque*. Each writer is most expert in a form of prose narrative that is near akin to but never merges into the novel. The only characters in their stories who act and think with any approach to the fulness of life imparted by the great masters of fiction are projections of the writer's own personality. The comparison of France and Pater might easily be pushed much further. Their ethic (if so fluid a thing can be called by a name so stable) is similar, consisting as it does in an example of comeliness and elegance in the relations of life. Their philosophy of criticism is identical, for both are personal, subjective, impressionistic, and eclectic. And in a passage of Pater may be found the formula to synthesize the diverse traits of France's work: in that sentence where he pleads against "the stupidity which is dead to substance and the vulgarity which is dead to form."

II

All the world is acquainted with the story of the childhood and youth of François¹ Anatole Thibault, who in after years rendered illustrious the happily chosen pseudonym of Anatole France, and

[¹ I have often seen the statement that France's original first name was Jacques; but in a letter of his reproduced in *facsimile* lately I have read his own statement that it was François.
—AUTHOR.]

who is reincarnated as little Pierre Nozière in four volumes of autobiographic reminiscence thinly overlaid with fiction. I shall not take the bloom from that beautiful autumnal second flowering of lost youth by attempting to retell the tale. It is sufficient to remember that Anatole's father was a bookseller of the Quai Malaquais, of a type that has almost disappeared from Paris, though the Librairie Champion on the same quai still retains something of the old flavor. To Thibault's shop came the brothers De Goncourt and other *litterati*, not merely to purchase books but to linger and chat and pore over dusty volumes. The boy listened to their conversation, and browsed along the shelves and among the book-stalls which then, as now, lined the quais, gathering abundant material for reverie and ample suggestions for experiments in the adventure of living. These experiments never by any chance turned out successfully. His father seems not to have understood him; and his wise mother, who insisted that he stick to his letters instead of imitating Saint Simeon Stylites or some great military leader, impressed him as unsympathetic and uncomprehending, though she was not. The world of romance lay just enticingly beyond the limits of his daily walks with his old nurse.

He went reluctantly to school, learning in the class-room little save a detestation of pedantry. He visited the galleries of the Louvre across the river. He fell in love. He went to college. Taste, inclination, and environment joined to lead him into a career of letters; and in his first volume, a study of Alfred de Vigny (1868), he anticipated the methodless impressionism of his later criticism. The formative influences of the years of adolescence, while his mind was winning towards independence, were Leconte de Lisle, the De Goncourts, and especially Renan.

It was the period of the Parnassians, and the young author could not but publish in due course two volumes of firmly chiselled, tasteful, scholarly, and restrained verse, but cold, studied, and without glow. I have just turned anew to *Les Poèmes dorés* and *Les Noces corinthiennes*, and find in them, for all their polished assurance, no line or stanza that remains in the memory. But the poems are not negligible, for in them one sees the most personal of writers determined to conform to the doctrine of imper-

sonality in literature. Within a few years France had sweepingly denied, with quite exceptional peremptoriness, not only the desirability but the possibility of keeping the artist's self out of his work. Meanwhile his association with the Parnassians had inspired *Le Chat maigre*, a slight but witty skit upon the eccentricities of a literary cenacle. This is a first and trivial experiment in a manner which he was to resume with dire earnestness in later years, for in it we see the accomplished ironist turning, as the ironist must turn, upon himself and his associates. The atmosphere of *Le Chat maigre* is suggestive of Alphonse Daudet, whose influence upon Anatole France, though waning, had not disappeared when in 1881 he published *Le Crime de Sylvestre Bonnard*, the book which first brought him into general notice. Herein is much autobiography. Books and booksellers play as large a part in it as do architects in the early novels of Thomas Hardy, and for a like reason. Bonnard himself is France's first full-length self-portrait, not as he was then at the age of thirty-seven but as he foresaw his development in later life. The portrait is to be hung on the line with those of the Abbé Coignard and Monsieur Bergeret, while if the reader will he may "sky" the somewhat less successful replicas in *Le Lys rouge* and elsewhere.

Another early influence, more quickly discarded than that of Daudet, was the work of the De Goncourts. It is seen in the repellent little tale *Jocaste*, a piece of apprentice-work in "naturalism". He returned for no more lessons in that school, and his distaste for the theories, methods and productions of the naturalists led him on more than one occasion to attack Zola with less than his customary urbanity. He deprecates the "inhumanity" of these writers who would tear the veils and strip the adornments from life and in so doing would undo the world's long effort to render existence more beautiful, more gracious, more seemly. In an article on George Sand he wrote: "*L'art naturaliste n'est pas plus vrai que l'art idéaliste. Monsieur Zola ne voit pas l'homme et la nature avec plus de vérité que ne les voyait Madame Sand. Il n'a pour les voir que ses yeux comme elle avait les siens. . . . Naturalistes et idéalistes sont également les jouets des apparences. Les jouets des apparences!*" In the phrase there is the pith and fine distillate of the long series of critiques which he contributed

to the *Temps* and other journals and which are collected in the four volumes of *La Vie littéraire*.

III

To *Les Noces corinthiennes* was appended a prose note in which France describes the religious turmoil of the first Christian century, when "the triple world," at once Roman, Hellenic, and barbarous, lay open to an invasion of all the follies of morbid Oriental cults, outlandish prodigies, Thessalian magic, Etruscan rites, and a myriad of superstitions which poured over the strongholds of the religions of classical paganism. Keenly sensitive to "the fair humanities of old religion," he is yet already acutely aware of the relativity of truth. It must have been about this time that Flaubert's *Tentation de Saint Antoine* arrested his attention; and still more certain is the influence of Ernest Renan, the proximate master of Anatole France.

The final phase of Renan's life overlaps the first phase of France's maturity. The rugged work of the great sceptic's prime was well-nigh accomplished, and in old age he enjoyed the fire-side ease of scholarly dilettantism, condescending on occasion to flippancy. The war with Prussia, the foundation of the Third Republic, and the new vitality evident in the Catholic Church, were three facts which, running counter to his most firmly held opinions, strengthened Renan in his one remaining conviction—the distrust of all convictions. The motive which runs through his series of philosophic dramas and dialogues (his last great work) is that of the relativity and instability of all truth. In these brief and brilliant pieces (wherein the manner of Anatole France is more nearly anticipated than anywhere else in French literature) Renan seeks to distinguish between the infinitesimal shades through which opinion runs, from certitude, through the several degrees of probability, to the plausible, and on to the merely possible. In no programme, formula, preconception or system is absolute truth to be found. He doubts even the value of such a quest; perhaps were utter truth discovered it would prove to be a most melancholy thing. Thus Caliban, the protagonist of popular ignorance, dethrones Prospero, the personification of science; yet under the protection of Caliban Prospero completes his destiny

and dies in peace. Again, Antistius, the humanitarian priest of Nemi, seeks for the good of his people to abolish the ancient blood-thirsty ritual of Diana's temple, only to be himself immolated by that very people upon the altar of the Arician cult. By these and other parables Renan seeks to illustrate the tests of truth and probability which he had formulated years before in the preface to the *Vie de Jésus*. The various forms in which he set forth this doctrine of relativity made an ineradicable impression upon the mind of Anatole France. "*Je suis sûr de très peu de choses en ce monde*," says France; and of Jules Lemâitre he writes, in words that are applicable to himself: "*Il conçoit que sur toutes choses il y a beaucoup de vérités, sans qu'une seule de ces vérités soit la Vérité*." And elsewhere he announces "*le principe de notre éternelle ignorance, de l'ignorance à laquelle la condition d'hommes nous condamne, murés que nous sommes en nous-mêmes comme dans un rocher, et solitaires, hallucinés, au milieu du monde*." The so often praised "simplicity" of his style is not that naïveté which Baudelaire described as "*la domination du tempérament dans la manière*"; rather it is the last refinement of taste and scholarship, that "second ignorance" of which Pascal speaks and which is the outcome of long inquiry and fruitless knowledge. Renan had said: "*Je n'ai jamais pu croire que, dans aucun ordre de choses, il fût mauvais d'y voir trop clair*," only to become convinced that few indeed were the things which it was possible to see clearly at all. In one of several appreciations of Renan, France analysed his qualities as a combination of critical acumen and scientific scepticism with a vital sense of the divine and a secret instinct of the needs of the human soul. "*Sans croire, il est infiniment apte à saisir toutes les délicatesses des croyances populaires*." Yet the pupil makes free with the very master who endowed him with the gifts of scepticism and irony, for elsewhere we find the comment: "If we may believe this kindly shepherd of souls, . . . we shall all enter Paradise—unless, indeed, there be no Paradise, which is exceedingly probable." For Anatole France from the beginning of his career renounced the effort to discover absolute truth, thus starting from the point which his master reached only after decades of arduous intellectual effort. France jests without repeating Pilate's question.

It is this ultimate ignorance which renders the artist and thinker essentially of like sort with the *gendarme* and Crainquebille. "To think," says Anatole, "is to feel the tragic absurdity of life." Absurd, and therefore to be met with laughter; tragic, and therefore to be accorded pity. In his notice of one of Loti's books he remarks upon "the profound pity, the beautiful sympathy which it is the lot of beautiful natures to possess"; and elsewhere he has defined an "*honnête homme*" as one whose intercourse with his fellows is suave and confident, whose intelligence knows no fear, and whose soul is smiling and "*pleine d'indulgence*." With such a point of view it was impossible to enclose his mind within any system. One is reminded of the experiences recorded by Baudelaire. "*J'ai essayé plus d'une fois*," writes Baudelaire, "*de m'enfermer dans un système pour y prêcher à mon aise. . . . Et toujours un produit spontané, inattendu, de la vitalité universelle venait donner un démenti à ma science*." Only France never made the fruitless attempt.

Murés en nous-mêmes! "Walled within ourselves!" Within that narrow chamber there is little room for any certitude; and at most France permitted himself but a diffident trust in his sensations, without ever affirming them to be valid for other people. He has declared that every book and every landscape takes on a different and distinct form in the eyes of each person who perceives it and in the soul of each person who conceives it. "*L'esprit du vrai critique*," Baudelaire had said, "*comme l'esprit du vrai poète, doit être ouvert à toutes les beautés*." Anatole France possessed and exercised this receptivity, being ever ready to taste and enjoy any "spontaneous and unexpected product of the universal vitality." The chances are less, he reckons, of our admiration deceiving us utterly if we admire very diverse things. He has been aptly called "the Don Juan of ideas and feelings, desiring to caress and possess them all"; and like Charles Lamb, he is an Ariel of criticism, carried on the wings of fancy from flower to flower.

IV

By middle life France was firmly established in popular reputation and his vogue had spread abroad. We find Henry James,

for example, recommending this "real master" to R. L. Stevenson, who refused to regard him as other than a mere "pretty writer." *Thaïs* (1890) was the offspring of the intensely energetic and fecund period which lasted till about 1908. Popularized by the sentimental and inappropriate music of Massenet, whose librettist passes in silence over the tremendous episodes following Paphnuce's return to the desert, this romance has often been pronounced, even by good judges, a concession to sentimentality. In reality it is one of France's largest studies in irony. The *volte-face* which he invariably accomplishes comes when, having retold with insidious loveliness the old legend of the conversion of the Alexandrian courtesan, he narrates the after-courses of the monk's life when, the prey to pride, the *fons et origio* of all the sins, his soul becomes hideous as a vampire. Considered more broadly, the book is, like *Marius*, a picture of the last days of the ancient pagan world at whose death-bed stands Christianity, its inheritor. A perfect mosaic of scholarship drawn from a thousand sources, it is yet pieced together in a smooth and lustrous pattern with a mastery that invites comparison with the laborious and bristling documentation of *Salammbô*. The slyly reticent sensuality of some episodes points forward to Pierre Louys's *Aphrodite* and to the indiscretions in France's last romance, *La Révolte des Anges*. The characteristic interest in conflicting creeds includes allusions to that Manichæan heresy which has fired the imagination of so many modern sceptics. These allusions provide a key to the dualism of *La Révolte*. In a manner more indirect and subtle than that of Pater or Renan, France hints at semblances inherent in modern problems and ideas.

Such allusions to contemporary thought become more open in *La Rotisserie de la Reine Pédauque* and *Les Opinions de Maître Jérôme Coignard* (both 1893). The former has generally and rightly been regarded as France's masterpiece. It is not so well constructed as *Thaïs*, but its very looseness of articulation renders it more typical. The Abbé Coignard is one of the very few figures in his books that have captured the popular imagination and have been retained in it as types. He is, like Bonnard and Bergeret, a "portrait of the artist as an old man." He is kindly, tolerant, sceptical, learned, tasteful, voluptuous, witty; a composite, were

such possible, of the virtues of Epicurus and Saint Francis. A wealth of fancy and scholarship is lavished upon this dream-like evocation of the spirit of the *Arabian Nights* wafted into eighteenth-century France.

Le Lys rouge (1894) is an aberration, a solution of continuity in Anatole's development. The sentimentalism which some readers find in *Thaïs* is on the surface of this story of modern life. The talent for delicate landscape-drawing, which had provided the lovely background of the Alexandrian romance, is now more ambitiously employed upon the elaborate evocation of the Florentine atmosphere. The characters are largely transcripts from actuality; and the portrait of one woman is generally known to be the caricature of a certain English æsthetician. France is here guilty of a bad taste similar to that which permitted his "Boswell," M. Paul Gsell, to introduce the episode of Professor Brown into *Les Matinées de la Villa Saïd*. The true line of growth was resumed in the four volumes of the *Histoire contemporaine* (1896-1901), known to all lovers of Anatole as "the Bergeret books." Under the thin disguise of "editorial" notes France had already introduced into *La Rotisserie* allusions to current ideas, preparing the way for the complete abandonment of his position of serene detachment which came about when he championed the cause of Dreyfus in the famous *Affaire*. To narrate his part in this *cause célèbre* would take me beyond due bounds. It is enough to say that his sense of justice combined with his anti-clerical and anti-militaristic sentiments to ally him with Zola in the struggle which at length secured Dreyfus's rehabilitation. The *Affaire* occupies a large portion of the last two volumes of the Bergeret tetralogy. And later, in *L'Ile des Pingouins* (1908), a parable of the history of modern France, he excoriates both parties to the quarrel. From his championship of Dreyfus he was led on to connect himself with the radical wing of the Socialist Party, his articles and speeches being later collected in the somewhat uncharacteristic volume, *Vers les Temps meilleurs*. It is very doubtful whether France, in moments of cool and aloof self-criticism, really believed that humanity was moving towards better times. Certainly the final pages of *L'Ile des Pingouins* bear no witness to such a faith. In the same year

with that mordant satire there appeared the biography of Joan of Arc upon which France had been working for twenty years. Inspired in part by his interest in the development of popular legend, in part by his anti-clericalism, and in part by the example of Renan's *Vie de Jésus*, this life of the national heroine was widely regarded as an offence similar to Voltaire's *Pucelle*. Andrew Lang's rival and contrasting biography quickly followed; and in one of his letters Henry James contrasts "Andrew bristlingly yet *bêtement* wrong, and Anatole sinuously, yet oh so wisely, right!"

The fine gesture at the beginning of the Great War and the nationalistic attitude which Anatole France at once assumed under stress of those heroic times are remembered by everyone. There followed six years of mellow and cloistered ease. *Datur hora quieti*. He found himself out of touch and sympathy with various tendencies in his country, and turned back to his own childhood, weaving from old memories new pictures of Petit Pierre. His last public utterance, characteristic alike in its grace and in its subdued irony, was, I believe, the tribute to Byron on the occasion of the centenary last April: "*Il est beau de mourir jeune, pour une cause étrangère, sur la terre des vrais dieux.*"

V

A disillusioned philosophy wins little popular attention unless it be conveyed to men in terms of beauty. France's function was to transmute ideas into beauty. The skeleton at his feast is robed in fine linen and crowned with flowers. The heavenly alchemy of his style gilds the pale clouds of his thought. Style, he said, "*c'est à dire les nuances infinies de la pensée.*" The definition suggests his limitations. His quality is that of finished artistry rather than creative energy. None of his books, save possibly *Thaïs*, is well constructed. Not only does he lack imaginative inventiveness but he questions the power of the imagination to invent. His narratives are deficient in action, and what action there is moves generally through inarticulated episodes. By choice he turns to subjects which lend themselves to loose treatment. His books would have furnished illustrative material to the old æstheticians and psychologists who debated the distinction between the imagination and the fancy. In delicate

landscape, daintily suggested atmosphere, epigrammatic dialogue, arch allusion, insinuated thought, covert irony, perpetual under-statement, and lucid graciousness, his art is supreme. He is never confused or pompous or empty or obscure. He is more than the perfect expression of the genius of the French language, though he has the colour of the Renaissance, the dignity of *le grand siècle*, and the clarity of Voltaire. He is the type of the Latin genius, *le Génie latin*. His is the last refinement, the quintessence of the Latin tongue.

I fear that I have laid hands somewhat heavy and pedantic upon the most polished, subtle and impalpable of literary artists. If so, the remedy lies in his books. You will find no heaviness or pedantry there.

SAMUEL C. CHEW.

ORA PRO NOBIS

BY STARK YOUNG

I SAT down at my table at Teresa Fusco's a little after noon on that day in August, with the light from the sun pouring over all things, over the spaces of the pavement stones, over the reeds growing in great jars to screen the café from the café next door, over the water of the bay, and in the distance over the island of Capri and the long shore toward Sorrento and the Amalfi road. Out in front of me, at the end of the raised causeway from the quai, rose the shape of the Castel dell' Ovo, brown, golden, sharp with shadows and white light. Overhead hung the same brown, the same shadows, shot with rifts of the same light, where the awning stretched above the tables. And near at hand, lapping constantly at the quai, the water lay. A little inlet of the Bay of Naples glittered and washed, and on it, in the gleaming blue and the sunlight, moved the boats, fishing boats, skiffs, and tiny sail boats gliding back and forth and curving here and there upon the bright water, with their white sails, the streak of their masts, sailing and gliding through the light, and over the water and through the music that filled the air.

Antica Trattoria, it was called, and the guests were sailors, prostitutes, tradesmen, and families with children; and, scattered around, men of other ports, Greeks, Sicilians, an Arab or two and sailors from the islands south and east. The musicians were playing, a violin, a mandolin and a guitar; the voice of the violin poured out, unbrokenly, high, shrill, a little wild. It spread into the air, with the rustle of the awning, the flap of the sails, the cries of the boatmen and the hum of voices everywhere, and with the lapping of the water close at hand. And underneath the violin the strum of the guitar bound the music to the scene, to the earth underfoot and to the pulse of life around.

I ordered my lunch and sat there, with the music in my ears, around and about me, and in my eyes the far-off sky and the

shining water with the sails gliding back and forth. To the poetic and intense mind every moment moves within a quality larger than itself. No moment exists to itself but is a participation in a continuous life. From this larger quality and continuity every moment and every action and thought draws down upon it a beauty and lustre and significance. And now at this hour in this Italian August these sails before me there in that wide air moved in and out of the music; they glided and dipped and curved and glinted and went and came again, all in that streaming music that held the place and gave to all the elements present, to the visible aspects, the living voices and movements, the wind and light and space, a unity. Life there lay pooled within itself, deeply and simply, and at the same time open, without bounds, and luminous like noon. All life, I thought, moves in music.

In the midst of these thoughts, my eye fell at length on a young man sitting at a table in the corner. I had seen him daily at the hotel above the town, walking about the terraces, standing at twilight after dinner looking out over the bay and the sea, doubled over in the library writing letter after letter, always alone. I had never spoken with him, though I had wondered what things might be in that troubled head of his, what thoughts carried him through so many solitary hours, and led him up and down the terraces and gardens in moods so fixed and constant.

I looked at him now as he sat there. The light outside shone over his pale, fine hair like a bright dust. He was perhaps twenty-six or seven. The eyes were looking out of that face directly and yet at the same time vaguely; they were gray eyes, large and heavy, the lids of them a little red. The nose was straight and clear, with wide nostrils. The mouth was loose and pale and a trifle conscious of itself; the chin was square and heavy without being firm, like a plagiarism, in fact, of manliness. Looking at him your intuition told you that this young man would be neither satisfactory nor interesting; but your curiosity wanted more and more to know just why that should be so. In the course of time our eyes met over an ominous basket of sea urchins that the *padrona* passed about for the tables to see; we smiled at the sight, and I went over and sat down at his table. We began to talk.

I had seen him so many times at the hotel, I said, he had seemed

to me an artist at work; if so, I added with a handsome platitude, I hoped his purpose was finding happy results.

Seeing him and taking him for an artist had plainly been the right thing to do, for the young man began shyly but with a strange fluency to talk. Meanwhile his eyes looked into mine and around and about us and off into space by turns. Every now and then he gave a little, timid laugh, and when he did so you could see his white, strong teeth.

From this beginning on I said little more. I seemed to have opened up a stream, ideas, observations, remarks, intimacies, philosophies, coursing one after another, uttered neither fast nor slow, sometimes with direct implications, sometimes with no connections whatever that I could trace; mad, learned, wild, egotistical things, things that I would not have believed if I had not heard them with my own ears.

He had been born in Central America, of a Catholic family, he had attended a Catholic college, then a country college of engineering, then he had studied architecture. He had had two years in a New England college. Now he was at school at a German university, he was in his third year of Medicine and was to be a doctor.

At one time he had decided to be a Catholic Archbishop. An Archbishop was a man who celebrated mass, wearing those rich vestments of the Roman Catholic Church; mass was a grave dance where all the movements were significant. That dream, like many other dreams that he had had, passed away at last, to his relief (he was glad to confess). He had followed natural reactions, he was no longer a Catholic, and today he was just civilized—whatever he meant by that.

I began to ask God and the saints to help me to remember clearly the extraordinary remarks of this young man. He spoke, in a way, so very well, as if he had written many of the things he said or had composed them and practised them for the golden moment when he might express them to some right listener or perhaps, I found myself thinking, I fear, to any listener at all. And with every other sentence a truth seemed imminent, something of depth and value, brilliance even, though it never quite arrived; the speech flowed on past into mirage again, until there was a hint

of humiliation to hear your best theories and your finest thoughts so easily thrown up into the air and off again, and back into this rosy, rattling limbo of words.

He often had the feeling when he read certain authors that he was of the same blood as they. "This man," he would say to himself of the author as he read, "says what I think, he must be a relative of mine, though our names are different." Sometimes he would search out a picture of such an author; he would show it to a friend, yes, the friend would admit, you look like him. A critic once had written that the movements in a statue must have beginning and end; he had known that instinctively when he was quite young. If the critic, as it seemed, got such a thing out of himself they must indeed be descended from some common ancestor. If there had been any permanence about art he would have given himself up to it. Also it must be confessed if he had felt really sure of success, he would have stuck it out, but the prospect of failure seemed terrible to him. Still it ought to be true that he, by profession, a doctor, ought to be able to act, to be an actor.

"Are men happy in an industrial civilization?" he asked you. Still, he did not think that artists could give so much to the world as men of science. When the time comes when men of science have made the world a fit place for humanity to live in, ah! then, he granted you, there would be time for artists. He did not think that many of us have a right to become artists, in the professional way, so long as humanity suffered as humanity is suffering today, do you see? Besides so many people as artists would be useless, but as doctors they could help a little.

The trattoria was almost empty, the visitors gone off to their work or pleasure in the town. A little crowd of people stood near the spot where the musicians played; the violin, the mandolin, the guitar were still playing, and now and then one of the musicians stepped forward out of line a foot or so, singing parts of the music in a shrill, unmodulated voice, *La Bella Spagniola* now, and a moment afterward the *Fox Trot de la Nostalgia*. The young man talked on. I smoked cigarette after cigarette; he declined, he thought tobacco most injurious to the system.

He began to tell me of a long mirror that he had in his room

back at the German university. In front of that mirror when he had time, and that was mostly in vacations, he liked to act and dance. *La Vida es Sueno*, did I know that drama of Calderon's? He often tried to dance that play, trying to get the right attitudes for that soliloquy where the young man—who must have looked as he did—is in the lonely tower a prisoner; but the attitudes would not come, so he decided to act and not look in the mirror till he felt that he had the right attitude and expression. Everyone, he added philosophically, knew how it is with the face, it is as expressionless and shallow as a wax doll's at a barber's. But from one's body and gestures much more could be got.

He went on talking about this acting and these thoughts, sometimes on the verge of saying a wonderful thing, and almost as soon muddling it into chaos. Zarathustra said, he said, "*Ich bin nicht der mund für dissen Ohren*" (or something like it) and Oscar Wilde in *De Profundis* said that Christ wanted to be a voice to the voiceless.

"I want to be a voice to the voiceless," the young man almost shouted, as he rose slightly from his chair, and some of the Italians around looked up for a moment as if merely to see what new mad *forestiero* had come among them. "I want to be ears to those who have no opportunity for hearing. For that I must combine many arts. First I must be able to cure men's bodies, *mens sana in corpore sano*, if that is the quotation. Only with healthy bodies have men a right to go to other things. And there, you see, come the rest of my aptitudes for making people more happy into play! 'Yet do not grieve though thou hast not thy bliss, Forever wilt thou love and she be fair.'" He added, did I like Keats? I said that I did, much of Keats. The young man went on—

He had been brought up on a plantation that belonged to his father, he grew up seeing no white people—surrounded by Indians whose language he never understood—except the members of his family. He had seen a man on the ground being beaten with long elastic rods till he bled. Also many others treated like animals. And in the midst of the misery in Europe after the war he had discovered that there was no fatherly God.

He talked on about Zarathustra and the saying that God was

dead, which he had not at first understood. Were there not sunsets and trees after rain? There must be a God! He had watched rivers at sunset and tried to tear from them the secret of our nature, as Goethe might say.

Such moments he must bring to others. But his work he must bring to the Amerindians.

On he went, then, this young man, always seeming to be on the verge of something, something beautiful, rich, full of light and implication, and always ending in nothing. And yet one listened to him, and marked his searching, vague eyes and his loose pale lips.

And still people were so strange, he observed in the midst of other opinions, and the human body was a thing so complex, so filled with mystery. Take Lord Bacon, who always went into a syncope at an eclipse of the moon; and Erasmus, who fainted at the smell of fish; and Catherine de Medici, who swooned to see a rose, even in a picture.

When he was a child, he said, he heard that he was descended from the family of San Antonio. St. Anthony was a Saint, and it followed that he too had to be one. But of course he could not hope to become a saint, but he would try to be good, he would not tease his dog any more (he really did not think he teased his dog, because he loved him so much he always noticed the times his dog got pale, but he probably thought he did not treat him well enough). He had had to be worthy of his ancestors.

He did not know how he should reach the Amerindians. In New York he had worked in a Settlement House, but from Settlements he did not hope anything for the mass of the ignorant and oppressed. His experience in Europe since the war had made him sceptical of our culture—it is superficial, things have to be lived to become a part of ourselves. Material prosperity is necessary up to a certain point. What the Labor Party in England would do to secure a man's material prosperity is right. But more is needed.

From organized religion he hoped little—he poured himself a glass of water and drank it as if he were perishing—hoped little. He himself was officially a Quaker today, and he thought Quakerism would be more helpful than Roman Catholicism, but that was

a personal thing. Almost everyone had his own religion, and he did not want people to have any dealings with sects and such antiquated rot.

As a physician he hoped to reach the Indians and perhaps eventually he might organize something, but he trusted it would not be necessary to organize anything, as organizations like all things run their course and afterward they remain like a dead weight hindering men from going after better things.

Did I think he looked at all like the heads in the earlier Titian? If I had read Whitman I might remember the line, "Who knew too well the sick, sick dread lest the one he loved might secretly be indifferent to him," in *Calamus*. These marvelous lines he quoted, and dashed from them at once into others known to me. But, he said, the finest thing of all about love, something that said everything to be told of it, its power, its universality and its irony as well, was in the Greek Anthology. "This man, mean, inconsiderable, yes, a slave, this man is loved and is lord of another's soul."

Would this young man have no mercy, I thought, would he mock me to the end? To quote thus this incomparable poetry, that rose above our experience, scattering beauty and darkness in its wake! With these remembered words from those great lips out of the past so to bring his hearer up to a pitch where he himself was not—

I must at this point have begun to look as well as to be silent, for the young man, as his eye roved upon me, paused for a little before he went on. There was for a change an interval of silence. Then he brought me safely back to our mild chaos of folly.

As for falling in love, he said, and the pretty ring time, Landor had written that to the strongest natures love is always of second interest. He himself could tell me as we sat there, he had been in love once, but love was not sufficient; *odi et amavi*, as Catullus said. And *sed excrucior* you are tortured. He had met this girl on a voyage across the Atlantic. At last she had won her family's consent to be alone, to try her career; she had written poetry; she was dreaming of being a great poet. One of the poems she had written to him—he could recite me the

whole of it—however, they had talked and talked. She loved him, his dreams had been hers. But before the voyage ended she had changed somehow, he never knew why. She had retreated from him and said nothing why. Ah, well, he said, as for love, one moved on and into a life of aspiration and effort.

I cannot remember what came then, for I had begun to listen somewhat faintly. It was like hearing a burlesque of memoirs, an anthology of philosophic fragments, a modern lecture symposium, the confessions of a rambling and loose young saint; but it was also too continuous and vague and copious to follow without moments of absence in one's own thoughts. In such a confusion of chatter I found, as you do in a kaleidoscope, designs, ideas that remained out of a confusion of patterns, and dilated themselves in the mind. I could hear the voice, beautiful, rich, prophetic, going on and on, see the nervous hands moving, and feel the body shifting and conscious of itself beside the table. I only know that the speaker went on rather infinitely. And then finally, and all of a sudden, I think, something was being said that I heard. I recall exactly the words of it.

The young man had been talking about his life at Williams College, somehow, and then about Socialism, I have no idea just how; and then he must have drifted to his early life. I took in very little of it. "And here I stand today," he said, "not sorry I selected medicine." Then he said straight along as if he had written out all this long ago for himself:

"In my childhood I heard the Litany that is said with the Rosary in Latin, in the deep, tropical evening. And I remember once I was standing looking at the distant sea—so distant that it was only like a silvery streak in the horizon hardly to be distinguished from the sky—leaning against a tree and my sisters were reciting the Litany in Latin and I and a younger brother I had, who died when I was about fifteen (we were brought up together), answering '*Ora Pro Nobis*'; but my sisters did not know the Litany very well, and that made them laugh in such a happy, innocent way. The place where we stood was very high and mountainous, and the evening with its colors and its silence enveloped us and the whole prospect."

He talked on after that for some time, but I heard nothing of

what he said. At length he excused himself and went away, up the steps from the quai to Santa Lucia.

Teresa Fusco's was deserted now, save for some women and old, bent sailors tying a net in a far corner. The evening had not yet begun. The little boats that had crowded the water nearby had gone to their fishing and their small cargoes of freight; some were tied up along the edge. The sails were furled, a few of them, but most of them had put to sea. The place was quiet, the bay lay there in the full light of afternoon. The musicians had long since gone. And I sat on there for a long time, thinking. I was moved, lifted out of the time and the place by the thing that this man had created, something so beautiful and pure and complete, all of a sudden in the midst of his intense and scatter-brained monologue and his jumble of egotism, confession and culture. I had the sense then of a surrounding unity in all life, of life moving in music, of the participation of this moment in some wide and deathless perfection. I was humbled to think of our ignorance and crass haste, and of how in the drab substance of life suddenly something divine appears. Out of this fluent muddle of meditation, study and personal mood, and from this vague, erratic and powerless being, I had seen created this picture,—the Litany, and innocence, gentle affection, that elevation and that simplicity, in the evening light,—and I had heard the inexplicable cadence of the words. I had tears in my eyes as I heard again in my mind what the young man had said; in his childhood, hearing the Litany, said with the Rosary in Latin, in that deep tropical evening.

Leaning against a tree and looking at that distant sea and sky —“and my sisters were reciting the Litany in Latin and I and a younger brother I had, who died when I was about fifteen (we were brought up together), answering ‘*Ora Pro Nobis*’. But my sisters did not know the Litany very well, and that made them laugh in such a happy, innocent way. The place where we stood was very high and mountainous and the evening with its colors and its silence enveloped us and the whole prospect.”

Ora Pro Nobis, and pity us for what we do not know. And I thought of how defenseless and immortal life is, and of the eternal surprise in all things.

STARK YOUNG.

LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE: POET AND CRITIC

BY LLEWELLYN JONES

WHILE popular English writers are as well known in America as in England, there is a lag of a few years in our recognition of English writers in what may be called the severer modes—or at least the modes that do not appeal to popular taste. The chief reason for this is purely adventitious. It is our tariff on imported books. Unless an author is almost certain to appeal to a large audience, in which case his book will be manufactured in America, the publisher can import only a small edition in sheets and sell it at a relatively high price. That means that he cannot do anything to push the book, and so the author who is not known, so to speak, to begin with, has very little chance with the American public.

Thus Lascelles Abercrombie, one of the most widely recognized poets of the present day in England, and the author of several important works of criticism, is known at first hand to only those American readers who in 1908 saw his *Interludes and Poems*, or in 1912 saw *Emblems of Love*, both imported. Since then he has published a number of books in England, but, with the exception of his poems in one or two volumes of *Georgian Poetry*, none of his work has been published in America.

That Mr. Abercrombie's early work did not immediately surmount the handicap of being imported in a very small edition is due in part to its character and in part to our taste. His books came when we in America were having a very self-conscious renaissance of interest in poetry, and we were particularly interested at the time in free verse and that limited sort of poetry called imagism—the appeal to the visual, tactile and auditory senses.

But if (let the injustice be condoned for the sake of convenience) we were to sum up Mr. Abercrombie in a phrase, we should have to say that he is the poet of nobility: nobility in love—and

nobility contrasted with ignobility—the drama of life as lived by people with ideals, sometimes imperfect ones, but ideals which line their holders against the forces of environment. These, of course, are major themes, and our critics and anthologists were not in sympathy with them. Thus in *The New Poetry*, edited by Harriet Monroe and Alice Corbin Henderson, Lascelles Abercrombie is not represented.

Born in 1881, Mr. Abercrombie in years and in certain of his publishing arrangements has been associated with the so-called Georgian group of poets—he was, for example, one of the four, Brooke, W. W. Gibson and John Drinkwater being the others, who issued *New Numbers*, a quarterly periodical of their own work which might have been running yet if the war had not ended its publication—and ended the life of Rupert Brooke. But Mr. Abercrombie is not a Georgian poet in the “school” sense of the term. From his thought to his language and his rhythm he is strikingly individual.

To read his early poetry and then to read his theoretical essays on art is to be reminded of Yeats’s dictum that in poetry a man expresses his anti-self, that is to say, whatever in life he is not. Thus, according to Yeats, Landor’s marmoreal quality in his verse was determined by and was the obverse of his fiery tempered and passionate attitude toward life; Keats’s love of palaces and luxury in his verse was a compensation for the lack of them in his daily living; Lady Gregory’s all-forgivingness to the characters in her comedies is the obverse of her tendency in life to pass judgments on friend and foe. I do not think the generalization a very sound one, but it is interesting to see how, in the case of Mr. Abercrombie, a man of scholarly interests, by profession a teacher, and a most lucid exponent of æsthetic theory, goes, in his early poetry especially, to country people, to illiterate people and to people of the most violent passions, for his themes and for his situations. Indeed with few exceptions his characters are all people of the earth—and country earth at that—who draw their sustenance and their culture alike from Nature. They are people of strong passions, and he likes to exhibit them in violent crises. This does not mean that Mr. Abercrombie is melodramatic; even in his most violent dramas he is exhibiting human

character, and in his later work he has depended less and less on the unusual circumstance as a factor in the drama.

The two books to which I have already referred, *Interludes and Poems* and *Emblems of Love*, are at present out of print. One of the finest poems in the earlier, and characteristic of much of the author's work, is "Blind" in which an old beggar woman has brought up her blind son with one object: when they meet the father who deserted her before the child was born, the son must use the strength of his arm to strangle the man. The lad, a natural poet in feeling, though rather "simple", is constantly being drilled in his task:

. . . "Here, my son,
Let me make sure again of your arms' strength:
Ay, these are proper cords; and there'll be need
To take him firmly when we find him, child.
Active he is and tall and beautiful,
And a wild anger in him.—See here, boy,
My throat's his throat; take it as you will his,
No, tighter, tighter, where's your strength?
Ah—"

Son.—"O mother, did I hurt you?"

Mother.—"Simple lad,
You weren't half cruel enough; you barely brought
The red flames into my eyes this time at all.
Oh, but it's good the grip you have, and good
To feel it on me, try the pains of those
Who strangle; they will be *his* some day."

And then the mother, leaving her son at a gorse fire she has kindled, goes off to beg for food. The son muses by the fire, going over in his mind those experiences of daily life which he feels keenly but lacks words to express—relatively, that is, for his meditation is an opportunity which his creator does not fail to make the most of:

I like this hour the best of all the day:
The evening cool upon my skin, the dark
And stillness, like a wing's shelter bending down.
I've often thought, if I were tall enough
And reacht my hand up, I should touch the soft
Spread feathers of the resting flight of him
Who covers us with night, so near he seems

Stooping and holding shadow over us,
 Roofing the air with wings. It's plain to feel
 Some large thing's near, and being good to us.
 But you it is, fire, who mainly make
 This time my best. I love to be alone
 Except for you, and have a talk with you.
 What are you? There, I'm always asking that,
 And never get but laughing flames for answer.
 But I believe I've found you out at last.
 You, fire, are the joy of things; there's naught
 Would stay in its own self, if it could find
 How to be fire and joy. For you're the escape
 From strictness and from nature laid on stuff
 That once was freedom, still remembering it
 Under its show of tameness; and there is
 Nothing that is not waiting for a chance
 Out of duty to slip, and give way madly
 To the old desire it has in it of joy,
 Standing up in a flame and telling aloud
 That it is fire and no more a shape.
 The wonder is, when here some leaves and furze
 Have found the way to burn, the whole wide land
 Leap not up in a wild glee of fire,
 For all the earth's a-tiptoe to join in. . . .

That is a remarkable expression of how the feeling of life and its *élan* would come to one who is blind, and it is also one way of expressing an attitude toward life and freedom that we shall find the poet exhibiting again and in other ways. To come back to the drama here enacted, the boy's meditation is interrupted by the appearance of a tramp who talks to him and who, it appears, has that very skill in words which the boy is seeking. While they are talking, the mother reappears, and soon begins to recognize in this battered tramp the man who in her thought of him was still active and tall and beautiful. Her old love returns, and she—made by that return oblivious of her former intention—tells the boy that here is his father and that from now on they will be together. The lad, thinking that his mother's cunning way of signalling him, does just what she had told him to. And the sheer tragedy is heightened by the feeling of his mother, while she is talking to her old lover, that some danger impends—but she cannot, she tells him, think what it is.

It will be seen that this is a tragedy in which circumstance plays a part, and in *Deborah*, a three act play published in 1913, circumstance again plays a part—an almost Hardyian part—but in his later plays Mr. Abercrombie has put ever more emphasis upon character and less on outer happening.

Before mentioning those, however, we must look into *Emblems of Love*, a volume of poems on the general theme of the secular growth of love, from the days when primitive man looked upon woman as sacred because she was the mother of the tribe's increase, through the days when she became primarily an instrument of pleasure, until the perfect fulfillment of love in self-conscious individuality. Many poets, of course, have tried to elevate love into a spiritual rather than a biological or hedonistic activity, and usually they have done it by adopting the conceptual framework of Platonism. The results have often been artificial and certainly today are not very convincing. Mr. Abercrombie has too keen an intellect to be satisfied with a framework which is, to modern people, only a metaphor. So instead of the Platonic idea he envisages love as a possibility—an ideal but not a pre-existent and static one. Given, then, the possibility, we are only living, in the value-creating sense of the term, in so far as we strive toward that possibility. And from that point of view, remembering that the power addressed is not a thing, even a Platonic thing, but a "chance" so to speak to succeed, it is no longer a Platonic conceit but a literal truth to say, as Mr. Abercrombie does say in the "Hymn to Love" announcing the theme of this volume:

We are thine, O Love, being in thee and made of thee.
As thou, Love, were the deep thought
And we the speech of the thought; yea, spoken are we
Thy fires of thought outspoken:

But burn'd not through us thy imagining
Like fierce mood in a song caught,
We were as clamour'd words a fool may fling,
Loose words of meaning broken. . . .

And the hymn goes on to picture the futility of life lived merely on the natural plane and not taken up and given significance by this permanent possibility, as one might call it, of significance and meaning:

Yea, Love, we are thine, the liturgy of thee,
 Thy thought's golden and glad name.
 The mortal conscience of immortal glee,
 Love's zeal in Love's own glory.

And as Mr. Abercrombie has placed—to drop for a moment into technicalities—accent marks on his first stanza it is evident that he sees the likelihood that his stanza form may be misread. The second lines have four beats, “Thou, Love” each carrying a beat, and “deep thought” likewise.

Of the poems which follow, possibly “Vashti” and “Judith” are at once the most dramatic and the most revealing. In the former we have Ahasuerus's conception of love as the tired king's ivory tower, and Vashti's satirical reply to him from the point of view of the woman who has become conscious of herself as person and not merely as instrument of pleasure. And in “Judith” we have the woman suddenly come into consciousness of the spirit of virginity. It is after Judith has given herself to Holofernes that she may kill him and save Bethulia that the praise of her townsmen suddenly reveals to her the spiritual uselessness of her sacrifice. It is their blindness to the essential thing she has lost—their taking it for granted—that suddenly comes to her as an astounding insult. She turns upon them and bids them cease praising her, for she has not, after all, killed Holofernes. They assure her that it was none but her—could it be said that any one or more of them had done it?—and Judith answers:

No, nor I.
 That corpse was not his death. He is alive,
 And will be till there is no more a world
 Filled with his hidden hunger, waiting for souls
 That ford the monstrous waters of the world.
 Alive in you is Holofernes now,
 But fed and rejoicing; I have filled your hunger.
 Yea, and alive in me: my spirit hath been
 Enjoyed by the lust of the world, and I am changed
 Vilely by the vile thing that clutcht on me.
 Like sulphurous smoke eating into silver.
 Your song is all of this, this your rejoicing;
 You have good right to circle me with song!
 You are the world, and you have fed on me.

But the poem should be read in its entirety to see the full force of Judith's conception of what virginity is, spiritually, and her scorn of the citizens who by the manner of their acceptance of her sacrifice show her that to them her spirit as a thing in itself is naught.

Mr. Abercrombie's later poetry, with one or two exceptions, notably "The Sale of St. Thomas", has been in dramatic form and is included in *Four Short Plays* and *Phœnix*. Of the short plays "The End of the World" may be mentioned for its humorous exploitation of the reactions of a number of people to the prospect of the imminent destruction of the world. The characters are country people, a farmer, a wainwright, a carpenter and others. An extremely hot day, with a haystack fire on the horizon, gives color to the tale of a wandering "dowser"—a man who finds hidden water—that a comet then visible in the sky is about to collide with the earth and end it. What ensues may be called a comedy of the transvaluation of values. Huff, the self-righteous carpenter, to take one example, at first greets the coming event as if it had been staged expressly to punish Shale, the laborer, and Huff's wife with whom Shale had run away—though he had not even done Huff the honor of running very far—some time before. He gloats over the picture of Shale and Mrs. Huff cringing as they begin to feel the ineluctable rise of temperature, while he, the righteous man who left even his vengeance to God, remains psychically and one would imagine from his talk even physically cool. But when he does begin to think about himself and his past life, a curious thing happens. The essentially factitious nature of his piety is revealed by his sudden repentance of it. He remembers opportunities for carnal sin that he had not taken advantage of, and as it was really fear and not goodness that had prompted this abstinence, he is now regretting it. And in the midst of this regret Shale walks into the inn parlor, dragging Mrs. Huff, whom he would fain deliver to her rightful lord so that he may not have her on his hands in the final moment. The whole thing is done with a fine sense of humor, a command of a true country speech that is yet raised to the level of poetry, and a real insight into human nature.

In *Phœnix: a Tragicomedy*, the latest of Mr. Abercrombie's

plays, we have a fine study of nobility, ignobility, and a simple and natural sort of non-nobility that is not ignoble. Phoenix is a young prince in a small and ancient Grecian kingdom, and just when he has killed his first tiger and is enraptured with the life of manly action, he comes home to find that his father has a strange woman in the palace. Phoenix does not know that she is a bought woman with whom the old King fancies himself in love. The Queen, jealous of her rights and status, uses Phoenix to lure the bought woman from the King; and succeeds but at a cost which she had not reckoned. It is a tragicomedy in which the comedy is a subtle revelation of the ignobility of the King's character and the utter simplicity of Rhodope's. When the King brings her to the top of his palace he talks in this strain:

Amyntor.—“This is my pleasant place; and here we'll keep
A kind of heaven, where we shall find our moods
Made one with things. For look how white and smooth
Idleness has become a marble place;
And this is our day-dreaming passion glowing
Over it, this blue and shadowy light.
O colored like the summer of the gods
Our life shall be up here; here it shall pause
Like that immortal fortune of the gods
In unconcerned perfection of ourselves.
No world's left here for love to gaze upon
But what must seem love's imagery—the blue
Trembling flame of the sea's infinite gleam,
And clouded snows that pace about the air
With towering motion, breathing shadowless light.”

And the language that would be fitting as well as beautiful for two young lovers in an empty world is, in its very height, the index of the depth of ignominy, coming from a senile King and addressed to a slave whom he has bought for money. Indeed the slave is herself not ignoble at all, for she is frank. She yawns at this harangue:

Ah—La!
The bench is comfortable and the view pretty.
But not all day up here, surely!—A goddess,
When she can wear the love of a wealthy god,
Needs to show off.

And Rhodope has sense enough to see, too, that a heaven with an enraged wife intruding on it and two sentries prying on what is going on is hardly worthy of the King's superlative characterizations of it as the care-free abode of perfect love.

We must be content with a very rapid survey of Mr. Abercrombie's critical work. It ranges from a philosophical and æsthetic appreciation of the work of Thomas Hardy to a detailed study of *The Principles of English Prosody*, of which the first part only is yet published. Then, though we must mention in passing his philosophical work, *Speculative Dialogues*, we have a short study of *The Epic* and, most important of all, perhaps, his two latest books in this kind, *Toward a Theory of Art* and *The Theory of Poetry*, in which the principles of the more general work are applied to poetry in particular. *Toward a Theory of Art* is the only work which I will consider here. Mr. Abercrombie starts out in agreement with Croce that a work of art is a technique which enables the spectator to reproduce in himself experiences which the artist felt—either of the outer or inner world—and that these experiences are taken by the artist as such—that is to say at their face value before the analytical intellect has broken them up into scientific categories or the moral judgment separated them into its categories. Mr. Abercrombie's main departure from Croce is that whereas Croce recognizes only expression in the inner sense of the word—that is to say, regards the work of art as essentially completed when imaged in the artist's mind and the technical expression as only a sort of *memoria technica*—Abercrombie regards the artistic impulse as essentially motor and calling for outer expression to the end that it be shared; this outer expression Mr. Abercrombie calls publication, and he differs from Croce by saying that no work of art exists before publication in that sense is made.

And where Croce is interested only in the philosophy of the matter, Abercrombie translates the whole thing into terms of human life and gives us really an eclectic theory of art, using the insight of others to complete his total picture of the artistic activity. Summed up, what he tells us amounts to this: that all experience when we take it as such, for its intrinsic interest, may be called æsthetic experience, but is not always in point of fact

beautiful experience. When some part of this experience appeals especially to one with the artist's endowment, when, for him, it is expressive, he seeks by the use of the appropriate medium to put down certain symbols which, on our reading, seeing, or hearing them, will reproduce in us a corresponding experience to his original æsthetic experience: this latter experience is now no longer æsthetic only, but artistic. What symbols will convey it—or to be more accurate reproduce a corresponding experience—is a matter of empirical discovery. The artist's chief task is to separate from his æsthetic experience all that is alien to it: for in life we have little if any æsthetic experience in a pure state: practical or moral ends and the contingent are always mixed up with it, diluting or destroying it. Form, in the work of art, is simply the symbol of this banishment from the experience of all that is non-æsthetic, for the chief characteristic of form is unity and every work of art must have unity: that is to say, it must contain no element which is not strictly necessary to express part of the experience, and the experience itself must be a unified one, for our very consciousness itself insists upon unity: a divided consciousness is a self-contradiction in terms and in fact means a neurosis or a split personality.

And while in practical life we have to put up with mixed and incompatible experiences, have to deal with chaotic situations—Mr. Abercrombie gives the simple example of people missing trains—which is a sort of insult to our rationality, we insist in our mental life upon something better than that: upon having experience which wholly satisfies because it all hangs together, the parts being interdependent and a whole which, as a whole, can be imaginatively held and enjoyed. And it is for this reason, he tells us, that in art we even enjoy tragedy, the subject matter of which in real life would revolt us. For in art we do not see this subject matter as we see it in life—as something merely dreadful, a murder, for example. But we see it as something which, given its elements, is inevitable. It all hangs together. And we enjoy the inevitability, despite the hurts involved, simply because this interdependence of one thing on another, this strict reasonableness, this wholeness and oneness of experience, is the deepest desire of our mind. And it is in this sense that Mr. Abercrombie

interprets Bacon's saying that in poetry we have "the shows of things submitted to the desires of the mind"—in that sense and not in the careless sense that some people would give it that poetry deals in comfortable things: for comfortable things would not be the desire of the mind but of the senses.

And on the basis of this theory Mr. Abercrombie even ventures to restore that venerable and Platonic phrase, "absolute beauty." Perhaps as a speculative possibility rather than as, for us, a fact. But, he tells us, the word beauty, in its strict sense, is simply the name for the state of mind of one who judges that expression has been successful; beauty is a judgment just as truth is. And, if a possible god could see the universe at once on the æsthetic level, could envisage it all as pure experience, see it in every part interdependent, with all that is to us contingent and chaotic seen to fit in, to belong, to be necessary to the functioning of the whole, that experience of that being would be an experience of absolute beauty.

But for us, art alone can give the experience of beauty, because art is the only realm in which man can fully realize that state of unity to which, in all other planes of living, he can only strive, and that at a distance, to approximate.

LLEWELLYN JONES.

THE PHILOSOPHY IN THOMAS HARDY'S POETRY

BY ROBERT M. SMITH

LOVERS of the Wessex novels are legion. Every year increases their number; every birthday of the greatest living master of English fiction brings heartfelt tributes to Max Gate; and in the course of the years to come, nothing seems more certain than that the novels of Thomas Hardy like their neighbors, the monoliths of Stonehenge, will stand as enduring records of humanity in its elemental and universal strivings. Admirers of Hardy's poetry, however, even readers familiar with it, are few. Not many of that legion who read and reread the novels have followed the author farther than 1898, when he definitely abandoned fiction for poetry. Since that date Thomas Hardy has been for them, as for readers at large, the last of the Victorians, whose fire has gone out, a querulous old man who could write great fiction if he would, but who still perversely issues volumes of poetry, the flickering embers of a dying genius. Now and then one of the younger poets or critics takes a hurried excursion into Hardy's poetry, but quickly retreats, repelled by the mortuary atmosphere, or by the cramped and freakish versification, or perhaps by the many misgivings, the many wistful recollections, and the many regrets of the He and She who mourn and sigh through the volumes.

The poems of Hardy, it is true, may never win the hearty approval of even that ever increasing group of thoughtful readers. Lyrics, narrative poems, ballads, reveries—all sound a dominant minor key. Their atmosphere is persistently heavy with gloom. Here are no “aching joys and dizzy raptures”, no ecstasies over the beauty of the natural world, no rush of warm and happy love, no greetings of comradeship and good cheer, no enchanting music to beguile a weary hour. Here on the contrary are a series of “life's little ironies”, of “satires of circumstance” in the toils of which the fairest hopes of patient humanity are strangled. The

poems offer no such rounded pictures of village life as are found in the novels; there are no sombre landscapes of Egdon Heath awakening at sundown, no rich and eldritch comedy of Wessex peasants arguing religion over their beer mugs, no superb dramatic pictures of Gabriel Oak on the hayrick in the thunder storm, no fateful scenes of Tess and Angel Clare groping for shelter amid the monoliths of Stonehenge while the night winds hum about their heads. For want of such riches, for lack of sunlit gleams among the shadows, Hardy lovers have often doubtless shut his volumes of poetry with a sense of disappointment, tired out with his doleful dreering of the weird.

One need not reprehend nor chide those who have had this experience with Hardy's poetry, but for those of more speculative mind there are rich compensations, because to any one who would understand the philosophy of Thomas Hardy in its maturity, the poetry is indispensable. I refer especially to those poems, rightly termed reveries, which conform to the definition of poetry that Hardy accepts with Matthew Arnold—"the powerful application of ideas to life". In these poems, setting aside for the nonce his time's laughing stocks, Hardy puts forth sometimes to himself or sometimes to the Almighty various philosophical queries, and then propounds tentative answers to these riddles of man's destiny. Although these poems are, it is true, few in number, rarely more than four or five in a single volume, they afford when gathered together an inner history of the poet's mind as it has journeyed down the years, searching through the reaches of time and space for an answer to the eternal question, "Why?" To *Wessex Poems* and *Poems of the Past and of the Present* have now been added *Time's Laughing Stocks*, *Satires of Circumstance*, *Moments of Vision*, and the recent *Late Lyrics and Earlier*. In addition there is the colossal poetic drama of the Napoleonic wars, *The Dynasts*, which Mr. Wells in his *Outline of History* justly terms "one of the great stars of English Literature, too little known as yet to the general public".

Hardy's persistent inquiries and sombre answers concerning the ways of destiny are not as some have said the pervasive melancholy of a recluse that clings to Wessex and shrinks from contact with the hurly-burly world; nor is Wessex itself, as

others have said, with its sinister Egdon Heath, its Druidical monuments and Roman ruins, responsible for the poet's sense of the futility of existence. Even less can we find anything in the events of Hardy's life that would warrant such an outlook. Unlike the careers of his heroes and heroines, his life as a whole has fallen in pleasant paths, and received its rich rewards. Nor however much the conclusions of his philosophy may seem to be derived from the same *Zeitgeist* that produced a Schopenhauer, the differences between the two men, apart from their mutual conception of an Immanent Will, are so marked as to refute the contention sometimes made that Hardy is merely an offspring of the German cynic. The Immanent Will is rarely conceived by the poet as deliberately malignant, but supremely blind and therefore indifferent; and his feeling for humanity is never tinged with the egotism, misanthropy, and rancor of Schopenhauer; but on the contrary is replete with sorrow, sympathy, and admiration for its brave but helpless struggles. The roots of Hardy's philosophy lie deeper than any of these explanations; they are inextricably a part of his natural endowment—an artistic sensitiveness and an acute vision; a probing intelligence and an imaginative sympathy that knows no bounds. With such endowments Hardy is destined to behold pain and suffering wherever he turns. If he takes a walk in the fields, he does not like Wordsworth see

The young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,

or

Land and sea
Give themselves up to "jollity."

On the contrary the dumb creatures of nature appear to him like chastened children crying,

We wonder, ever wonder, why we find us here!

If he goes forth to observe the life of his fellow men, he returns sorely depressed by what "man has made of man". Every wind seems to bear to his listening ears the groan of all creation; and destined to perceive these things, his questioning spirit is equally destined to seek some explanation.

His efforts to answer the age-old problem of "the presence of evil and the incongruity of penalizing the irresponsible" assume two phases around which these poems of philosophical reverie may be conveniently grouped. The first group embraces all those poems that question the orthodox theism of Hardy's early years; and when this phase has finally been discarded the second group puts forward various tentative solutions which are finally gathered together and woven into the great philosophic web of *The Dynasts*.

I

From such poems as "The Imprecipient" and "God's Funeral" we may judge that the loss of the Christian faith was attended with a spiritual struggle. Hardy was brought up with the expectation of entering the ministry, and even now expresses a lingering admiration for the Established Church. At just what time Christianity became for him a meaningless fable we shall, perhaps, never know, but these lines from "God's Funeral" breathe the story:

How sweet it was in years far hied
To start the wheels of day with trustful prayer,
To lie down liegely at the eventide
And feel a blest assurance He was there!

In the poem "A Sign Seeker", as well as from his conversation with William Archer, we perceive with what passion he sought to escape the conclusions of scientific materialism, and to discover some certitude for the existence of a genuine supernatural. He has

. . . lain in dead men's beds, have walked
The tombs of those with whom I'd talked,
Called many a gone and goodly one to shape a sign,
And panted for response. But none replies.

If perchance the wise and powerful God of Love exist, in spite of all searchings, why does He allow this vale of misery? And receiving no reply, Hardy calls upon Him to inquire. These persistent queries and answers are originally conceived, subtly phrased, and powerfully suggestive; they differ markedly from the familiar verdicts of preceding thinkers. Hardy cannot

accept the philosophy of Divine, or Poetic Justice. He cannot agree with the miserable comforters of Job that disaster is the logical outcome of wrongdoing; nor can he rest with Job in the faith that God is just even if His ways be past finding out. He cannot accept the belief of Æschylus that Nemesis apportions to every man his deserts, nor of Sophocles that Destiny in the end will be found law-abiding. He will not put by the cloud of mortal destiny with Omar, and seek the relief of an epicure; nor don with Marcus Aurelius the armor of the stoic. The very essence of life is too full of misery to be shunted off in any of these easy ways. The wrong must lie not with mankind, but with the contriver of existence.

Having arrived at the conclusion that the originator of things is responsible, Hardy then endeavors to account for evil by questioning the three attributes of Power, Wisdom, and Love with which the Creator has been endowed. It is significant that Hardy seldom if ever doubts that the World Will, whatever else it may be, is all-powerful. He does not join hands with popular thinkers of our time like Shaw, Wells, and William James, who in a frantic endeavor to preserve Deity, believe in James's phrase "that there is a God, but that He is finite". It is the attribute of wisdom or omniscience that Hardy constantly puts to test. In "God-Forgotten" when the attention of the Lord is called to the sufferers of earth, He faintly remembers having fashioned earth and man in the long ago, and replies:

Thou should'st have learnt that *Not to Mend*
For Me could mean but *Not to Know*.

Then realizing how dark must be man's lot, the Lord in pity dispatches messengers to destroy the planet, and put its tenants out of misery. Likewise in "By the Earth's Corpse" the Lord confesses that He *unwittingly* let enter the "wrongs endured by earth's poor patient kind", and repents that He created "earth, and life, and man".

Or the third attribute of Love may be questioned. When Hardy's sympathy has welled to the bursting point, when his outraged sensibilities can endure the injustices of life no longer, he levels his doubts at the benevolence of God. His

first arraignment of this kind comes at the end of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, when Hardy closed the tragedy with words that shocked and pained many readers: "Justice was done, and the President of the Immortals had ended his sport with Tess." In like manner in the poem "A Dream Question", when the interrogator dares to inquire how God's alleged benevolence and omnipotence are to be reconciled with the agonies of existence, the Lord replies sneeringly:

Mouth as you list, sneer, rail, blaspheme,
O, mannikin, the live-long day,
Not one grief-groan, or pleasure-gleam
Will you increase, or take away.

Why things are thus, whoso derides,
May well remain My secret still.
A fourth dimension, say the guides
To matter is conceivable,
Think some such mystery resides
Within the ethic of My will.

That the Lord has forgotten earth's tenants, that He made them by mistake, that He intentionally keeps all His ways dark, and derides their efforts to understand—these are the first fancies that come as Hardy turns the problem over and over in his mind. The poem "Hap" shows further how the assurance of a malevolent deity would be a relief. With the certitude that the sufferings of humanity serve some purpose, even a malignant one, Hardy would willingly go the Calvinists one better, and be damned for the glory of the Devil. It is the very *purposelessness* of mortal misery that is inexplicable:

How arrives it joy lies slain and why unblooms
The best hope ever sown?

Brought to this point, Hardy makes his last effort to reconcile the ways of God to man. May not the error lie in holding responsible a God who is after all merely the weak creation of men's fancy? In "God's Funeral", which is certainly one of the most striking poems of our time, Hardy laments the loss of a faith so comforting in less enlightened days, and chants the solemn requiem;

O man-projected Figure, of late
 Imaged as we, Thy knell who shall survive?
 Whence came it we were tempted to create
 One Whom we can no longer keep alive?

Framing Him jealous, fierce, at first,
 We gave Him justice as the ages rolled,
 Will to bless those by circumstance accursed,
 And long-suffering, and mercies manifold.

And, tricked by our own early dream
 And need of solace, we grew self-deceived
 Our making soon our maker did we deem
 And what we had imagined, we believed.

Till, in Time's stayless, stealthy swing
 Uncompromising, rude reality
 Mangled the monarch of our fashioning,
 Who quavered, sank; and now has ceased to be.

So, toward our myth's oblivion
 Darkly, and languid-lipped, we creep and grope
 Sadlier than those who wept in Babylon
 Whose Zion was a still abiding hope.

II

After this last farewell Hardy ceases his attempt to reconcile life with the Deity of tradition, and begins working out his own constructive philosophy. What then is the nature of the force determining the universe? In the poem "Nature's Questioning" he ventures several proposals. Is it some "Vast imbecility", or "an Automaton unconscious of our pains"; "are we the live remains of Godhead dying downwards", or is there some "high Plan not yet understood of Evil stormed by Good, and we the Forlorn Hope over which achievement strides?"

Out of these tentative proposals grows sombre metaphysics. Still retaining his former denial of omniscience, Hardy suggests that the cosmic flow of circumstance is the working of an Immanent Will, all-powerful, but blind and therefore purposeless, who weaves by senseless, mechanic rote the web of the years, and who does not recognize the mannikins of Its own fashioning,

efore could not pity them if It would. The first steps direction are found in early poems like "The Lacking "Doom and She", and "The Sleep-Worker", in which anent Will is conceived as feminine—the blind Mother ay. But as Hardy works out his mature metaphysics, ld Will becomes the great impersonal It—the mighty ist of *The Dynasts*, in comparison with which Napoleon his schemes is a puny mannikin.

nineteen-act drama, *The Dynasts*, which is unrivalled tude and scope, presents not merely the tragedy of indi- and the struggle of nations, but a panorama of human in all its phases. Behind all of its impressive scenes, they depict the ruthless casting off of Josephine, or of the King of Rome; the pitiful senility and madness of III in the hands of the leech doctors, or the drunken es of the stragglers of Wellington; the brilliant battle erlitz, or the fateful retreat from Moscow—behind all reat Foresightless One who ubiquitously "urges on and s out the droning tune of Things". This conception of overvading One is graphically described in prose passages rsed between the scenes:

ns or brain tissues of the Immanent Will that pervade all things e breezes made visible, ramifying through the whole army, Napoleon and moving them to Its inexplicable artistries.

at Emperor himself, who is one of the few men in Europe rn the workings of this higher urge, realizes that he man of destiny, harried from without and within by a at baffles his intents. The freedom of the will is a on, a foolish illusion, for it is ruled by

A Will that wills above the will of each
Yet but the will of all conjunctively.

earth-born inquirer It assumes sentience long enough to

My labors logicless you may explain, not I.
Sense-sealed have I wrought without a guess
That I evolved a consciousness
To ask for reasons why.

Strange that ephemeral creatures who
By my own ordering are
Should see the shortness of my view,
Use ethic tests I never knew
Nor made provision for.

The great tragedy, then, for mankind is seen to lie in the chance development of sentience—without that, nothing in the Cosmos had suffered. All went well before the birth of consciousness, but when “the disease of feeling germed, primal rightness took the tinct of wrong”.

Has Hardy then nothing with which to assuage the persistent longings in the hearts of men? There are two hopes, faint and wan at best—a practical hope, and a metaphysical hope. The first of these Hardy terms “evolutionary meliorism”, and on this account he has warmly resented the constant application to his writings of the word *pessimism*. His recent “Apology”, which prefaces the last volume, reiterates the necessity for sincerity in facing the disagreeable and cruel facts of life, and also for human brotherhood in the struggle against them:

If way to the Better there be, it exacts
a full look at the Worst.

And looking down the future these few hold fast to the same: that whether the human and kindred races survive to the exhaustion or destruction of the globe, or whether these races perish and are succeeded by others before that conclusion comes, pain to all upon it, tongued or dumb, shall be kept down to a minimum by lovingkindness, operating through scientific knowledge and actuated by the modicum of free will conjecturally possessed by organic life when the mighty necessitating forces—unconscious or other—that have “the balancings of the clouds”, happen to be in equilibrium, which may or may not be often.

This last reply to hostile criticism reveals that Hardy’s metaphysical conception remains unchanged from that which he promulgated in *The Dynasts*.

But there remains also his second, metaphysical hope, and a much greater possible consummation. After long centuries or æons, the “Sleep-Worker” may gradually become conscious—perhaps through the united efforts of the conscious mannikins that form parts of Its being—and perceiving Its misdoing will

"fashion all things fair". Until then, no matter how men through kindly coöperation may reduce the sum of human misery, there will always remain an irreducible amount caused by the blundering Foresightless One. Even this outcome is only a possibility, not a surety, for The Spirit Ironical of *The Dynasts* says that "the groping tentativeness of an Immanent Will cannot be asked to learn logic at this time of day"; and Hardy wonders in "The Sleep-Worker" if the Will should become conscious, what would He do? Amazed at His æons of past misdoing, which could never be atoned for, would He

. . . destroy in one wild shock of shame,
The whole high-heaving firmamental frame
Or patiently adjust, amend, and heal?

III

Such is the tentative philosophy revealed in the poetry of Thomas Hardy. For our age its significance takes on a new importance, because it expresses all the final implications of that philosophy of relativity which science has been forcing the world to accept as the fundamental postulate of its thinking. Through Hardy we see the life of man from the point of view of a perpetually moving and shifting cosmic flux. To find fault with his painful reading of earth in view of his deep sincerity and sympathy would be impertinent, for all that we can legitimately ask of the artist is that he give us the inner necessity and truth of his vision.

But we should remember that the mystics and seers of the ages, proceeding also from human experience,—men of the same unquestioned sincerity,—have never ceased to tell us that in contemplation they escape the welter of relativity, and perceive unity, stability, and harmony as they gaze into the heart of things. They sing with Shelley:

The One remains, the many change and pass;
Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly;
Life, like a dome of many-colored glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
Until Death tramples it to fragments.

Perhaps the mind of man will never be able to bridge the abyss between those who maintain that "everything changes", and those who proclaim that "the Eternal abides". How to reach a reconciliation of this inherent dualism of existence is still "the insistent question for each animate mind" which "many centuries of philosophy have failed to explain to our sense of order". And though we are not called upon to be either cynics or pessimists, we are certainly recreant if we will not exact of ourselves "a full look at the Worst"; if we refuse, as Archibald Henderson says, to share the mood of Thomas Hardy, and to make the most we can

Of what remains to us amid this brake Cimmerian
Through which we grope and from whose thorns we ache,
While still we scan
Round our frail faltering progress for some path, or plan.

ROBERT M. SMITH.

FLAPDRAGON

BY CLEMENCE DANE

Little Jack Horner
Sat in the corner,
Eating his Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb
And pulled out a plum—

IN the third line, the text is obviously corrupt. Isn't that the proper thing to say when you can't make this or that passage in Shakespeare or Mother Goose fit your theory? As if any little boy would be allowed to eat his Christmas pudding all by himself in a corner! "He put in his thumb, and pulled out a plum—" The enterprising child was, of course, playing *Flapdragon*.

Flapdragon—Snapdragon—I prefer Flapdragon for Poins's sake, who "drinks off candles' ends for flapdragons; and rides the wild mare with the boys"—does anybody play flapdragon these modern Christmas-tides? Or has the game gone out of fashion with seasonable snow, brown bowls of ale with roasted crabs in 'em, and night-watchmen, and the life of the great country houses that is pictured so vividly in that newly published volume of reminiscences, *The Passing Years*? We used to play flapdragon, I remember, as it drew to midnight, while we waited for the bells of the New Year. On the polished table in the dining-room was placed the biggest dish in the house, a crackled, oven-browned, blue-and-white Victorian with a channel and a gravy puddle at one end. On it were laid threepennies and sixpennies and bright new shillings, and upon them were piled up the fat Christmas raisins, prunes and French plums. Over all was poured a bottle or so of brandy and the lamps were turned out while a responsible uncle put a match to it—and the fun, the rather terrifying fun, began! The leaping thin flames, blue and yellow like wild pansies, turned the laughing players into a shifting, shrieking witch's circle. The known planes of familiar faces sank and vanished in unaccustomed shadow, while the lower lids, nostrils,

the downward curve of an upper lip, the upward swell of a lower one, were illuminated for the first time in one's knowledge, as odd to look upon as trees lit up from beneath by a passing motor lamp. And then these glimpses of familiar unfamiliars would be merged again in a whirl of darting hands and skirls of laughter and pain. The imagined must have in it the germ of the real, says Charlotte Brontë somewhere, but that real can be a trivial thing, as insignificant as the mustard seed in whose branches in the end all the birds of heaven rested. Who knows if the Brocken scenes of *Faust* were not first born in the brain of the small Wolfgang on a New Year's Eve as he watched, with those all-absorbing black eyes of his, a flapdragon party in full swing? Or is flapdragon a purely English diversion? Where's the dictionary?

Flapdragon—Snapdragon.—A sport in which raisins or grapes are snapped from burning brandy and eaten. See example!

"The wantonness of the thing was to see each other look like a demon as we burnt ourselves and snatched at the fruit. This fantastical mirth was called Snapdragon."

Steele, *Tatler*, No. 85.

Now isn't that hard luck? Why must the king of all journalists have had the notion of writing about snapdragon two hundred years before me, and have put it into two sentences instead of a laborious page? "Wantonness"—"like a demon"—"fantastical mirth!" Why couldn't I have pulled out plums like these?

But indeed it must have been a glorious adventure to be a journalist in Steele's day, when you wrote what you pleased so long as the public pleased, when time and all the subjects in the world were your own, when Christmas articles had not to be written three months ahead in order to cope with the problem of producing—and reviewers were not once a quarter confronted with those out-of-season and immense dishes of literary flapdragon that we call "Publishers' lists". Pity a poor reviewer thrusting a tentative thumb into dish after dish in search of plump plums, juicy plums, plums not to be dried up by any thin blue flame of criticism, proper plums to pop into the Christmas present list of all the Jack and Jacqueline Horners who rely on him to save them a burning. For how can you burn fingers and pocket more disastrously than by spending seven and sixpence on a book that

doesn't appeal to you? A book is such a particularly delightful Christmas present, because it is the donor's obvious duty to read it first. But to dislike it, to shift it doubtfully from name to name on your list, from niece to lesser uncle, from uncle to second cousin, from cousin to courtesy aunt, and be forced to leave it on the shelf at last, dusty, unbestowed, "to do for a birthday", that is a souring of the whole Christmas adventure, from the preliminary October shopping to the final curl-up on the sofa on the day after Bank Holiday, with a saucerful of Christmas dinner, relics—devilled almonds and candied cherries for choice—and a book for company, your own sort of book, the book you've been meaning to read this month of Sundays: the new Munroe probably, or that volume of Eugene O'Neill's plays that, in fact, you had bought as a little Christmas present for yourself! Pity the conscientious reviewer who, foreseeing all this, swallows down the newly published plums by the handful, until his literary digestion is completely ruined, and still must go on burning his fingers and his tongue that your Christmas dish of snapdragon may be a toothsome one!

Nevertheless he has his rewards. He may have to taste a sufficiency of windfalls and withered fruit, but there is always the chance that some strange new plum has been dumped into his dish, delicate in flavor, unique in shape. Those who declare that a reviewer is a blasé creature, who never credit him with rejoicing over his occasional opportunity of letting his feelings run away with him know little of human nature. Ask your old-timer, ask your collector, ask your Columbus, ask your street arab begging cigarette pictures or fishing in a choked gutter, if treasure seeking is not the most thrilling of all occupations! But what is the discovery of the Americas or a bit of old Chelsea compared with the thrill that will sometimes come over you, however hardened you are to new books, as you pick up a volume with a strange name on its cover and a virgin title-page, and running your hand through its half-cut leaves, exclaim—"I don't know—I'm not quite sure—but I think it's got a feel to it!"

Oh Waring, what's to really be?
A clear stage and a crowd to see! . . .
Some Junius—am I right?—shall tuck

His sleeve, and forth with flaying-knife!
 Some Chatterton shall have the luck
 Of calling Rowley into life!
 Some one shall somehow run amuck
 With this old world . . .
 Contrive, contrive
 To rouse us, Waring!

Something of this faithful impatience a reviewer feels with every first novel, first poem, first play, that falls into his hands; and feels, too, a certain personal terror before the unknown new thing. Horrific legends creep into one's mind, recollections of the "Quarterly, so savage and tartarly!" bidding an apothecary's 'prentice return to his pestle and mortar: of Byron's boast that—

I've learned to think and sternly speak the truth;
 I, too, can hunt a poetaster down—

as he selects for the pillory—Scott, "vulgar Wordsworth," and Coleridge! Yes, he writes of Coleridge as one—

. . . who takes a Bixy for a Muse,
 Yet none in lofty numbers can surpass
 The bard who soars to elegize an ass.
 How well the subject suits his noble mind!
 "A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind."

And Coleridge wrote *The Ancient Mariner*! And Coleridge wrote *Kubla Khan*! And in *Kubla Khan* are enshrined three of those five lines which Kipling calls "the pure vision: the rest is only poetry!" Yet Byron was no fool: nor was Johnson a fool, but a great and lovable man. Yet Johnson's comment on the sheer loveliness of *Lycidas* is: "The diction is harsh, the rhymes uncertain, the numbers displeasing." But indeed the whole passage (you will find it in the Milton essay in his *Lives of the Poets*) is one of the finest pieces of unconscious humor in all literature, from that wonderful opening sentence to the equally wondrous conclusion: "Surely no man could fancy he read *Lycidas* with pleasure had he not known the author!" Finally there is poor Greene's bitter flier at the "upstart crow beautified with our feathers . . . that supposes that he is as well able to bombast out a blanke-verse as the best of you; and being an absolute

Iohannes-fac-totum, is in his owne conceyt the only shake-scene—in a countrey!”—a titter that has won him a sort of ignoble immortality that he did not deserve, that he would have died a hundred deaths to avoid. Oh, vanity of human opinion! With such an array of laughing-stocks of genius to warn against “hasty jedge-ments”, what can a poor reviewer do but mutter a “God keep me humble!” and continue, the eternal Jack Horner of literature, digging an inky thumb into pie after pie, to pull out—and out of its context—a plum or two for you to do your own judging by.

Sometimes the plums are already pulled out and then, human nature being what it is, one is not always grateful. That delightful absurdity, *The Young Visitors*, suffered not a little when Barrie in his own inimitable fashion horned out all the best of the plums to serve up in the preface. And Joseph Conrad recently wrote one for an adventure story—which any writer might be proud to read in front of his work; but it drove one reviewer at least quite distraught. It was hard to have to confess that, but for that magic signature, the end would not have been reached, and that, arrived there, one was still incapable of appreciating a book that Conrad liked. Is then one’s judgment more easily disgruntled by praise than blame? Yet here, on the other hand, comes a measured hand-clap from Mr. Galsworthy to a tale, *The Spanish Farm*, that I cannot conceive myself failing to acclaim as an unusual book even without such backing. The experiment of painting a portrait of a race through the relation of the history of a child of that race has been tried before. Ibsen does it in *Peer Gynt*: Goethe does it in *Faust*: Cervantes in *Don Quixote*. But it has never been done in precisely this fashion, and it is significant that these exemplars of literature can occur to one’s mind in reading, without altogether dwarfing or dulling the effect of this profoundly interesting and original portrait of a woman, a period and a people.

That’s all very well, says Mrs. Horner, shopping list in hand. I’ll take your word for it that you think it a fine book; but is it a book for my purposes? Can I give it as a Christmas present?

It depends on the presentee! If you have any lover of literature on your list, I think you will find yourself very heartily thanked for giving it, even though it is not a Christmas book in

the usual sense of being appropriate to "the glorious time of great Too Much". People, I suppose, don't want to think at Christmas time, especially as they grow older: thinking is remembering, and remembering is a heartbreaking kind of Christmas amusement. Let us be joyful! What about a tale of "deadly murder, spoil and villainy"? There is nothing like good blood and thunder to keep your menfolk happy when Christmas afternoon is fogbound; so long as it is cook's blood and sheet iron, not the real horror. And so I should pile upon my flapdragon dish such triumphant shockers as *The House of the Arrow*, *The Three of Clubs*, and *The Third Round*—not to mention that sprightly essay in the detectabilities, *The Majestic Mystery*. Then there is *Club-foot the Avenger*, who suffers from his own predecessors. Mr. Williams, like Conan Doyle before him, will soon be obliged to annihilate his own creature in sheer literary self-defence. Nevertheless the *Avenger* is extremely exciting. I confess, too, to enjoying the handless villainy of that super-crook Iggy in *The Whisper on the Stair*.

For your feminine visitors here are two pleasant tales in the domestic manner, *So Big*, and *Rose of the World*, written round those wonderful small town women who beat business men at their own game, or stand up to the blows of fate and husbands for years and years and years without once imperilling their personal charm, or the slightly more sophisticated *Green Bay Tree* which might be described as a boudoir version of *The Old Wives' Tale*. For the romantico-historically minded there is *Stiletto* by the author of *The Duchess of Siona* and a new Bailey, *Knight at Arms*. There is also, if you prefer the modern Mr. Bailey, the sequel to his *Call Mr. Fortune*, and *Reggie Fortune* I have always thought the most original of all the sons of Sherlock.

For your own more curious taste there is Willa Cather's fascinating *Lost Lady*, or *Sandoval*, irritatingly written but very much worth reading; or the olives and dry champagne of Mr. Birrell's new volume of *Essays*, or E. F. Benson's *tour de force*, *David of Kings*, a book which reduced me to such a helpless hysteria of laughter that I was forced to go and read it by myself in a cold room without a fire, because the company could not do with my immoderate chuckles. But Laughter is a chancey visitor! She

may prefer to meet you arm in arm with the new Stephen Leacock; though, when in *The Garden of Folly* she was not by, to introduce us.

But whatever you give a visitor, withhold the new Buchan! or it will be impossible, Christmas dinner or no Christmas dinner, to drag him from his arm-chair until the last page is turned. This I have proved. And, I will not deny, comprehend. For here is Richard himself again, Richard Hannay, some years older, settled down into married life and post-war peace, and not a ha'porth less imaginative, resourceful and self-deprecating. If the yarn is not as completely satisfying as *The Thirty-nine Steps*, it is only because, for the first time, the villain is a trifle incredible. And it is perhaps that one touch of incredibility that makes one for the first time begin to analyze Mr. Buchan's earlier yarns, makes one decide why it is that they are so much more to one's taste than even such excellent thunderers as *Clubfoot the Avenger* and *The Third Round*. The villain of a shocker is incredible as a matter of course, and so the fact that one notes that Medina in *The Three Hostages* shares their incredibility, makes it obvious that Mr. Buchan's other villains have always been credible. The bald archaeologist in *The Thirty-nine Steps* is as credible as *Long John Silver*. It is indeed that peculiar flavor of reality in all Mr. Buchan's books, that flavor like the taste of sea salt in a south wind, that makes, except for its villain, *The Three Hostages* almost as good a yarn as *The Thirty-nine Steps*: and *The Thirty-nine Steps* is certainly the best yarn since *Treasure Island*, just as in turn *Treasure Island* is the best yarn since *Crusoe*. It is, I suppose, the flavor of literature as opposed to fiction. "You mustn't take a razor to cut kindling!" says the proverb; but when a man of letters takes to such whittling the kindled public is not inclined to complain. It shuts its eyes and opens its mouth and takes what the king has sent it whenever the king pleases, and the rulers are often generous. It is the translator and herald of Ibsen, the most dreaded dramatic critic of the old nineteenth century, who has presented the young twentieth in *The Green Goddess* with the best melodrama it has known. It was a famous mathematician, the author of such appallingly entitled works as *An Elementary Treatise on Determinants* and *The Fifth Book of Euclid proved Algebraically* whose

. . . art

With topsy-turvy magic
Sent *Alice* wandering through a part
Half comic and half tragic.

And with "enchanting Alice" we are arrived at the books with which these lists should have been headed, the Christmas plums for the front-row guests of the Snapdragon party—the children. Being an old-fashioned aunt, my list-making is easy. "To every new book add at least two old ones!" is my recipe. *Jibby Jones's* adventures on the Mississippi is the latest boy's book. Ronald shall have it, but sandwiched between *Tom Sawyer* and Richard Jeffries's *Bevis*. My present to Pat is nothing less than a collection of last year's *Punch* (all children love *Punch*) and that for the sake of the "*When we were very young*" series you find in them by A. A. M. Who can resist "Has anyone seen my mouse?" and the enchanting history of the three small foxes who "kept their handkerchiefs in cardboard boxes"? But it is a shame that the child who loves them should not become acquainted with that other older *History of the Seven Families*, and so I add Lear's *Nonsense Songs and Stories* and round off the parcel with the *Little Maya's* classic adventures with the rose-beetle and the dragon-fly: and perhaps those utterly old-fashioned *Cautionary Tales*, *The Cowslip* and *The Daisy*.

Yet not one even of those classics would I bestow until I was sure that there was to be found on the nursery bookshelf an unabridged Grimm, an *Arabian Nights*, and a volume of Hans Andersen. For of all Flapdragons dishes, there is none like Hans Andersen for sweet fruit and harmless flames of faëry.

"It was on a bitterly cold, snowy New Year's Eve. A poor little girl was wandering in the dark, cold street; she was bare-headed and barefooted. She certainly had slippers on when she left home, but they were not much good, they were so huge."

Who can remember that familiar opening without remembering also the first time one heard it read aloud in the firelight as Christmas Eve drew on? The spirit of the "mother-night" itself is in the story of *The Little Match-Girl*.

CLEMENCE DANE.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

THE RISE OF THE RACE

HUMAN ORIGINS: A MANUAL OF HUMAN PREHISTORY. By George Grant MacCurdy, Ph.D. Two Volumes. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

AN informing and fascinating book, written by a man wholly competent to write it. Dr. MacCurdy is one of the foremost American anthropologists. He is Curator of Anthropology and Research Associate in Prehistoric Anthropology, with professorial rank, at Yale, and Director of the American School of Prehistoric Research in Europe. He has done admirable work himself as anthropological investigator and discoverer, and he is thoroughly informed and a competent judge of the work of others. The book itself is written simply and clearly, and is handsomely printed and abundantly illustrated. Its first volume treats of the Old Stone Age and the Dawn of Man and His Arts, and the second volume of the New Stone Age and the Ages of Bronze and Iron, a convenient chronological separation of subjects.

The author defines what he has intended and attempted to do in the first paragraph of his preface. "In scope," he says, "this work covers not only the origin and development of the *genus Homo*, but also the origin and development of human mentality as reflected in man's discoveries, inventions, and all the activities which enter into the warp and woof of human culture. Since it has to do with man's organic evolution as well as his cultural evolution, the name *Human Origins* has been chosen as the title best designed to describe the field to be covered. The theme of cultural evolution has received fuller treatment than that of organic or physical evolution; hence the sub-title, *A Manual of Prehistory*."

Despite the existence of other recent books on human prehistory, and especially that other excellent one, *Men of the Old Stone Age*, written by Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn only six years ago, it is well to have this newer one. The "finds" of new mate-

rial and hence of new facts in connection with prehistoric man have been so many in the very last years and promise to be so many more in the immediate years to come, that we need a rapid succession of books of authentic information about them. Beside that, we need to have the different approaches to the subject of prehistoric man which come from men of varying training and point of view. Each book complements the others and all together provide an illuminating mass of facts and theories concerning the origin and history of man and his manners.

With what I have now said, I might, perhaps, well refrain from saying more. Professor MacCurdy's book is a good book, a timely book on an important subject, written carefully and intelligibly by an authority in the field of his subject. What more needs to be said?

But to stop with that is not the approved way of a reviewer, particularly of a scientific reviewer of a scientific book. He should point out some errors of fact, or at least some errors of typography. Also he should pick out a few special points to praise—unless he thinks the whole book bad.

Well, I have little competence to recognize Professor MacCurdy's errors of fact—if he has made any; and I am not interested in the book's typographical errors—if there are any. But I can cheerfully express some special appreciation of a few of what seem to me especially good things in it.

I particularly like the way in which Professor MacCurdy has fulfilled his declared intention of pointing out not alone what we know, from a study of actual human and near-human fossils, of man's physical development, but what we know, from a study of prehistoric artifacts, concerning the development of human mentality and culture. To the general reader this is the feature of Professor MacCurdy's book which will most highly recommend it to him. If he is not already aware, by other reading, of the extent and detail of the picture of man's early cultural development which can be drawn on a basis of our present-day knowledge of prehistoric man and his ways, he will be amazed by what he learns from this book. Especially will he be impressed by the early and vigorous flowering of man's artistic nature. (See Chapter VII of the first volume and Appendix II of the second volume.)

Prehistoric man is already ornamenting his tools and weapons, drawing pictures on cave walls and carving statuettes, when he emerges from his low Neanderthal stage, when he was decidedly but "animal among animals", into the suddenly much higher stage of the Aurignacian race and culture. Yet this "much higher stage" was still in the Palæolithic or Old Stone Age. It was in a time when wild horses, reindeer, bison, mammoths and woolly rhinoceroses, and other creatures now long extinct, roamed over Europe even to its southernmost borders. It was in the Glacial Epoch, when great ice-sheets covered Scandinavia and part of Great Britain and extended into northern Germany.

From that time on the most fascinating part of the story of prehistoric man is that of his development as artist. There are long limestone caverns in Southern Europe whose walls are veritable picture galleries of prehistoric art. Drawings plain or colored with ochre and paint, purely superficial or cut in relief, pictures, realistic and impressionistic, of the wild animals of the time and of prehistoric man himself, cover every available foot of wall surface in these caverns. Scattered elsewhere in his natural rock shelters or buried in the rock and soil which cover the sites of his open camps and gathering places, are engraved and carved ivory and bone and stone implements and ornaments of great variety and real beauty. These pictures and carvings show obvious degrees of artistic skill. There were Palæolithic Michel-angelos and Leonardos. And there were also those who had the impulse but not the capacity.

Professor MacCurdy did not have in mind, probably, when he was writing his book, the idea of making it an argument to sustain the thesis, to which all professional biologists subscribe, that present day man is a result of a long gradual evolution from more primitive animal types, instead of being a sudden creation on the sixth day of the beginning of things; or that he has lived as man or near-man on this earth several hundred thousand years instead of the few thousand years since Adam's time. But the book is, nevertheless, a direct and unimpassioned and convincing argument for that thesis. It is a simple record of facts that prove it. They are not discussed as facts to prove anything. They are just presented as facts that we should all be glad to know. In

this time of guesses and emotional cries we should be glad to know any facts. We should be glad to be told anything authentic about the origin and development of man. I wish Mr. Bryan might read Chapter VIII (Fossil Man) of the first volume of Professor MacCurdy's book. In fact, he should read the whole book. So should the members of the legislatures of Texas, Georgia, Kentucky and certain other States, becoming uncomfortably known to fame because of their tendency to try to turn back the clock.

Scientific men have an obsessing interest in "origins". But so do many others. Especially are we all interested in human origins. Professor MacCurdy could not have chosen a more appealing title for his book. Nor, as we see when we read it, a more truly descriptive title. He has done admirably what he has tried to do. And I, for one, am very glad that he has taken the time, even away from the hours he has at his disposal for investigation, to make so conveniently and interestingly accessible to laymen and to less advanced students of human prehistory the wealth of already known facts about these ancestors of ours whose names are all unknown to the compilers of vainglorious family genealogies.

VERNON KELLOGG.

BIOGRAPHIES OF MYSTICS

GEORGE MACDONALD AND HIS WIFE. By Greville MacDonald. New York: The Dial Press.

LETTERS TO THREE FRIENDS. By William Hale White. New York: The Oxford University Press.

THE GROOMBRIDGE DIARY. By Dorothy V. White. New York: The Oxford University Press.

Omitting the interesting parallels in the external lives of George MacDonald and William Hale White, such as their services to the Church or their friendship with Ruskin or their novels, the mind instinctively fastens on the deeper resemblance of their geniuses. They were both men of a rare and perhaps too subtle spirit: both adventurers, often to their cost in this world, in the

realm of white light. Both were, to use the unsatisfactory word, mystics. Moreover, their quests lay along unfamiliar paths. To understand Augustine or Crashaw or Edwards or Newman does not mean that we may understand George MacDonald and "Mark Rutherford". The student of mysticism would say that their ardors and searches were special. Only a kinship of spirit assures an understanding. Particularly is this true of "Mark Rutherford", whose vagaries often let us down into moods of amusement, of bewilderment.

Perhaps this consecration to the other world accounts for the failure of the two men to make quite an indelible impression on their age. For, in spite of our friends' enthusiasms for one or the other; in spite of the occasional ecstatic tributes since their deaths; in spite of their considerable body of writing—they fell short of that type of genius which impresses the world. They were not causative. They led no movements. Though their thought was clear and highly original, it seemed to reach only individuals endowed with minds like their own. Thus distinguished and beloved as they were, there is a curious silence about them in the annals of this world. All the commonplace records and histories and dictionaries yield them small place, and they are likely in the future, if one dared hazard a guess, to join not the company of the immortal dead, but the dim ghostly spirits who wait generations for affinities. I mean mystics like the de Guérins who are discovered by lonely souls, and enshrined by such far above the great teachers, gaining in the eyes of the single worshipper because of their very rejection by the world.

If we already know the inner mind of George MacDonald, we can renew our reverence for him very happily in this biography by his son, Greville MacDonald; but, it must be confessed, it is not meeting him alone as we meet "Mark Rutherford" through the *Diary* and *Letters*, but rather in the family sitting-room. Such is the disadvantage, though its uses be many, of the filial biography. It is well to know more fully of his heroic struggle against illness, but we learn too much about what he wears, and too little about what he thinks. It is like looking at a great religious painting with too voluble a cicerone; or read-

ing *The Dream of Gerontius* with heavy notes on the choruses of angelicals. It may be interesting to know that in childhood he rode a mare with supple limbs; that as a young man he liked a scarlet cravat; or who took care of the MacDonald family cat. It may be so, and I have never seen a biography of this scope which scorned such details; but the mood of the maiden aunt and the family album diverts us from a study of the mind of George MacDonald. I do not regret that this huge volume includes these personalia. I only hope that some day a more precise and more critical study may be forthcoming.

So we come, after a while, to skip from letter to letter, pausing to note his spiritual growth, as he takes issue in religious controversy, or to enjoy—and now we are grateful for the detail—the echoes of his friendships and travels. George MacDonald did not care for literary society; he preferred a pipe with a cobbler, a characteristic which his son thinks unusual. Hardly strange in scores of writers from Burton to Hawthorne or Ralph Hodgson, it was less so in MacDonald, whose bent was not distinctly literary but theological. The men of letters whom he knew in England struck no spark from him, and the contemporary writers who impressed him most deeply seem to have been, in England, Maurice and Ruskin, and in America, Emerson. The letters from Ruskin illumine the latter far more than MacDonald. The prophet is in the depths, and lashes out half-playfully, half-bitterly at his friend. Unluckily, the biographer does not publish the replies to Ruskin's digs at the Deity, though he intimates that MacDonald's disposal of Ruskin's objections to life would have been easy for him. This is unfortunate. Still more so is the biographer's easy assumption that the two men were of equal intellectual power. Ruskin, in despair at the industrial turmoil, writes: "Alas me—I've been born again with a vengeance—twofold more the child of darkness—not Hell, (for I'm heartily uncomfortable whenever I come near the hells they are making of their great towns with steam and avarice and cruelty and accursed labor) but of darkness—I'm so puzzled with everything, and so dead to everything. But I can't write more." What is MacDonald's answer? None. Well, perhaps we should not expect one to this question. Yet there should be a

reply for this Ruskinian depression: "As far as I can see," he writes, "or have known anything of the Deity, He makes noble and beneficent laws, which if one keeps—it is fairly probable—not by any means certain—that one won't come to any terrific misfortune,—but if one doesn't there's but one word for you. Fire is on the whole pleasantly warm—if you choose to burn your fingers with it—and then go to God for 'comfort' He only laughs at you and says—'What did you do it for?' " What does MacDonald say? No answer. The particular reply was not available, but silence would have been better than the feeble response marshalled from the works by his biographer.

Perhaps this is unfair, for this book is not a critical study; it is the biography of a father by his son, and it will always remain the source-book for George MacDonald's life. The journey to America, for example, is an admirable narrative about what must have been an adventure for the Scotchman. Who tires of an Englishman's impressions of America, whether it be those of Charles Dickens or of the bar-maid at the Horseshoe Tavern? And here are new impressions of an Englishman quite different from Thackeray, to say nothing of such gentry as Marryat and Captain Basil Hall. George MacDonald and his wife arrived in Boston on September 30, 1872, and within a week Mrs. MacDonald writes her daughter that she has met Emerson, visited Longfellow and Lowell's sister, and has encouraged Phillips Brooks, "a tremendous big boy with large open eyes who had travelled a good deal and talked charmingly." (It is only fair to state that Mrs. MacDonald discovered later to whom she had been talking, for on the following Sunday she adds with humorous chagrin that she has been to church and "heard a really lovely sermon from the Mr. Brooks whom I had talked to and been *so kind as to encourage to speak his mind*".) The "wise, weighty, poetic, and passionate words" of the lectures continued on *Burns*, *Hamlet*, *Tom Hood*, the *Lyrics of Tennyson*, *King Lear*, *Macbeth*, and *Milton*. MacDonald was a popular lecturer,—even with Matthew Arnold's enemies, the Chicago reporters, one of whom noted his "diamond pins, jewelled shirt-studs, massive watch-chain, daintily shod feet and Christ-like countenance". In New York they were won by the ease and grace

of his gestures, a virtue which was celebrated as follows: "His hands and fingers are full of significance, pointed with meaning and dripping with emotion." In spite of the horrors of "palace cars", public dinners, and Pittsburgh, MacDonald established personal contacts with thousands of souls who knew his books, and who loved him anew. In some ways this American journey is the most vivid episode in his life.

We end by being one of these souls. We cannot quite see George MacDonald through his son's eyes, but we surrender to his sincerity. If his intellect does not overcome us, there are in him depths of emotion, and understanding. Not the least beautiful part of his spiritual communion with his wife is his humble admission of terrible doubts. "I am," he writes her, toward the end of his life, "sometimes hard put to it with the Apollyon of unbelief." Or he cries out:

Have pity on us for the look of things
When blank denial stares us in the face.

His soul was well-knit. Yet not without struggle. This doubt was part of him; it was intellectual, not spiritual. It was, as is sometimes the case in mystical faiths, a spur, or rather a stepping-stone. It is difficult to think of George MacDonald without this last image. He had, as he repeats again and again, a passion for stairways. This is the overtone in his mysticism which marks him out extraordinary. In spite of his robust nature he continues to tread these hidden stairways. They are in *Lilith*, *Donald Grant*, *The Princess and the Goblin*, and *At the Back of the North Wind*. Climbing these secret stairs we may defy the law of gravitation and know as we are known. It is very strange, but it is part of his faith.

Reading the *Letters to Three Friends* is rather like living happily in that society which George MacDonald thought inferior to that of cobblers. To dinner at Hale White's comes William Morris, broad-shouldered, ruddy, in a blue shirt without necktie. Swinburne reads to White some comical passages on animals in an old book. White looks at the Pre-Raphaelite pictures. He is reading new books too, and, as often, old ones; and he is full of vivacious talk about them. When Morris dies he laments that

the good old Victorian days are passing, and he finds the future of literature very barren indeed. This little volume is full of wisdom on literature and life. A certain debonair critic of whom Hale White seems to have been unaware would have liked the flexible literary criticism which White tossed off after reading or chatting with friends.

Yet as in MacDonald, here is the profoundly religious mind, the same hard ascent of stairways to mysterious chambers of the spirit. Hale White was educated for the Congregational ministry, but in vain. The *Autobiography* and *The Deliverance* are among the most thrilling confessions of an age which was not reticent about its soul-maladies. We put them on the shelves with Newman's *Apologia* and Mark Pattison's *Memoirs*, and less permanently. For the steel in the churchman and in the scholar is not part of Hale White's nature. He can flash out into terrible anger, but it is anger born of pity. His compassion for souls confused by life is never wearied. The pictures of "Peterloo" in *The Revolution in Tanner's Lane* are as strong as Carlyle's in *Past and Present*. Yet external interests mean very little in Hale White. To know him at all we must follow him in his searchings of the spirit. Like St. Telemachus, he has one foot beyond time. We may judge ourselves, by our failure or success in tracing his involutions of the spirit.

But it is this last adventure of the spirit that has left Hale White's devotees somewhat breathless. The fact is noted in the *Letters to Three Friends*; the circumstances of the divine accident are narrated in the extraordinary *Groombridge Diary*. On April 8, 1911, he writes Philip Webb: "You will not be surprised when I tell you that Dorothy and I were married this morning." Hale was then eighty years of age, and Dorothy Vernon Horace Smith was thirty-four. To smile is a preparation for being ashamed. No doubt the newspapers made the most of it; no doubt gossip was busy. But there are no explanations or demurrals in the records of this union, and no reader of *The Groombridge Diary* will desire them. He will merely be thankful as he reads this story that sometimes the world is cheated; that such things can happen in it.

The unity of minds was instant and complete, nor is it less

beautiful that these two use the language of youthful lovers. They *are* youthful; it is only Time which has been ironical with them. On September 22, 1909, White tells Webb about his singular experience. Though reserved and naturally hesitant, his conviction about what it means is as certain as Dorothy Smith's in the *Diary*: "Directly," he says, "I saw her I was much struck with her. She possesses singular genius, not in any particular province, but—what is better perhaps—in her way of looking at life and the world." And she: "I have been to see 'Mark Rutherford' at his cottage at Groombridge. . . . It is like being with a boy, he is so eager, shy, and tender; his feelings so fresh and acute, as if he feels a thing now for the very first time. . . . It is a wonderful pathetic face; far, far too sad." He was then seventy-eight.

Then follows the story of the marriage of minds with all its beautiful embroidery of fancy, yearning, and hope. Out of the wilderness they flee to that repose which Nature vouchsafes only once or twice in a lifetime, if as often: to the communion of minds so attuned that all shadows vanish. For what they have found is peace. In vain the enemies raise their heads. White is conscious indeed that he is nearly thrice her years, that he is broken in health. The infirmities of age envelop him. There is morphia. There is the sick-room table. There are the moods of irritability. There is the fear of the last parting. It is the tragedy of the briefness of life and love intensified, with an end as definite as that of Mycerinus. Through the pages of this unique *Diary* we live again the moods of the wooing, the betrothal, the marriage, and the bereavement. It is difficult not to quote. But the sense of intrusion which we feel prevents this. This justice we owe them: to read the whole story or none. For the book may be a text either for the cynic, or the dauntless believer in life. By all the tokens of this world, the experience of the Whites is absurd; but by all that we hope for from the vision, it is beautiful. And of such pictures of life we cannot have enough.

STANLEY T. WILLIAMS.

TWO IMPORTANT NEWSPAPERS

MEMOIRS OF AN EDITOR. By Edward P. Mitchell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

THE STORY OF AN INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER. By Richard Hooker. New York: The Macmillan Company.

It would be hard to find a more delightful book than *Memoirs of an Editor*, by Edward P. Mitchell, long time editor of *The New York Sun*. Any well written story of a life is interesting, but the story of such a life as Mr. Mitchell's, by such a brilliant writer as he, is a choice addition to the literature of the country. It carries with it not only the author's personal experiences which, in travel, cover almost the whole of the globe, and in personnel refer to a countless number of prominent people, but also the history of a remarkable newspaper, and, incidentally, of the politics of the country in the last fifty years.

Mr. Mitchell was born in Bath, Maine, in 1854, and his story ranges from childhood to a point beyond seventy years of age. His narrative of his early boyhood is written with all the humor and sympathy of Aldrich or Warner, and makes a charming opening to the more serious part which follows. His family removed to New York in 1860. His memories of New York as a boy recall the visit of the Prince of Wales, Barnum's Museum and its destruction by fire, the fights of rival hose companies, and the Draft Riots, in which his own household was seriously upset by the fact that they had a colored servant whose life was in danger from the mob.

At the close of the Civil War, Mr. Mitchell's father undertook unsuccessfully to conduct a plantation in the South, and from there the boy went to Bowdoin College, from which he was graduated in 1871. He began newspaper work on *The Boston Advertiser*, then a famous newspaper under Col. Goddard. From there he went to Lewiston, Maine, to *The Journal*, conducted by the Dingleys, and had his first sight of *The New York Sun*. After sending it a couple of contributions, which were accepted, he applied for a position and secured it in 1875. From there on it is a story of *The New York Sun*, the remarkable people with

whom he was there thrown into contact, and his own interesting and varied experiences. The personal factor on the editorial page of a newspaper is always a matter of conjecture, unless it reveals itself so plainly as to be unmistakable. Studying *The Sun* at Lewiston, he was impressed by the three different styles in the editorials, and finally learned that, instead of Mr. Dana writing the different articles, there were three other writers. Of one style were the contributions of Francis P. Church, author of the charming little letter written in 1897 demonstrating to a child of eight that there is such a person as Santa Claus; another style belonged to Gen. Fitzhenry Warren, and the third was that of William G. Bartlett, counsel and friend of Mr. Dana. Mr. Dana's personality prevailed all through *The Sun*, as a matter of course. He had a choice vein of humor and the same quality appeared on the editorial page, whoever wrote. His personal magnetism is very evident from the devotion felt for him among all his subordinates. He gathered about him a remarkable group of talented persons, and their loyalty to him and *The Sun* was evidence of the attractiveness of Mr. Dana and of his rare qualities. Mr. Mitchell says of him:

Mr. Dana wrote much less of the editorial matter in *The Sun* than was generally supposed to be his own by the readers of that paper; much less than Raymond or Louis Jennings or Miller or Ogden in *The Times* or Greeley in the old *Tribune*; very much less, certainly, than Henry Watterson in *The Courier-Journal* of Louisville or, probably, Henry W. Grady in *The Atlanta Constitution*. What Dana did write for his editorial page was of that high grade of literary expression which distinguished all his acknowledged productions.

When Mr. Dana was away, the second in command was Thomas Hitchcock, the next largest stockholder in the company, and Mr. Mitchell tells us how *The Sun* missed the great opportunity which *The New York Times* took up:

It was to Mr. Hitchcock, in the temporary absence of Dana, that Sheriff Jimmy O'Brien submitted the Tweed Ring accounts and incriminating documents in the summer of 1871, when O'Brien decided to strike his blow of vengeance. Mr. Hitchcock was naturally unwilling to assume the responsibility; and the sheriff, unable to reach Dana, carried the Ring figures to

George Jones of *The Times*, dumped the bundle and left the office without sitting down.

There is no knowing how many popular phrases originated in *The Sun*, but surely the "office cat" ranks high, and here is how the cat came to be:

One warm night in the Eighties the flimsy telegraph copy of a Presidential message fluttered out of the window and was lost in Nassau Street: "*The Sun* had nothing about it the next morning, and in the afternoon, when Mr. Bartlett called on Mr. Dana, the matter of the lost message was under discussion. The editor remarked that it was a matter difficult to explain to the readers. 'Oh, say that the office cat ate it,' suggested Bartlett." A paragraph appeared next day, creating the cat, and the animal immediately became popular as a polyphage in hundreds of other newspaper offices.

The Sun was backed by many prominent New Yorkers, including Cyrus W. Field, Seth Low and Amos R. Eno, and yet when Mr. Hitchcock went to it, it was "excluded from the reading rooms of institutions like the Century Club". In time, of course, all this hostility disappeared and *The Sun* became one of the most popular newspapers, not only in New York but of the country.

Like Mr. Dana, Mr. Mitchell had a fancy for cranks, which showed early when in college he entertained the famous Daniel Pratt, G.A.T. (Great American Traveler). Pratt was a chronic self-nominated candidate for the Presidency. Mr. Mitchell quotes part of the candidate's oration, but omits the conclusion which used to clinch his demand for the Chief Magistracy. It was: "A goose saved Rome—why should not I," etc. Later, George Francis Train, and George, the Count Johannes, received his special attention. Madame Blavatsky was another peculiar character whom he describes at length. Mr. Mitchell at one time was quite interested in spooks; but, when he found that the ghost of Professor Münsterburg did not understand German, he concluded that further research was unnecessary.

The first great change in the proprietorship of *The Sun*, since Charles A. Dana bought the newspaper from the Beaches in 1867, came on Washington's Birthday, 1902, when it passed into the control of William M. Laffan. At the death of Mr. Laffan, William C. Reick became the chief owner. In June,

1916, Frank A. Munsey purchased the majority stock of *The Sun* Corporation. Paul Dana, who had been editor since his father's death in 1897, retired in July, 1898, and Mr. Mitchell succeeded to that post, which he held until the merger. Mr. Mitchell's comments on William M. Laffan and Frank Munsey indicate an affectionate appreciation of both men. The story of *The Sun* ends with its absorption into *The New York Press* which, subsequently, was merged with *The New York Herald*. *The Sun* was a great newspaper, brilliant and eccentric, but always clear and positive, so that nobody ever doubted where it stood on any important question, and Mr. Mitchell did a large part in making it what it was.

The Springfield Republican, one of the great little newspapers of the country, was established by Samuel Bowles on September 8, 1824, and, in September, 1924, its managers gave a dinner to all connected with it; about five hundred being present. Another detail of the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary was the publication of *The Story of an Independent Newspaper*, by Richard Hooker. There are comparatively few newspapers in the country that are one hundred years old, though there are some much older. But very few, indeed, have always been published in the same place, using the same name, and it is safe to say that *The Republican* is unique in being the only newspaper of this class in the country that, for a hundred years, has been owned and controlled by the same family.

The first Samuel Bowles was a part owner of *The Hartford (Connecticut) Times*, a paper which was established in 1817 to give expression to the growing anti-Federal and anti-Congregational sentiment which had been steadily increasing in New England following the election of Jefferson to the Presidency. The sentiment prevailed the next year. It suggests the conservatism of the people of Connecticut that, from the time when the three towns of Hartford, Wethersfield and Windsor united in 1639 in forming the Colony of Connecticut under the guidance of Thomas Hooker, the people had moved along through all the Colonial period, the Revolution, and more than forty years later, without any other Constitution than that of Hooker's Fundamental Orders.

In 1818 they adopted the Constitution, now 106 years old, under which they still live. Mr. Bowles decided to carry into western Massachusetts the same anti-Federal sentiments that he had been advancing in Connecticut, and, borrowing \$400, he loaded his press and type on a flat boat and had them poled up to Springfield.

In March, 1844, the second Samuel Bowles, who was born in 1826, induced his father to begin publishing the daily *Republican*, and it was he who, later in life, gave the newspaper that "independence" which has made it a national institution.

Samuel Bowles, the father, lived until 1851, and, at his death, the whole responsibility of *The Republican* fell upon Samuel Bowles, the second. He was a man of remarkable ability in many ways, of high personal character, and abundant courage and patriotism. He recognized no leader but his own conscience, and the story of the paper carries with it accounts of many clashes. He bitterly attacked and helped break up the Know Nothing Party. He fought the Fugitive Slave Law and carried on many brave fights, some local and some national. He joined the Republican party early, and *The Republican*, beginning with Fremont, advocated the election of every Republican candidate for the Presidency down to Grant's second term.

It was then that Mr. Bowles became especially prominent. He was one of the "Independent Republicans" who went out to Cincinnati to nominate their candidate against Grant. *The Republican* had long urged Charles Francis Adams for public office, first for Governor of his State, and later as the candidate to oppose Grant. It was the general feeling through the country that Adams would be the nominee chosen by the four leading newspaper men, Bowles of *The Republican*, White of *The Chicago Tribune*, Halstead of *The Cincinnati Commercial*, and Watterson of *The Louisville Courier Journal*. When they met, however, the convention nominated Horace Greeley, to the great disappointment of all New England, at least. His nomination was endorsed by the Democratic party and he, himself, was buried by the voters of the country. It is an old story that Isaac H. Bromley, one of the wittiest men produced in newspaper work in the country, who attended the gathering, was asked

upon his return where he had been, and he replied that he had been "out to see the Mammoth Cave—and it did!"

Mr. Bowles was a most inspiring person, and his newspaper was one of the earliest schools of journalism in the country. It is related of him that a young fellow who had applied for a position asked him what his pay would be, and Bowles turned on him with "Sir, you are asking me to pay you to educate you! I am willing to educate you, but not to pay for the privilege of doing so." This incident, however, occurred years ago. Among the well-known graduates of *The Republican* are Talcott Williams, Professor Emeritus of the Pulitzer School of Journalism in New York; Hon. George Harvey, editor of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW; the late Herbert L. Bridgman, publisher of *The Brooklyn Standard-Union*, and the heads of the departments of journalism in Northwestern University, and the Universities of Iowa, Minnesota, and a multitude of others. Solomon B. Griffin, who was engaged upon *The Republican* from 1872 until 1919, and who for forty years was managing editor, had much to do with the shaping of the policy of the paper, and proved himself one of the great men in New England newspaper work.

On January 16, 1878, Samuel Bowles, the second, died at the age of fifty-two, and was succeeded by his son, the third Samuel Bowles, to whom Mr. Hooker fittingly dedicates his interesting book. He founded *The Sunday Republican*, and made many other changes, devoting his whole life to the newspaper of which he had been put in charge. He was born in 1851 and died in 1915, lamented by a multitude of admirers and friends.

The Republican is now conducted by Richard Hooker, editor and president of the Corporation, and Sherman Hoar Bowles, general manager, both grandchildren of the second Samuel Bowles, Sherman Bowles being a son of the third Samuel Bowles, and Mr. Hooker, a nephew.

CHARLES HOPKINS CLARK.

ASPECTS OF THE CONSTITUTION

THE AMERICAN CONSTITUTION AS IT PROTECTS PRIVATE RIGHTS. By Fred-eric Jesup Stimson, LL.D. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

RECENT CHANGES IN AMERICAN CONSTITUTIONAL THEORY. By John W. Burgess, LL.D. New York: Columbia University Press.

FEDERAL CENTRALIZATION. By Walter Thompson, Ph.D. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

AMERICAN STATE GOVERNMENT. By John Mabry Mathews, Ph.D. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

CHILD LABOR AND THE CONSTITUTION. By Raymond G. Fuller; with an Introduction by John H. Finley. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Company.

NON-VOTING. By Charles Edward Merriam and Harold Foote Gosnell. Chicago, Ill.: The University of Chicago Press.

AMERICA'S INTEREST IN WORLD PEACE. By Irving Fisher. New York: Funk and Wagnalls Company.

THE MONROE DOCTRINE. By Alejandro Alvarez. New York: Oxford University Press.

A HISTORY OF POLITICAL THEORIES. By Students of the late William Archibald Dunning, LL.D., Edited by Charles Edward Merriam, LL.D., and Harry Elmer Barnes, Ph.D. New York: The Macmillan Company.

THE LESSONS OF HISTORY. By C. S. Leavenworth, M.A. New Haven: Yale University Press.

There was doubtless only too much truth, in a certain sense, in the recent remark of Governor Silzer, of New Jersey, that "Americans of today are not much concerned about the Constitution of the United States". Attention of a kind there doubtless is; paid by those who would deform the Constitution under the guise of amendment, or annul it altogether. Such hostility has this year attained an unprecedented degree and extent. In former years issues were raised over interpretation of specific clauses and provisions; by Josiah Quincy, by John C. Calhoun, by Robert Y. Hayne, and others. But it was reserved for the present year to see scores of resolutions for amendments introduced in Congress in a single session, and a nation-wide movement organized and led by two Senators of the United States for an amendment specifically designed to invalidate the entire Constitution. In the midst of such hostility, favorable attention, for intelligent and efficient support and vindication of the Constitution, has been regrettably lacking. The majority of its friends have contented themselves with passive support, while some, through lack of information or

discretion, have actually given aid and comfort to the enemy. Even so fine and high an authority as Mr. John W. Davis permitted political exigencies to betray him into making the slighting remark that the Fathers "fixed it so that the kickers could rule".

In these circumstances all serious and intelligent writings on the Constitution in its various phases are to be welcomed, as calculated to arouse and engage that thoughtful attention which the fundamental law merits from every worthy citizen, and which, if given, should infallibly enlist for the Constitution resolute support against the open or insidious attacks that are being made upon it. Particularly commendable is such a work as that of Mr. F. J. Stimson on *The American Constitution as It Protects Private Rights*, because it is precisely that aspect of the Constitution which is most readily understandable by the average lay citizen, and which most strongly appeals to his interest. The proverbial Man in the Street may be at a loss to understand just why the Senate should and the House of Representatives should not be associated with the President in treaty-making power. But he instantly understands the value of a guarantee against the taking of his property without compensation, or against being compelled to testify against himself, or being arbitrarily arrested without warrant. It is, moreover, for the breaking down of the Constitution's protection of private rights that the chief of the present campaigns against that instrument—directed by Mr. La Follette—is intended. Mr. Stimson, whom we affectionately remember as "J. S., of Dale", has a felicitous combination of the novelist's gift of popular interest and the trained jurist's power of logical and convincing presentation. The result is what we may call, in hackneyed phrase, a human interest exposition of the Constitution, showing how closely and vitally it concerns every individual citizen. If I were asked to name the one single book about the Constitution which it was most desirable for every American citizen to read, and the general reading of which would be most advantageous to the maintenance of the American system of government, I should have little hesitation in naming this volume of Mr. Stimson's.

To the more contemplative student, who has regard for the mutations of time in governmental affairs, Professor Burgess's

little treatise on *Recent Changes in American Constitutional Theory* may be commended, for its various sound and valuable suggestions and warnings, and in spite of its occasional aberrations of judgment. Nothing could be finer, more pertinent and timely, or more valuable, than his arraignment of the evil tendencies, toward centralization of power, involved in the last few Amendments to the Constitution, and in the extraordinary special legislation of the World War, and his exposure of the un-American and indeed anti-American features of the Covenant of the League of Nations. Thus, speaking of the demand, which still persists, that we shall subordinate, somehow and in some degree at least, the constitutional independence of the United States to a world association of nations, he says:

This thing cannot be legally effected otherwise than by an Amendment to our present Constitution. This should be kept distinctly in mind from the outset by every citizen of the Country. It cannot be done by a treaty in the ordinary way. A treaty between the United States Government and any foreign Power, or all foreign Powers, cannot change or modify the Constitution of the United States in the slightest particular.

Equally to the point is his scathing rebuke of the glib prattlers about "isolation" and "exclusiveness":

Nobody seems to recognize what an affront it is to our own Country to even hint that we have heretofore preserved ourselves in selfish isolation from the world or have ever failed to discharge our duty to humanity. We have always taken our part in the economic, commercial, educational and charitable affairs of the world, and often at the forefront. . . . Our isolation has consisted simply in not interfering with the internal political or governmental affairs of other countries and not allowing them to interfere in ours. This is not isolation in any proper sense of the word. It is simply the recognition of national political independence, and the right of every people to fashion their political government in their own way.

Those are golden words, and it is a pity that their pure metal should be subjected to the juxtaposition of such a bit of dross as the intemperate denunciation of our policy in Panama as "one of the most unqualified and arrogant violations of international law known to the modern history of man".

Closely akin to and correlated with the efforts to destroy the Constitution's guarantees of individual rights is the tendency toward infringement upon the rights of the States and the centrali-

zation of power in the Federal Government; a subject treated with exquisite lucidity and "sweet reasonableness" and with the convincing force which proceeds from those fine qualities, in Dr. Thompson's *Federal Centralization*. Two generations ago the extreme pretensions of Calhoun and his followers, and the strenuous reaction against them, cast unmerited odium upon the phrase "State Rights". I can recall the time when, throughout the major part of this country, for a man to avow himself a believer in State Rights was to brand himself as little better than a traitor to the Nation. From that state of mind we have happily recovered, and we are—or should be—able to remember that State Rights existed before National Sovereignty was born, and to realize that our whole system of government rests upon three kinds of rights—the rights of the individual, the rights of the States, and the rights of the Nation—and that to trespass upon any one of them is as evil and as mischievous as to trespass upon either of the others. It was largely to safeguard the integrity of these three kinds of rights—or perhaps I should say, also, powers—that the Constitution was made, and its treatment of them is most significant, varying strikingly among them. Thus: The powers of the people are unlimited; they may do whatever they please. The powers of the States are limited only by explicit prohibitions; they may do anything that is not expressly forbidden. The powers of the Federal Government are limited by the bounds of special grants; it may do nothing beyond what it is expressly authorized to do. Dr. Thompson discusses, in encyclopædic scope, the exercise of Federal power in commerce, police, postal service, transportation, health, morals, education, prohibition, labor, and what not else; all with philosophic breadth of vision and judicial impartiality of spirit, and with a monumental multiplicity of citations of authorities; making a treatise of unsurpassed value to all who have concern for the essential principle of the republic as expressed in the motto of Illinois: State Sovereignty; National Union.

A fine companion volume to Dr. Thompson's work is that of Dr. Mathews on *American State Government*. The former tells of the tendencies toward Federal infringement upon State Sovereignty. The latter tells what State Sovereignty is, and what it

should be to resist infringement and to vindicate its own perpetual existence. It is not so much an argumentative as an expository work; though of course exposition is sometimes the most effective argument. The author surveys intelligently and appreciatively the various State Governments of the forty-eight members of this Union, their likenesses and differences. He studies their actual workings, and notes their points of efficiency or inefficiency. He considers the changes that have occurred in them from time to time, and the general trend thereof. He analyzes the relations of the State to its component parts, of counties, cities and villages, and also those to the Nation of which it is one of the component parts. It is well that such a volume has been written, on State Governments and Constitutions, amid the multiplicity of books about the Nation and its Constitution. I do not mean that too much has been written and published about the latter, but that there has been far too little about the former. There is also a certain peculiar fitness in the writing of such a volume by a professor in the great State University of the State whose suggestive motto I have already quoted.

Of all the pending proposals to extend the power of the Federal Government at the expense of the States, and to do so by amendment of the Constitution, by far the most conspicuous and important, and, I may add, the most plausible, is that relating to Child Labor. Mr. Fuller's volume on *Child Labor and the Constitution* is written from the humanitarian rather than the constitutionalist point of view. The burden of its argument is that child labor is always liable and in many cases is actually subject to grave abuses, which seriously impair the physical, mental and moral stamina of the rising generation. That is something which no informed observer will dispute. Whether that admitted evil can be abated only by practically changing our theory of government, by putting into the Constitution a provision radically at variance with its original intent, and whether it is best to be abated by an act which in turn would itself be susceptible of equally grave abuse, is another question. There will be wide disagreement with many of Mr. Fuller's contentions, as also there will be wide approval of them. But there will be no challenging of his authority or his sincerity as the spokesman of his side of the great contro-

versy, or of the value of his book as a detailed presentation of the arguments and pleadings for a child labor amendment to the Constitution.

Seeing that the Constitution was and is the creation of the People of the United States, and that the people perform their political acts through the medium of the ballot, it is obvious that the Constitution is practically based upon and is indeed dependent upon the suffrage. If a decisive majority of all the people vote, directly or through purposely chosen delegates, for a change in the Constitution, the moral as well as legal validity of that change is not to be questioned. But if such a change is effected by a mere minority,—a majority of a minority of the whole,—what moral weight can it have? It is an ominous fact that not only has all the national legislation of late years been the work of representatives of a minority of the nation, but that also the latest Constitutional Amendment voted upon by the States was recommended to them by what I may call a minority Congress. For the appalling fact is that at the last two Congressional elections before the present year, and at the last preceding Presidential election, fewer than one-half of the qualified voters of the United States went to the polls. President Harding was elected in 1920 by a popular majority so tremendous as to dwarf all others that had ever been cast. Yet he was elected by a small minority of the American people. For the votes cast for him, and for his various rivals, all lumped together, were less than half of the votes that might have been cast. Fewer than one-half of the electors took the trouble to go to the polls. The seriousness of this state of affairs, with its possible bearing upon the constitutional integrity of the nation, is ample warrant for the intensely practical volume on *Non-Voting* which Messrs. Merriam and Gosnell have prepared from actual investigation. It is a volume compact with facts and figures, and with the suggestions inspired by personal observation of a great and growing evil.

The chief relation to the Constitution of Professor Irving Fisher's astonishing volume on *America's Interest in World Peace* lies in its blithe and insouciant disregard of that instrument. Perhaps I might properly take exception to it upon that ground. Yet, what is even the Constitution of the United States, that it

should expect to be better treated than Truth itself? Let me cite two examples—there are many more—of the extraordinary passion for inaccuracy—all the more extraordinary because so entirely unconscious and involuntary—which seems to possess the author. Thus:

Even in the Senate, the final vote by 57 to 39 was that we should enter the League of Nations, with some reservations. That is an important fact which some have almost forgotten. . . . Had there been just *seven more* men in the Senate as magnanimous, public-spirited, and patriotic as Mr. Taft and Mr. Hughes and Mr. Hoover, America would have been in the League of Nations today.

The important fact which Professor Fisher seems to have forgotten is that had not merely seven more but the whole thirty-nine more Senators voted to enter the League, with reservations, America would still not be in the League today, because the President had declared that he would not accept ratification with effective reservations, and would not report to the other Powers, for exchange of ratifications, or for deposit with the Secretariat, the treaty thus ratified. Again:

The Monroe Doctrine is that America undertakes to respect and preserve, as against European aggression, the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all Central and South American States.

For accuracy and completeness, that account of the Monroe Doctrine is comparable with a description of the great University of which Professor Fisher is an honored member as an institution for the promotion of football and Junior Proms. However, let me disclaim any thought of impugning the perfect sincerity of Professor Fisher in making these astounding statements. I must try to be as courteous as he. And he generously says: "We need not impugn the sincerity of *all* objectors to the League." The italics are his.

The monumental work of Mr. Alvarez on *The Monroe Doctrine* is of chiefly academic and historic interest. It gives a unique compilation of the history of the attitude of Latin America toward one phase of the Doctrine, the texts of many official documents, and the utterances of many authoritative statesmen and jurists in all countries, upon the same subject. I do not suppose that it was contemplation of this volume that moved Professor

Fisher to concoct his version of the Doctrine. But it is with the very aspect of it which he seems to have had in mind that it deals. And that is, through the triumphant logic of time and its achievements, precisely the least important aspect. Once, no doubt, it seemed paramount. Certainly it was of all most discussed and most challenged. And certainly it is potentially as valid today as ever. But it has long since passed into the state of an accomplished fact, with which we are no longer likely to have acute concern for the reason that the fact which has been accomplished is by far too formidable to be undone.

In *Political Theories*, by pupils of the late Dr. Dunning, and in Mr. Leavenworth's *Lessons of History*, we have thoughtful discussions of many and varied theories and systems of government, ancient and modern, chiefly serving the useful purpose of confirming the wisdom of those who one hundred and thirty-seven years ago transformed the old and futile Confederation into a Constitutional Republic, with a fixed and limited Constitution based upon a triplicity of rights and a corresponding triplicity of powers—the People, the States, and the Nation; and the Legislature, the Executive, and the Judiciary. One need not be what Signor Mussolini calls a melancholy zealot of superconstitution-alism to hold that a system of government which has produced such results as have marked the history of the United States for more than a century and a third is abundantly vindicated by its own works, and is not lightly to be transformed or overthrown.

WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON.

WALTER DE LA MARE

WALTER DE LA MARE: A Biographical and Critical Study. By R. L. Megroz. New York: George H. Doran Company.

It is true, in a sense, that criticism has undergone momentous changes in certain aspects during recent years. Whereas it used to take into consideration a number of objective gestures and experiences on the part of the author in order to better reveal the essential node of the work under examination it now deduces (or pretends to deduce) subjective phenomena from the work itself

and so reveals the essential man to us. Of course, this psycho-analytical approach has been carried to excess with the result that, to certain critics, no writer may set a phrase down on paper or remove a comma from its grammatical position without betraying some sort of an inhibition. Even admitting all the evils attendant to fanatical zeal and imperfect and badly adjusted knowledge, however, it is obvious that immeasurable values and surprises are implicit in this new system. Here the dream dominates the man and the unspoken urge becomes the guiding principle. No better and more restrained application of this method of criticism has come to hand recently than Mr. R. L. Megroz's *Walter De La Mare: A Biographical and Critical Study*. Mr. Megroz is not perfect by any means; he errs because of an excessive enthusiasm and veneration for his subject, whom he would place with Donne and Coleridge; but, in the main, he proves to be an impressive champion and a critic who has opened a new door on the bulk of De La Mare's work and flooded it with a light as unearthly as that in which it glimmers itself.

To put his thesis in a nutshell, Mr. Megroz finds Mr. De La Mare to be one of the supreme examples of those geniuses who reveal their subconscious selves in associational dream-poetry. These faeries flitting over dark lawns and through shadowy trees, these mystical figures knocking at moonlit doors, these nostalgias for the rapt lutes of dream-like Arabias, and, above all, this imaginative faculty that enters so supremely into the domain of the child, all prove to be phenomena of the "regressive dream", the subtly intensive cry of a sensitive being for domains that magically exist in some fourth dimension out of the plodding routine of his days. And when we learn that for eighteen years Mr. De La Mare labored in the statistical department of the Anglo-American Oil Company we may see from what sure foundations (sure from the psychoanalytical viewpoint) Mr. Megroz builds. He carries his writer beyond these regressive dream-states, however, into metaphysical domains where Mr. De La Mare's Scotch and Huguenot ancestry manifests itself in subtle ethical evaluations. It is all put forward with a high degree of skill, and, for the most part, it appears to be convincing. If one were to quarrel with Mr. Megroz, it would be on other grounds than the main deduc-

tions and structure of his book. It would be on such minor matters as, say, his belittlement of Poe, and on a too consistent emphasis of praise, for so many high lights run into one another inadvertently do Mr. De La Mare an injustice. Of course, the instant retort to this is: if Mr. Megroz did not think an awful lot of Mr. De La Mare, he would not write a book about him. But the book is not called "An Appreciation"; it is called a "Critical Study".

Now Mr. De La Mare does have certain failings. He is not to be depended upon as a revealer of the world, and the very greatest poets have always revealed the world to itself. His failure lies in an inability to adjust himself to normal things and to understand that the high imaginative faculties do not always need the abnormalities of existence for their proper food. While one may adore them and give full-hearted assent to the art with which they are invoked, it is not representational to insist continually on symbolical monkeys, queer midgets existing in an atmosphere of evil, and such monstrosities of life as Miss Duveen, Seaton's Aunt, and some of the other figures in *The Riddle*. None of these things are to be decried as a part of Mr. De La Mare's art, for they have their place and Mr. De La Mare would not be Mr. De La Mare if he did not immerse himself in their curious and crazy moonlight. But their very existence as so great a part of the writer's expression removes him from that high category in which we place Donne, Coleridge, Goethe, and Shelley, to name but a few who have touched that mysterious borderland of dreams in their poetry. In other words, Mr. De La Mare lacks that breadth that is a necessary quality of real greatness. If it were not for that unremitting naïveté of childhood and an inborn ethical perception, Mr. De La Mare might be admitted to that astonishing group that includes Poe and Charles Baudelaire. This looks very much as though Mr. De La Mare were being indirectly called a decadent writer but, of course, this is not so. It is enough, perhaps, to affirm that he sometimes employs the implements of decadence to achieve his own ends.

Primarily he is the child-imagination coloring a mature attitude toward life. And this attitude is revealed through a subtle perfection of rhythm and a dream-like atmospheric veil that Mr.

Megroz does very well to extol. There are few poets living today with his technical equipment, and in at least one poem, *The Listeners*, he has evolved a method of writing that is quite unique and which has brought a new element into English poetry. It is a system based upon delicate stresses in which lines of varying syllables have identical values. Indeed, it is more than this, for it is to be doubted that any other writer could handle it quite so superbly. One would need to possess Mr. De La Mare's personality, his way of looking at things, his sensitivity of reaction, his individual turns of phrase. Therefore being so unique Mr. De La Mare affords any critic more than an opportunity to reveal a man and his work; he affords him the subject-matter for a consideration of the poetical perception and its distinctly original application in a time when most new things turn out to be no more than readjustments of the old. It is because of this, and because of Mr. Megroz's frankly psychoanalytical approach, that such chapters in his book as "Poetry as Dream" and "Psychology of Dream" become of more than personal interest.

HERBERT S. GORMAN.

SOME PHILOSOPHERS IN FICTION

A PASSAGE TO INDIA. By E. M. Forster. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company.

ARNOLD WATERLOW. By May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Company.

THE NEEDLE'S EYE. By Arthur Train. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

CHRIS GASCOYNE. By A. C. Benson. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

THE RED RIDERS. By Thomas Nelson Page. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

My profound conviction is that every writer of fiction who is worth his salt must be in his way, humble or great, a bit of a philosopher, and this justifies me, I think, in grouping under my title a number of writers who resemble one another only in their prestige. Personally I am not so insistent on the nature of the philosophy as on the need of its presence. It may very well be a

no-philosophy, like Joseph Conrad's, or a worse-than-no philosophy, like Thomas Hardy's. These are consistent with the glory of literary illumination, and with the power of literature. Pseudo-philosophy, spiritual melodramatics, and the realist's too common affectation of having no point of view, of being as impartial as God and as unassuming as a bit of clay—these are not.

All the writers about to be considered have added something to the sum of feeling; they have imparted a point of view; they have written humanly of human beings, without any idle pretense of not being themselves a part of the endless stream of life. And so they are all philosophers, giving, or trying to give us, something to think by and to live by.

It is a curious fact that Mr. Forster could scarcely have written so effectively (and so impartially) about the futility of attempts at social *rapprochement* between English people and natives of India, if he had not had as the background of his thought the possible futility of all life. Perhaps no other writer since Montaigne has so acutely realized the "imbecility" of human intellect. But for this he must have written some sort of propaganda. But he has avoided the too sharp issues of the controversialist because he realizes that we all live after all in a kind of stupor: we pretend that we are wide awake all the time, acutely aware, though really we have been half asleep. So all but the most fortunate blunder through life.

In India these things are emphasized. "Mrs. Moore . . . had come to that state where the horror of the universe and its smallness are both visible at the same time—the twilight of the double vision in which so many elderly people are involved . . . a spiritual muddledom for which no high-sounding words can be found: we can neither act nor refrain from acting, we can neither ignore nor respect Infinity." As for our ennobling dreams, our mystic insights: "Visions are supposed to entail profundity, but—wait till you get one, dear reader!"

One thing is perfectly clear: a man who writes in this strain cannot write as a partizan.

Yet Mr. Forster is anything but depressing. He is the tonic satirist, the philosopher possessed with the comic spirit. Though he sometimes makes the ground gape under our feet or cleaves

right to the center of our consciousness with a phrase, his is not the manner of the tragedian. He does not really seek to terrify. Instead of making his satire unendurable, his philosophy makes it kindly—for are not all of us too human? So we are amused—amused by the ineptitudes of the well-intentioned Abdul Aziz, amused by the frustration of the honest-minded, flat-breasted Miss Quested, amused by the officialdom of the “Burtons and Turtens”—amused and made sympathetic. We enjoy it all like gods, and yet we are not required to strain our minds above the common pitch of nobility.

Unsparring but never cruel, and admirably free from the vice of preaching the “spirit” of a land as if it were a kind of black gospel (as if one must be a materialist because life is gross in mid-Africa, or a mystic because the desert appears to the observer to be limitless!), Mr. Forster is at once a philosopher, a humanist, and a wit—and hence that complex creature, a novelist!

His wit is unconscionable, but never unkind or atrocious. What other English writer would have dared to make one of his characters think, as Mr. Forster does,—it was the thought of Miss Quested on the eve of the trial in which she was to testify against Aziz,—“God, who saves the King, will surely support the police”? What militant skeptic has said a more shocking thing than Mr. Forster’s (quite accidental) remark about “poor talkative Christianity”? Yet this does not offend; it is all in the picture—a picture irresistibly true. None would wish it incomplete in the least touch.

From his skeptical point of view—with kindness, with impartiality, without solemnity or derision—Mr. Forster gives us a lively, critical view of one portion of British India. The romantic view, as well as the critical view, has its place no doubt, and surely it is a waste of breath at this time to inveigh against romance. But if Kipling has shown us India as a pageant, full of picturesque figures, human enough, yet incomplete, after the fashion of romance, Forster has convinced us, and has proved that the destruction of illusions may be neither a base nor an uninteresting business. Like Chekov, best of realists, he sees not only people’s motives, but the very wrinkles in their consciousness. Yet, unlike Chekov, he is always the artist, never the diagnostician. He

scarcely approaches the borders of pathology, physical or spiritual. Always he keeps within our range—well within the range of conceivable human interests and passions. And when he is subtlest, he is clearest.

The baffling misunderstandings that enter into all human relations, and especially those between numbers of alien races! No sermon can be preached about them. No clear lesson can be drawn from them. They are too complex, too subtle, and too true! Before the pluralism of life, we are very likely to stand amazed. Aziz says that the only cure is “kindness, kindness, and then more kindness”—or well, let us say, the millenium! Does Mr. Forster agree with Aziz? One does not know, but one cannot doubt that he has written an exceptional novel—a novel in which all is clear as daylight, and nothing, absolutely nothing, is said as any one else would say it or from the point of view of any common observer. This novel is one of the great literary victories over the inherent commonplaceness of words—a triumphant escape from the stereotyped.

Mr. Forster (besides knowing India) is certainly a master of our astringent modern comedy—a comedy that excludes alike the savagery of the satirist and the wistfulness of the half-repentant skeptic. To be so terrible a philosopher, yet never to boast of it or parade it, or half withdraw it, but to use one’s comic spirit zestfully in the criticism of life, is no small thing.

As has been said, one does not suspect Mr. Forster of being a partizan or even of having a “message”. One does begin to suspect Miss Sinclair of having a message, but alas! what is it? I for one cannot surely say, except that it is all about sex and God!

In two novels—*Arnold Waterlow*, recently published, and the earlier *Mary Olivier*—Miss Sinclair has told us essentially the same things. She has told us how a child grew up, and she has told us of the passionate love affairs of the grown-up child, and she has told us of the finding of God through a certain mystical process. First there is a sympathetic (and somewhat Freudian) account of childhood, then there is consuming passion, and finally, at the magic age of forty or thereabout, there is mysticism and victory.

We begin with Arnold Waterlow’s childhood—distinctly de-

scribed in Miss Sinclair's fashion—and yet is not here another instance of the cult of the child? For a time the Christian child was the accepted type; the abused child has scarcely lost his vogue; Barrie gave an undeserved popularity to the child who refuses to grow up, and now we have the Freudian child as father to the man. One begins to ask, Is not the importance of childhood perhaps a little overdrawn? And has not the new psychology given the writers another occasion for somewhat one-sidedly viewing it?

But to pass on, Arnold—he has a hard, humdrum, unideal sort of life, of course—falls in love with a little musician; and here we have a personality drawn with more than Miss Sinclair's customary charm, a personality pure, spiritual, devoted to art, warm with passion. Sex is realized at its best for a chapter or two. But after marriage, the artist wife runs away with a musician protégé—really couldn't help it, is the inference—and Arnold forms a connection with Effie, the affectionate and comprehending. The union is of the mutually-congenial, physically-satisfying type, which, after all may not be made in heaven any more than the average mating. I suspect that Miss Sinclair cares less for Effie than she seems to care. At all events she arranges her early death. Arnold welcomes back his wife whom her lover has deserted. About this time he learns that by closing his eyes and inviting the darkness to come on, wave on wave, he may identify his will with the will of God. Thus, after the quieting of his passions, he attains completion.

It may be granted that Arnold Waterlow, despite his moral unconventionality, may take rank, on the whole, as a Christian gentleman. His righteousness is somewhat greater than that of the Scribes and Pharisees. But this hardly appears to be the point. When one is told that Arnold, apparently because he restrained, for a few minutes, his desire for the gratification of his senses, had a vision such as lifelong ascetics have prayed for in vain, we gasp. This may be true psychology, but what about its ethical implications?

The tone of this critique ought not to be hostile; for really I have always been an admirer of Miss Sinclair. I appreciate, or think that I appreciate, her artistic exquisiteness, her intellectual purity, her spiritual fervor, and her commendable desire to show

that man is soul and flesh in one. Above all I would do justice to her sincerity. But it appears to me that of late she halts emotionally between the primitive notion of religion as magic, and the equally primitive notion of religion as worshipful submission. The result, I believe, is ethical confusion, which becomes artistic confusion. The truth is, according to my somewhat conventional view, that "sublimation" forms too weak a link between the teachings of Freud and the teachings of Christianity. The old antithesis between God and the Flesh has doubtless been overstressed, and harm has resulted, but "sublimation" will not charm away the essential dualism of the soul.

Yet without her philosophy, her passionate love of truth, Miss Sinclair could not have become the distinguished writer she deservedly is.

Miss Sinclair seeks to penetrate beneath the surface of life and sometimes succeeds. But there is also a philosophy of the surface. Psychology, it is predicted, will some day solve our criminal problem and our labor problems. But it has not yet done so. Therefore we seek to grasp these things in the older way—posing issues, and applying to them ideas of common sense, sympathy, and fairness. Our philosophy in these matters is the philosophy of healthy-mindedness, and we owe to it our most successful expedient, mediation.

To get rid of hysteria and of bias, to see the workingman as he really is without illusions rosy or otherwise, to see the wrongs on both sides and the difficulties—this is a point of view sensible, but not at first seeming to lend itself to artistic expression.

Yet we have to thank Mr. Train not only for robust thinking and vigorous writing, but for a spirited piece of fiction—in *The Needle's Eye*—thoroughly alive in its viewpoint and its (possibly inadequate) philosophy.

In this story of the rich young man who inherits with the responsibilities of wealth an unsuspected load of responsibilities for human beings, there is obviousness of theme (as the title implies); there is a certain lack of subtlety (the persons of the story strike one as about half stereotyped, a little less than fifty per cent. conventional); there is a certain crassness of contrast between the grossly rich and the nobly rich; but there is a degree of

originality, and now and then there is a passage that very nearly—if not quite—carries us off our feet. The remarkable chapter entitled “On to Pango”, describing in a kind of free verse the march of the striking coal-miners, employs an art like that of Vachel Lindsay and is undeniably effective. Some touches of very modern truth relieve a tale that is on the whole a bit too objective and commonplace in its telling. Just how long such a story as this will remain the characteristic American novel it is hard to say. Whatever else our novelists do, they can hardly fail, if they are truthful, to mirror a certain crudity and confusion of mind along with vigor and aspiration. If we must have something typically American, Mr. Train’s coal strike seems preferable on grounds of genuineness and representative quality to Mr. Lewis’s Main Street. But already such a novel begins to appear a trifle old-fashioned.

If the philosophy of A. C. Benson’s *Chris Gascoyne* were only a little more robust, it would not matter much that this story also seems to be a little less than modern in its thought. In fact it is just the serenity of a mellowed understanding of life which gives the tale its undeniable charm. It is very pleasant reading and it makes the reader continually feel that he is on the verge of making spiritual discoveries. Yet the fable is weak, and the philosophy fits the fable so nicely that it almost seems made for it.

Perhaps Chris Gascoyne took a momentous step when, against the protests of his unconsciously selfish and, for the most part, ill-natured friends, he gave up his busy artificial London life and went to live by himself in a little house in the country. Perhaps nothing is unimportant! But as a writer Mr. Benson appears to lack the special grace and talent that would convince us concretely of the truth of this *perhaps*. Be this as it may, there can be no doubt that Chris was greatly missed—and rightly so, for he was one of the very few genuine and instinctive peace-makers—yes, Mr. Benson persuades us of this. Almost without awareness of his own function, but not without effort, Chris was always adjusting differences and making the best of people—a sort of very polite, very gentlemanly, extremely unassuming, quite sophisticated Lodger in the Third Floor Back. Without him, his

circle rapidly degenerated, fell to quarrelling, backbiting, and all unkindness.

But Chris could not be tempted back; he was absorbed in his own great adventure of living. I do not quite know whether his suppressed personality now asserted itself and obtained release from old censorships, or whether his conscious mind simply couldn't help feeling happy in getting rid of so troublesome a lot of people, or whether his conscience now told him that he was free to do more good than he had ever done before; or whether, as is most probable, his state was a resultant of all the causes I have suggested. But he was happy—really happy—and good. And the spectacle of a man being really happy and good is of course rare and fascinating. Exactly what Chris found out through his venturings into the lives of a new set of people, it is hard to know; but it is easy to believe that there was spiritual power in him.

But while the story leaves one with the pleasant impression of having been in the society of some very clever people and of at least one remarkably good person; leaves one serious, and a little ashamed, and with a sense of having been better entertained than perhaps one deserved to be; it does not tell us whether life is a tragedy or a farce or an affair of honor to be decently discharged, or anything of the sort. The narrator seems to feel that a sort of mild and benevolent bewilderment is the only really civilized and high-minded attitude to take toward the harsher and less controllable facts of life. Chris, too, often appears bewildered. The reader is bewildered. In this tale, gentlemanly scruples take rank as issues; social obligations, the ordinary requirements of tact and courtesy, seem to be inextricably interwoven with life and death and personal religion.

To live well, however, may be a fine art, Mr. Benson seems to say, and this art needs the support of the spiritual self. Without a word about religion or a definite declaration about morals, Mr. Benson has written a book pervaded by a really religious feeling and filled with the sentiment of goodness; and he forces us to reflect that there is perhaps more in life than meets the eye. He is never priggish or didactic, but perhaps he takes excessive pains to avoid appearing so. The mystery of good and evil in personality,

and of the aura that seems to emanate from some of the modest good, has been more forcibly presented.

Really, what Chris was after, as I make him out, was not the adventure of meeting new spiritual issues, or the discovery of new truths in his retirement; but rather the re-discovery in his own soul of his hereditary and traditional instincts and values, obscured by the triviality of his London associates. These ideas and feelings are of the Victorian stamp and color.

Yet while new times stress different qualities of mind and heart, there is always value in the remembrance of what was best and finest in feelings now no longer relevant, and in ways of viewing the world that have ceased to be possible.

With the passing of the old régime in the South went something of beauty and stateliness. This, many writers have attempted to tell us, some haltingly, others eloquently, but all with a sincerity that has convinced the world. So now, if there is a "legend" of the South before the war, we know that there is much truth in that legend.

There is a philosophy of retrospection which joins the old to the new; which, looking backward, says, "These things were to be loved," but knows that men must meet the conditions of a new age, carrying over into it in changed form the virtues of the older time. Such is the philosophy of Thomas Nelson Page's *The Red Riders*. A novel of the Reconstruction period—could anything be harder to write? That time of lowered morale and of moral confusion is not the pleasantest to consider! It lends itself ill to romance; and, remember, the writer who loves the South can hardly think of it without resentment, while his literary opportunities are confined to the presentation of a fading scene not yet illuminated by the light of memory. To write of the South as it once was, and to write of it in dissolution, are two very different things. The old plantation invaded by ruffians in the wake of the Union Armies has not the glamor of the old plantation as fondly remembered in its flourishing prime. So Thomas Nelson Page chose anything but the easiest way when he fixed upon this theme.

But the story is sweet in spirit—not lacking in humor, just and sincere, with no undue attachment to the old order. If we miss the unity and the emotional unction of such stories as *Marse*

Chan, we need not feel surprise. Hardly does the theme admit them. But there is a veracious and attractive picture of the plantation life as it was after Lee's surrender; there is the summoning of courage to deal with the new order of things, and there is the gradual dawning of a new conception. The author sends his boy hero in cheerful mood to face the new world and to hold his own in it, not without struggle, but without bitterness. In such young men as Sinkler Ashley obviously lay the hope of the New South.

Young Ashley actually applied for an appointment to the United States Military Academy. He went to Washington, and had a personal interview with Lincoln, who granted his wish, overruling the objections of Stanton. Sinkler was standing near Ford's Theater on the night when Lincoln was shot. Much happens in this tale, the like of which could have occurred in no other period, and all is tolerantly and truly described, with many a genuine touch of personal character and of domestic manners. As for the dramatic interest of the novel, the promise of which is somewhat over-emphasized by the title, we must often take the will for the deed; for, as it appears to me, the author, with every intention of writing a stirring narrative, never quite succeeds in doing so. But the thing is noble-spirited, and it has a true relish of the past.

What would a scholar living in the remote future make of our minds and of our civilization if he had only these books to judge by—books almost eccentric in the marked difference with which they reflect upon life and criticize it? I think he would be forced to conclude that we were a nervous, courageous breed of men, restless, inquiring, fond of sensation even in our soberest moments, and almost unduly interested in our own characters and our own souls.

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